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THE CORONATION OATH, AND THE CABINET.

IN the tremendous extremity to which the Constitution is reduced, the only hope of England is in the fortitude, integrity, and patriotism of the King.

In the House of Commons the question is at an end; and while we give due tribute to the manliness that has distinguished the defenders of their country, we almost wish that they should not condescend, by their attendance on the Committee, to give the sanction of their presence to a measure which they have so irresistibly pronounced ruinous to the Constitution.

In the House of Lords the battle is still to be fought, and we have no doubt that it will be fought with the vigour and intelligence of patriotism. But we have seen too much of human nature in these trying times to feel secure in the result. We turn from the broken outworks to the citadel; from the fears, the weaknesses, and the tergiversations of the many, to the firmness and faith of the one; from the representatives and Peers of England to the King of England.

The original Coronation Oaths of the early English kings, contained general declarations of reverence and adherence to God and the Church. The first regular form was in Edward the Second's coronation; when the king, after pledging himself to the observance of the ancient laws and customs of the realm, and peculiarly the laws, customs, and liberties granted by Edward the Confessor, by a separate clause, swore to preserve perfect peace and concord in holy things to the Church of God, the Clergy, and the People. We must remark, too, that by those laws of Edward the Confessor, no supremacy whatever was given to the Pope. The king was declared to hold the complete supremacy. "*Rex, quia vicarius summi Regis est, ad hoc est constitutus ut regnum terrenum, et populum domini, et super omnia sanctam veneratur Ecclesiam ejus, et regat, et ab injuriis defendat, et maleficos ab ea evellat, et destruat, et penitus disperdat. Illos decet vocari reges, qui vigilanter defendunt, et regunt Ecclesiam Dei.*" (*Leges Edwardi, 17 De Regio jure, &c.*)

This oath continued, with scarcely an alteration, down to James II. to whose oath there was appended an express demand or petition of the bishops (probably from the fears of the nation of the coming in of popery) that the king should "preserve to them, and the church committed to their charge, their canonical privileges, and due law and justice: and that he should be their protector and defender, as every good king ought to be in his kingdom."

To this formal demand the king's answer was an equally formal promise of protection, expressed as closely as possible in the words of the demand. To all this the king swore.

This oath James violated: and for the violation was expressly declared to have forfeited the throne—in the words of the Act, “King James having broken the solemn compact with his people.” The accession of William and Mary, the Protestant sovereigns, saw the oath moulded into a new shape, and that shape expressly formed with a respect to the perpetual security of the established religion. After two clauses, declaring, with scarcely an alteration from the original oath, the Sovereign's promise to govern according to the laws, statutes, and customs of the land, and the execution of the laws in justice and mercy, comes a third, being the first part totally new modelled. The archbishop demands of the king,—“Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the gospel, and the PROTESTANT REFORMED RELIGION AS ESTABLISHED BY LAW? And will you preserve unto the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do and shall appertain to them or any of them?” This is the first of William and Mary (c. 6.) But, as if to make assurance doubly sure in the Act of Union with Scotland (the 5th of Anne), it is enacted, that “every King or Queen of England for ever hereafter, coming to the throne of Great Britain, shall, at his or her Coronation, take and subscribe an oath to maintain and preserve inviolably the said settlement of the Church of England in the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government thereof, within the kingdoms of England and Ireland, the Dominion of Wales, and Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and the territories thereto belonging.” This oath was evidently framed with a peculiar view to the security of Protestantism. It added nothing to the old promise of security to the civil rights, but it added, in the most emphatic degree, to the security of the Protestant Church.

The necessity of this change was pressed on the mind of the legislature by the necessities of the time. They had seen the former oath evaded by the sovereign, and they were determined to construct an oath which no evasion could nullify. And so important did they consider this bond, that to form it was among the very earliest efforts of their newly created freedom. On the very day after the declaration that the throne was vacant, Sir Richard Temple, on the 29th of January, stated, as the three essentials of the free constitution,—“1st. The security against encroachments on parliament, by providing for the certainty and frequency of holding its assemblies, and allowing no standing armies without its consent.—2d. Security for the faithful administration of the laws, by giving salaries instead of fees to the judges. And, 3d. The settlement of the Coronation Oath.” Within a month, on the 28th of February, the Coronation Oath was referred to a Committee to inspect it, and consider what alterations ought to be made therein. On the 25th of March, the House resolved itself into “a Committee to take the matter into their consideration”—and the oath was modelled as it now stands. The purport of the whole change was security against the influence of papists in the government, and their returning power of perplexing the constitution. The only question which had at all retarded the House in settling the oath was, actually, how far it might restrain the king from giving the Protestant Dissenters the relief which had made a part of his original promises, and in which many members were willing to concur.

The purpose of all those debates and declarations was to settle the fact without any further controversy, that England must be in all the branches of its government Protestant; that finding popery to have been pernicious, as was declared even in the reign of Charles, by the statute; (30, c. 2.); to have involved the councils of the king in doctrines of tyranny; and to have entangled the king in foreign connexions ruinous to his honour, the independence of his throne, and the safety of his people; the legislature, speaking the voice of the nation, resolved, that (in the language of the late King George,) the door should be shut against the incursion of a religion which, wherever it worked its way, made mischief, which lived on intrigue, which had no bounds to its intrigue, which hated with a mortal hatred the religion, the constitution, and the power of England, and which, swearing allegiance to the pope, laboured to reduce every country under the dominion of the papacy, with all its plunders, political depravity, popular ignorance, and sanguinary persecutions.

The declaration of the Prince of Orange when he embarked, stated, "That it is certain that the public peace and happiness of any kingdom cannot be preserved where the laws, liberties, and customs are openly transgressed, and more especially where the *alteration of religion* is endeavoured, and that a religion which is contrary to law is endeavoured to be introduced; upon which, those who are most immediately concerned in it, are indispensably bound to endeavour to preserve and maintain the established laws, liberties, and customs, and, *above all*, the RELIGION AND WORSHIP OF GOD."

The "Nottingham paper," bearing the signatures of a great number of the nobility and gentry, states, "that the exclusion of popery, and the support of Protestantism, constitute the object of their resisting James and offering to join William. Not being willing to deliver their posterity over to such a condition of *popery* and slavery as their oppressions inevitably threatened, they will, to the utmost of their power, oppose the same, by joining with the Prince of Orange for the recovery of their almost ruined laws, liberties, and religion. And herein they hope all good Protestant subjects will not be bugbeared with the opprobrious term of rebels, by which the court would frighten them to become perfect slaves to their tyrannical insolences and usurpations.

"For they assure themselves, that no rational or unbiassed person could judge it rebellion to defend their laws and religion, which all English Princes have sworn at their Coronation, which Oath, how well it has been observed of late, they desire a free Parliament might have the consideration of."—(Cobbett's Parl. Hist. v. 17.)

In the celebrated discussion between the Lords and Commons on the word "abdicated," Mr. Somers pronounced, that James, by breaking the original contract between the king and the people, had renounced being a king according to law, such a king as he swore to be at his coronation.

The Declaration of Rights, in February 12, after stating the crimes by which James was dispossessed of the throne, declares, as the substance of the whole, that he did endeavour to subvert and extirpate the *Protestant Religion*, and the laws and liberties of this kingdom. The letters summoning the New Parliament, desire that the Lords Temporal and Spiritual, being *Protestant*, and the representatives of the counties, &c., shall meet at Westminster, in order to such an establishment as

that their religion, laws, and liberties might not again be in danger of being subverted. The full and solid establishment of Protestantism for ever, and the utter exclusion of the perverted principles, and unscriptural religion of popery, from all power to trample upon England again, are the constant topics in the addresses of the people to the parliament, and of the parliament to the king. In the royal proclamation, the "zeal of the Princess of Orange for the Protestant religion," is augured into "bringing a blessing with her on the nation."

In the speaker's address to their Majesties on the 12th of April, the day after their coronation, he declares this: "That which completes our happiness is, the experience we have of your Majesties' continual care to maintain the *Protestant Religion*, so that we can no longer apprehend any danger of being deprived of that inestimable blessing by either secret practices or open violence."

We have now seen how important the maintenance of the established religion was held by the parliament and people, who best knew, from experience, its value; and we see that the means by which they proposed to maintain the religion, were the *renewal of the tests*, which James had abrogated; and the *utter and final* rejection of Papists from all and every share in the legislature. The *Protestant* lords and representatives only were summoned to parliament, and the whole offices of the state were filled with men who had publicly taken the oath of supremacy.

If it be said, that at the time of taking this Coronation Oath, Papists sat in the Irish parliament, let it be remembered how slightly Ireland was at that time under English jurisdiction; that, immediately on the overthrow of James, and its reduction of English allegiance, Papists were excluded from parliament, and that the 5th of Anne, the Act of the Scotch Union, declares, that every sovereign of England and Ireland shall take the oath to the support of the established religion, inviolable for ever. The true means on which no change of circumstances could be brought to act, being the exclusion of all Papists from parliament.

It will be seen that the ecclesiastical clause of the Coronation Oath consists of two parts, the latter part, one in some measure dependant on circumstances. It declares that the bishops and clergy shall be maintained in the privileges that *do* or *shall* appertain unto them. But the former clause contains three things, which it separates, as equally and perfectly unchangeable: the maintenance of the laws of God, the true profession of the gospel, and the Protestant reformed religion, as established by law.

Mr. Hampden, the younger, expressed the common sense and truth of the case, when he said, "As to religion, the king swears positively to the true profession of the gospel, that is, the Christian religion—no latitude in that—and then comes to the Christian religion, as it is, *against popery*, and this is the stress of all your oath.—This Coronation Oath 'is the very touchstone and symbol of your government.'" (Cobb. Parl. N. V. p. 202.)

This oath, then, thus changed and formed for the express maintenance of Protestantism, in its power and purity, to the end of time; was the Oath taken by King George the Fourth on the day of his putting the crown upon his head; and from this Oath he *cannot* withdraw, while he is able to maintain it by his "*utmost*" exertion. In fact, nothing but the sword at his throat, nothing but the most absolute physical necessity, can justify his conceding an iota of this, the most solemn obligation that can be laid on the conscience of man. It is nonsense to say that he

takes it merely as an executive officer ; the king is a legislator. It is nonsense to say that he cannot resist the will of parliament. It was for the actual purpose of resisting the will of parliament, if it should ever be mad enough to approach the overthrow of the established religion, *that this oath was framed*. It was meant to be the last rampart of the constitution. It is nonsense to say that the parliament can dispense with the oath. The oath has been made by the king, not as a member of parliament, but as a sovereign ; not simply to his people, but to God. He has pledged himself not merely to keep the religion safe for the present generation, but to deliver it as he received it, to his successor, for the latest posterity. By this oath the king is bound, until he puts off all human obligations for the grave.

We must not now go further into the reasons which make this conclusion still more unanswerable, but advert to the slight and common topic of the difficulty of finding any successors to the present unpopular and hazardous Cabinet.

Since the world began, the rogues and fools, a pair of deliberative bodies that always act in conjunction, have had their rallying cry. And the cry now is, where, if we kicked out, or hanged, or sent to Botany Bay, to-morrow, the whole of the present cabinet, should we be able to find another. That we should not be able to find another *like it*, we hope from the bottom of our souls ; and firmly believe, that except among the RATS, we should be under a moral impossibility of making the discovery.

But the cry is, where will you find the talent ? The "talents" is an old burlesque, almost too old for any thing but the dullest of jokes, and worthy of figuring in a speech of Lord King ; but we shall take the liberty of inquiring singly into the extraordinary brilliancy of those lights, whose extinction would leave the empire to darkness. We put his Grace of Wellington out of the question, for a while. As to his military merits there is no doubt, we may come to his ministerial by and by ; but of his whole cabinet beside, we pronounce that there is not one man above the commonest average of society. We will go further, and with as much security ; and pronounce that there never has been, in British history, a cabinet *so contemptible*, not merely in point of principle—that point is settled by universal consent—but in point of intellect. In all the cabinets, hitherto, there have been three or four of the best men that the premier could collect. The stronger his cabinet was, the stronger his ministry, and, of course, he looked out for the ablest coadjutors. But the very reverse has been the present system. Wellington has looked out for the weakest coadjutors, and has done it on principle, if the word be not scandalized by its application. It was his object to have a submissive cabinet, a table-full of miserable dependants, ready to do as they were bid in all things ; not daring to speak above their breaths while the field-marshal was present ; and so perfectly conscious of their own total exclusion from public respect, confidence, or consideration, that a look from him would turn them aloof, without a hope of commiseration or their quarter's salary.

Now let us see, one by one, those extraordinary geniuses, whose being kicked out of Downing Street—which we pray Heaven that they may before another month is over—would be so fatally irreparable.

First comes Lord Melville, a shining character, as every body knows ; and without whose seamanship the navy of England must go head-foremost to the dogs. We hope that it may be no public crime to

mention this noble lord as one of the very dullest individuals that ever pocketed five thousand a year on the merit of his being a Scotsman. The merit has gone far in other times, but in Lord Melville it has gone beyond any endurable length; and we feel ourselves warranted in the conclusion, that if Scotland could not produce a duller person, England could at least find his equal in naval affairs, and the empire would be, by no means ruined, even if Lord Melville should be sent back to his native North, and be left to vegetate on his recollections of the integrity of his father, and his own popularity in the navy.

Then comes Lord Bathurst. This noble person is in exactly the same predicament; and, after a salaried life of a quarter of a century, no man living can recollect any one public service of his—any trait of talent—any evidence of his being beyond the most common grade of clerkship. Lord Bathurst is, like Lord Melville, a mere cash-bag, for receiving so much per annum of the public currency.

Then come the three secretaries of state. First, the foreign secretary, Lord Aberdeen. Who, on earth, knows any thing about Lord Aberdeen? He is a scribbler in the *Edinburgh Review*, he wrote some nonsense somewhere or other about sculpture, and he is president of the Antiquarian Society—that learned body which meet to read abstracts of the bricklayers' bills of old London, write papers on Queen Elizabeth's farthings, and publish memoirs on all the cobwebs of history. Worthy president of a worthy assembly. And this sullen and dull personage, one of the very "weeds that grow on Lethe's wharf," is the holder of the office which is presumed to conduct the whole foreign diplomacy, the treaties, negotiations, and wars of England with the world! This man is actually in the office which Canning held, which Castlereagh held, which Fox held, which a crowd of the first names of English history have held. And, yet, we are to be told that the world could not go on if Lord Aberdeen were to be kicked out of office!

Then comes Mr. Peel. But of this wretched being we will not permit ourselves to speak. Our hearts shrink at the mention of the apostate. Scorn has no word deep enough for the emotion that his very name stirs in us. He is undone: if he were to live for a thousand years he can never wash away the name that his apostacy has earned for him. The best thing for him to do, is to fly from public life, and make his peace with Heaven; for, by his country, he will be called apostate during his existence, and it will be the only title upon his grave.

But, what are his abilities? Neither of the first, the second, nor the third rate. During nearly twenty years of perpetual opportunity, he has not signalized himself by any one great public measure; by any one marked evidence of talent, not even by any one distinguished speech. Mr. Sadler's speech, the other night, was worth all that Mr. Peel has spoken since he was born, as an evidence of ability. It had more of powerful thinking, the real matter of a vigorous mind, than all the long-winded stuff that Peel has ever prosed. The home secretary was always a poor creature, puffed by the sycophants who hang upon the heels of every man who can feed them, and who would puff the devil at the same wages; but dull, dry, long-winded, and wearisome, to a degree not to be borne by any human being, except some miserable expectant, whose business it is to sit on the back benches and cry "hear," from five in the evening till three in the morning. We could do, incomparably well, even though Mr. Peel were kicked out.

Then comes Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. We have yet to learn what are

the invaluable qualities of this individual. He has been in the House for about the same time as Peel, and endeavoured to crawl on in the same track. But there he failed. Peel crawled better—he was thrown back even by Peel, and that is enough to settle his claims for ever. At the Clare election he behaved in the silliest and most imbecile manner; he bore all the cutting scorn of his respectable opponents, and all the impudent brutality of his disrespectable ones, including O'Connell, with the most babyish affectation of sensibility; he wept, or pretended to weep, where another man would have manfully put down the ruffianism that was roaring round him, and triumphing over his foolery. He took all as tenderly as a school-girl, whipped for mislaying her sampler; he abounded in compliments, to a set of rascals to whom it was a degradation for a gentleman to speak; and concluded his wretched exhibition by begging pardon of every body for every thing. During his whole parliamentary career, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald has done nothing—has never distinguished himself by speech or action, or any attempt that could place him beyond the average of those good-natured gentlemen who, like Billy Holmes, are ready to take up with any thing that offers. We think that we could survive as a nation, even though Mr. Fitzgerald were kicked out.

Then comes Mr. Herries, whom we conclude to be a clever fellow from one fact—that being the son of a bankrupt, he has contrived to lay out the slight sum of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds on an estate! How he managed this piece of luck, Mr. Herries has never condescended to explain. There was some growling at it when Lord Goderich proposed him as Chancellor of the Exchequer. But that innocent and silly lord having given him a regular character in the newspapers, and other matters of more importance having caught the public eye, Mr. Herries and his money were forgotten for the time. But we hope he may yet be indulged with the opportunity, which, to a man of his sensitive feelings, must be so extremely desirable.

Mr. Herries is, in all points, utterly below notice as a debater; and while his ability might be matched by any clerk, at five shillings a day, in any banker's shop in London, we cannot think that the empire would be undone if Mr. Herries were kicked out.

Then comes Mr. Goulburn. For this individual we have an especial contempt, for Mr. Goulburn is a Saint. As such, we presume, he has found out that to keep in place is his first duty; and, as such, Mr. Goulburn, hitherto one of the most violent, determined, and furious, in his hostility to the Papists, has thought proper to turn to the right about at the word of command, discover that all that he had been doing under a ministry which allowed a man to speak his own mind, was the height of error under a ministry which ordered a man to speak their mind; and is now a solemn, solid, stupid pillar of the apostacy. As a speaker, Mr. Goulburn has always been confused, prolix, and intolerable. His new principles have not brightened his elocution in the most trivial degree; and we have arrived at the full conviction that the nation would not be undone by the most summary process of kicking out Mr. Goulburn.

Then comes Lord Ellenborough, who, at present, rides double, being mounted on the privy seal and the presidency of the board of controul. His lordship is a handsome man, with a handsome head of hair, and a handsome wife; and beyond those qualifications for governing India, taking a two-fold share in the government of England, and receiving

a two-fold salary, amounting to eight thousand British pounds, we know of none in the possession of this noble lord, who, by the by, is in the receipt of some thousands a year, besides, from a large sinecure in the King's Bench. Why the nation should thus pay about ten thousand pounds a year for the services of Lord Ellenborough, however rich his ringlets, or high his conception of his own merits, we profess ourselves totally at a loss to imagine. Our opinion is that the nation would not perish even if his lordship were, to-morrow, to throw up his functions, and retire, for life, to his looking-glass.

Then comes Sir George Murray, a good hard-working soldier, we have no doubt, though we are by no means in the habit of connecting superb military reminiscences with the name of Murray. We have had enough of them in the service, for public experience, and we as little desire their following in the cabinet as their leading in the field. In fact, we have a good deal of dislike, suspicion, and disgust, at seeing this man, the notorious confident of the marshal's military career, exalted into one of the very highest places of confidence in the minister's Cabinet career. It is not the custom of Englishmen to have the laws of civil life made or administered by soldiers. Let Sir Francis Burdett, and the mendicant followers of that political mountebank, take up his jackanape's maxim, that soldiers are the very men to manage the British government. We shall chime in with the radical, when we shall think that the sword is a safer instrument than the constable's staff, that an order from the provost marshal is more suitable to a free country than a Habeas Corpus, and that a drum-head Court-martial is the finest possible substitute for the Trial by Jury. On the whole we should feel no compunction whatever, if Sir George Murray were kicked out before next roll-call.

The chancellor comes next; and we join in the universal opinion of the chancellor. Enough is said. He has the merit of being a convert on the shortest notice. As to his personal virtues, private morality, and pecuniary independence, we know no more than we do of Lady Lyndhurst's. We hope the best of this well-matched couple; but would have no objection to see his lordship kicked out, to-morrow, in the most summary, contemptuous, and returnless manner.

So much for the Cabinet of England; so much for the governors of the first and freest of empires; and so much for the security, honour, or dominion, of England, while tergiversation is the triumph of politics, while the last year's speech of every man is the bitterest rebuke of his this year's speech, and while the most unblushing political effrontery, even to the open avowal that the constitution is to be broken in upon, is the merit that distinguishes one man from another, and confers the supremacy of defection upon that most odious of politicians—the home secretary. That there would be some difficulty in making up such another Cabinet we readily allow: for we hope, for the honour of England, and human nature, that such another display of political slipperiness is not to be found. But, in point of ability, we could match it from any dozen clerks in Whitehall; and, in point of public confidence, could match it from the first dozen men whom we met in the streets, let them be who or what they may. We call upon our countrymen still to rouse themselves; to express, in the boldest language of truth, their abhorrence of, what the Attorney-general has justly called, The “ATROCIOUS BILL,” and of a faction whose triumph is pregnant with the most fatal consequences to all that we value. Once more we say, Englishmen must never despair.—“No surrender.”—“So, help us, God!”

THE TWO MINERS OF FAMATINA.*

THE great mountain of Famatina, situated in the province of Rioja, has long been looked upon traditionally as the depository of enormous wealth in the form of gold and silver ore; but the turning this wealth to any important practical account is a circumstance of very recent date; partly owing to the superstitious feelings which the native Indians have always connected, and still connect, with the supposed demons and other supernatural beings who are believed to inhabit the mountain; but chiefly, no doubt, from the absence of any sufficient motive, on the part of the occupiers of the surrounding country, to encounter the perils and hardships attendant on exploring the scene of those, to them, useless and unnecessary treasures: for, so rich and fertile are the surrounding plains of the Rioja, and the Pampas, and so comparatively trifling is the labour required to obtain from them all which the simple-minded inhabitants need for their subsistence and comfort, that probably nothing but an actual display of the physical consequences (in wealth and consideration) to be gained by the enterprise in question, could have induced them to commence or continue the prosecution of it, even *since* the revolution, and the new train of motives and feelings which that event has introduced. But before that period the wealth of the Famatina mountain remained a treasure of the imagination merely; and was, as such, as much superior to the actual possessions of the miser, who has not the heart to use what he has hoarded, as the feeling of having all one's wants supplied is to that of wants increasing in the exact ratio of the supply to which they refer. The innumerable herds of the Pampas, to be had almost by seeking for—the inexhaustible fertility of the soil, requiring nothing worthy the name of toil in its tillage—the peculiar character of some portion of the vegetation, serving for almost every purpose connected with the actual wants of human life;† and, finally, the beautiful, but enervating and relaxing climate; all these things united, afforded ample means of content to the comparatively few inhabitants of the vast province of Rioja; which, even at the present time, does not number more than twenty thousand souls. It is true the King of Spain and his government have made repeated attempts to work the mines, known to have formerly existed in this mountain. But they

* This brief sketch of the singular circumstances attending the comparatively recent discovery of the wealth of the Famatina mines, is by one who collected them on the spot, and from persons who may be described as eye and ear witnesses of what they reported.

† Allusion is here made to the Algarrova tree, in particular. This tree seems to have been expressly provided by Providence for the sustenance of the rude inhabitants of these districts, and if it were by any accident of nature to be exterminated, it is scarcely too much to say that the population would follow it. It is the universal sustenance of the poor, the idle, and the destitute; there is a drink made from its bean-like pod, which is excellent—its seeds are ground into flour—its leaves are used as the general food for cattle—and its branches, which are studded with sharp-pointed thorns, are stuck in the earth, and wattled together into a sort of palissade, which even a starving bull will not attempt to break through, though he see the tempting pasture on the other side. The wood, too, is not only excellent for all agricultural and architectural purposes, but is, from its hard and solid nature, almost as durable as coals, for fuel. Finally, even dogs are fond of the pod, and pigs fatten on it better than on any other food. The former will often leave their homes, and live in the Algarrova woods as long as the pod is in season; and the poor will none of them work—nor need they—while that portion of the Algarrova tree lasts.

could never hit upon any inducements sufficiently strong to secure the earnest and active co-operation of the inhabitants, or even to overcome that superstitious horror which had been left as a legacy to them by their simple, but in this instance, perhaps, wise ancestors, relative to the dangers—unnamed and unknown, but not the less effectual in their influence—attendant on the task of exploring the vast and naturally terrific solitudes immediately surrounding the objects of search. The early Indians, just referred to, had also adopted another precaution, as if with the view of deterring their descendants from the perilous enterprise in question—perilous even, more on account of the cupidity which its results excited in their European masters, than in the actual physical hardships and evils connected with it. On ceasing to work the mines, they carefully built up and concealed, by every means in their power, the various openings to them, so as to remove all clue, if possible, to the exploring of them in future.

It should be mentioned, however, that just before the great discovery, now about to be described in detail, a slight impulse had been given to the Riojanos, to avail themselves of the wealth which all believed to be at their disposal, if needed, by the smuggling trade, which commenced at the opening of the present century, between the province and Buenos Ayres, in articles of English clothing. The desire of being more gaily clad than their neighbours—a desire always easy to be put in action, in idle and unoccupied bosoms—had induced a few of the inhabitants to undertake mining expeditions into the heart of the desolate mountain; and the consequence was that a little silver got into circulation in the province—a thing, till then, almost unknown. At length, in the year 1805, about four years after the slight and insignificant attempts just referred to, there were seen one day, riding into the village of Chilecito, two wretchedly clad men, both mounted on one sorry mule, and armed with one old musket. On inquiry, it appeared that these men had travelled from Peru in the manner just described, and had supported themselves on their journey, entirely by the aid of their old gun, with which they had killed, from time to time, what they needed for their subsistence. It was ascertained, too, that, having been long engaged as labourers in the Peruvian mines, and having acquired the knowledge necessary for their purpose, they had left that country solely with the view of seeking their fortune in the mountain of Famatina—the traditional reports of its wealth having long ago reached the country from which they came. These two men were named Juan Leita, and Juan Echavaria; and I have been told by persons who were eye-witnesses to their first entry into Chilecito, that nothing could exceed the astonishment excited in the inhabitants of the village, at the idea of two poverty-stricken and almost naked beings attempting to contend with the dangers and rigours of the so dreaded solitudes of the Famatina mountain. But these men, unlike the happier inhabitants of the fertile plains of Rioja, had long felt the evils of poverty, and craved the advantages which they had been accustomed to see enjoyed by the possessors of wealth alone; and they determined to risk, and to bear everything, with the view of bettering their condition. These are the class of persons from whom we are to look for those discoveries and achievements, which demand unwearying perseverance, and suppose and include constant privation. The two pennyless and friendless adventurers, from a distant land, looked on the wondrous mountain, of which they had

heard so much ; and seeing in its now visible form literally " a mine of wealth," they determined within themselves to explore and take possession of its treasures, or perish in the attempt. On their arrival at Chilecito, they were literally destitute of everything necessary to their enterprise, except that unquenchable desire and determination to accomplish it which constitutes in such cases great part of the required power. They had not even brought with them any of the mining tools necessary for the commencement of their operations ; nor a farthing of money to purchase them. These, therefore, together with the supply of provisions indispensable to their very existence, while working on a spot, near which none could, by possibility, be procured, they contrived to obtain on credit, from a curate of Chilecito, named Granillo, who agreed to supply them with what they needed, to the amount of thirty dollars, on condition, that if they succeeded in their undertaking, they were to repay him double the amount within a certain time ; and, with these supplies they started for the mountain, the very day after their arrival in its neighbourhood. They proceeded on foot themselves, as it was necessary to load their mule with the provisions, tools, &c., which they were enabled by the curate to take with them. It is said that the hardships they endured, for the first three or four days, were almost incredible ; for, during the whole of that time, they were exposed to the fury of a snow storm, almost naked, and without firing, or even shelter. At the end of that time they had contrived to dig out a small cave in the side of the rock to shelter them at night from the snow and rain ; and there they used to lie close together, with no other means of avoiding being frozen to death, but that of receiving the animal warmth of each other. Their only provisions were biscuit, and a little dried beef, or *charqui*, which they were obliged to eat cold—having, as I have said, no means of procuring firing of any kind. Nevertheless, they persevered—their first attempt being made at that part of the mountain, called the Cerro Negro, where, after working for some time, they discovered a small vein of virgin silver, mixed with sulphuret of silver. They continued working upon this for about a month, never quitting the mountain during that period ; at the end of which time, having collected together as much ore as they could carry, they returned with it to Chilecito. As all mining speculations had ceased in that neighbourhood, they were now at a loss how to turn their little treasure to account, by reducing it to a tangible form. This, however, they at last effected, by grinding the ore to powder, on a large flat stone, as painters grind their colors, and then triturating it with mercury to extract the silver. The produce of this their first adventure was about one hundred dollars ; with which, having first paid the curate his promised sixty dollars, they purchased more provisions, and a little clothing, and then returned to the mountain, and were heard of no more for three months. At the end of that time one of them came back to the village, with sufficient silver ore to purchase two additional mules, for the purpose of bringing back the increasing produce of their labours. And thus they went on for about twelve months, never quitting the mountain but when compelled to return in search of provisions. It was understood that, by this time, they had accumulated a capital of about two thousand dollars ; and about this time it was that they discovered the rich mine called Santo Domingo. They now found themselves sufficiently beforehand with the world to feel justified in hiring labourers from the village to work for

them; and having also purchased a spot of ground in the valley of Famatina, in which there was a convenient fall of water from one of the mountain rivulets, Juan Leita, who was a man of great mechanical ingenuity, constructed with his own hands a trapichi mill, for the purpose of grinding the ore on a larger scale. The whole of this construction he completed without assistance; and then, being the hardier man of the two, he returned to the mountain, to work and superintend the operations there, while Echavaria came to reside at the mill, and attend to the extraction of the metal from the ore. In this manner they proceeded for ten years, by which time they had accumulated a capital of a hundred thousand dollars. But in doing this they had excited the malicious envy of the Riojanos, whose cupidity made them covet the wealth which their want of industry prevented them from even attempting to compass for themselves by similar means. At this period, too, the revolution broke out, and afforded the means of, in some measure, accomplishing the object which was now contemplated by some of the heads of the people. The first step taken against them was to order them to pay a contribution of a thousand dollars for the service of the state. This was no sooner complied with than another was sent for a similar sum, and shortly afterwards others to the amount of five thousand dollars more. On this, Echavaria, who was at once a shrewd and a timorous man, and foresaw the storm that was brewing, endeavoured to prevail on Leita to join him in retiring to Peru with the property they had amassed. But Leita refused to consent; and the result was, that they came to the resolution of dividing their property, and Echavaria made his escape immediately after—having first buried in a spot, near the mill, that portion of his gains which he was not able to carry with him. Shortly after the departure of Echavaria, it was reported that Leita had discovered another mine, still richer than any of those they had hitherto been working upon. Whether this was true or not, it had the effect of exciting still further the cupidity of the new government, and an order was speedily sent to Leita, requiring him to furnish a still larger contribution. This he had expected, and had prepared himself for, by burying in the ground nearly all his treasures; and his reply to the government order was that they had already deprived him of all his gains. But they were not to be put off in this manner. On receiving the above reply, they immediately had a meeting of the Cabildo, in the town of Rioja; and the result was the sending a militia officer, and twenty men, to take Leita into custody, and lodge him in prison, under the pretence that he was an old Spaniard, and an enemy to the state. The party arrived at his house, in the Escaleras, just as he was sitting down to dinner; and having immediately taken him, and placed heavy fetters upon his legs, they were about to place him on a horse, and carry him away. But he determined on having recourse to stratagem, with the view of, if possible, gaining his liberty, and escaping from their hands. Accordingly, pretending the utmost submission to the commands of the government, he invited the party to take some dinner with him before they set out, and offered to supply them with some excellent wine, which he possessed. This proposal was immediately accepted by the officer commanding the party; and, as the only servant of Leita, a black slave, had ran away on the approach of the military party, Leita offered to wait on them himself, and fetch the wine, serve the dinner, &c. This he did for some time with

great apparent good humour, and with great satisfaction to the party; who, as their spirits waxed higher with Leita's excellent wine, grew more favourably disposed towards their prisoner; and the head of them, seeing with what alacrity he went in and out in their service, observed that it was a pity he should be so much inconvenienced by his fetters, and ordered that they should be taken off. Freed from this incumbrance, he still kept running in and out doing their bidding, and supplying them with more wine; till at length, having ascertained the position and arms of the three sentinels who had been placed without, he watched his opportunity, and suddenly closed the door (which shut with a spring latch) on the drinking party within; and then, having by great resolution and strength disarmed and put to flight the sentinels, he presented himself at the window of the room where the rest were enclosed, and threatened with an axe to chop off the head of the first person who offered to escape by that exit. Then, still keeping watch over the now drunken party within the room, he whistled for his black slave, (who, it appeared, had only been sent out of the way to conceal himself with the view of assisting his master's project,) Leita ordered him to prepare the two best horses of the party and bring them to him, and to unsaddle and turn loose all the rest. This being done according to his desire, both master and man mounted, and were soon at a great distance on the road across the Andes to Coquimbo in Chile. They rode day and night; but by the time they had reached the central ridge of the Andes, their horses sunk under them from fatigue; and, on seeing their pursuers approaching in the distance, they abandoned their horses, and continued their flight on foot, making for the crags and precipices, where their pursuers could not possibly follow. They were now safe for the present; and in a few days Leita made his appearance before the Spanish Royalist, General Osorio, representing who he was, and the circumstances under which he had left Rioja; and stating that if the general would supply him with a certain number of men he would engage speedily to reduce the whole province to the dominion of the Spanish monarchy. Osorio could not supply Leita with the required means, but was induced, by his representations, to provide him with letters of recommendation to Pezuela, the viceroy of Peru, who, he said, would be likely to further his view in the proposed project. But to deliver these letters, it was necessary that Leita should travel through a great tract of country in the provinces of Tucuman and Salta, at the imminent risk of falling in with his enemies. He therefore determined on disguising himself as a poor miner, and taking with him only one attendant as a guide on the road he was to go, leaving his own faithful black behind him to avoid suspicion. In this manner he reached in safety the boundary of the province of Salta. But here, observing a scouting party of fifty men in the distance, Leita hid his money and papers in a thicket hard by; which he had scarcely accomplished when the party came up, and began to make illusory inquiries, which he at first refused to answer, for fear of causing suspicion by his Arragon accent. At last, being compelled by their ill usage and threats to speak, he described himself as a poor miner in search of work. But, as he had feared, his accent excited further suspicions, and they proceeded to beat him and his guide, till the latter at last confessed who Leita was, though he could not disclose the object of his travelling that road. But another blow or two soon induced him to confess where his master had hidden his papers and money; and these disclosed all

that they wished to know. They then immediately conducted their prisoner to the city of Tucuman; where he was subjected to a brief and summary trial, and was immediately condemned to death for being in correspondence with the enemies of the Patria. Soon after his condemnation, a priest, named Jose Augustin Colombres, came to confess Leita; and, with the view of extracting from him the knowledge of where he had hidden his supposed treasures, he promised to procure a grant of his life on condition of such disclosure. Leita was easily induced, under his desperate circumstances, to fall into this snare; and having made the desired confession to the wily priest, he was almost immediately shot in the Plaza of the town. Two years after this, the above-named priest made a journey to the Escaleras, for the purpose, as is supposed, of taking away the buried treasure, the knowledge of which he had extracted from its owner; and thus concluded the first modern mining enterprise of the Famatina.

This history was related to me by a person named —*, who was himself intimately connected with the mines then working in the mountain, and who went on to tell me a few further anecdotes relating to them. He said that having by dint of hard industry amassed a little capital, he determined to embark it in the mining speculations which the success of Leita and Echavaria had brought somewhat more into fashion; and that having exhausted his own savings of 2000 dollars, he borrowed 2000 more, with which he was at length successful, and speedily afterwards accumulated a capital of 10,000 dollars; but that disgusted by the vexatious obstacles thrown in his way by the new government, he had retired to Cordova with his little fortune, and embarked it in trade. Until this period the mines of the Famatina had been looked upon as open to the enterprises of any body who chose to engage in working them. But when Rivadavia came into power in Buenos Ayres, he determined on turning their wealth to a national account. He therefore sent to the governor of Rioja for a statement of the general state of the mines, and their adaptation to the purposes he had in view, of making them subservient to the interests of the state. The consequence was that a great company was formed at Buenos Ayres under the auspices of Messrs. Hullet, Brothers, and Co., consisting partly of English and partly of native merchants; and to this company the right of working all the mines in the province of Rioja was conceded, for a certain period, and under settled restrictions:

It may be well to close this sketch by a brief notice of the present, or at least the very recent, condition of the mines at Famatina. Some years ago, the number of working miners, employed on the mountain, was rather less than four hundred, a comparatively insignificant number, when it is considered that the mountain is twenty leagues in length, and that not more than about one-fourth of that extent had been, in any way, explored for mining purposes, and even that portion had been examined very imperfectly. Indeed, so rude was the method then employed of working the mines, and so inexhaustible are the riches supposed to be which they contain, that, at the time referred to, the miners used to turn away with contempt from any spot which did not contain ore capable of returning 640 ounces of silver for every *cajon* (about 4,800lb); and

* I omit the name, as it might possibly expose my informant to persecution.

many of the mines then in work produced an average of four times that proportion. Moreover, so defective was the system of working the mines, it was perfectly well understood that the workmen stole at least half the produce. Yet, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the profits of working the mines were understood to be immense, as compared with the capital employed for the purpose. The wages paid to the workmen, at the period now referred to, were as follows:—To the working miner (*barretero*) twelve dollars per month, and as much beef, bread, and firewood as he chose to consume; to the *apire*, or labourer, who carried up the ore on his back from the lodes, eight dollars per month, and the same provisions; the overseer (*majordomo*) was generally paid from twenty-five to thirty dollars per month, and he generally contrived to appropriate as much more. The mountain was, as it were, parcelled out into nine different divisions; of which the richest and most productive was said to be that portion called the Cerro Mejicano, and situated just beneath the snowy ridge. The other portions, bearing the best repute for riches, were the Ampallao, the Cerro Negro, and the Cerro Tigre. In the Cerro Mejicano alone there are eight rich mines. The particular mine which is reputed to be the richest is called the mine of Santo Domingo. It produces abundance of virgin silver, and was, at that time, estimated at the value of 200,000 dollars. The metal of nearly all the mines is silver; but there were three or four which produced gold. These, however, though much more healthy to work than the silver mines, were not looked upon as nearly so profitable.

Finally, it may be mentioned, that the mountain of Famatina presents, from the village of Chilecito, a most beautiful and noble appearance, especially in the early morning, when its enormous snow-crowned ridges are just receiving the first rays of the sun. At this period of the day, indeed, it is usually enveloped, for the most part, in light mists. But as these clear away before the increasing power of the sun as it rises, the various effects of light and shade are most curious and beautiful; and when, at last, the whole is enveloped in the full blaze of day, the effect is truly magnificent.

A. G.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR: A FRAGMENT.

By the Author of "Field Flowers," &c.

So stood the Christian Martyr;—he that morn
 Had heard his dreadful doom, had heard, unchanged
 His mind and purpose; and, with step as firm
 And brow as placid, to the stake moved on,
 As when in other days he claimed the bride
 Of his young heart's affections. Now he came
 To wed another bride, but not of Earth,
 For he was Earth's no longer; his the bride
 Of Heaven, immortal, pure, unchangeable.
 Oh, what an hour was that! With eye upturned
 To the blue ether, and with soul outpoured
 In praise to his Creator, there he stood,
 A thing of fearful wonderment, and fraught
 With such high aspirations, that e'en they,
 Who had but come to scoff, in silent prayer

And adoration owned Religion's power.
 Religion! mightiest of the mighty gifts
 Of God to man; thou, who with awful voice,
 Speakest amidst the thunder; thou, whose form
 Bids us fear not the tempest, it was thou
 That, in this hour of horror, took'st thy stand
 Beside him, and to mortal ken badst wide
 Unclose the gates of Heaven's eternal dome,
 And to his dazzled eye the sapphire throne
 Shewedst of immortality; and what
 With thee may be compared, all-powerful,
 Eternal, glorious, great, majestic, good?
 All that man seeks, on earth, is it not found
 In thee—the balm, the comfort of the soul?
 Thou art not like the insensate Ocean, which,
 With greedy waves and darkling, swallows up
 The guilty and the guiltless in one vast
 And common grave, unheeding, a deaf ear
 Turning alike on all. What matters it
 Who seeks thy guardian power, whether the poor
 And sad repentant sinner, or the man
 By no foul crime polluted! thou to each
 Thy hand alike extendest, and for each
 Crownest the cup of grace, pointing the path
 To life eternal and the throne of God.
 Thy sway is all-resistless, and thine aid
 Sure, universal; in his palace, lo!
 To thee down bends the monarch; in his cot
 The peasant; and thou hearest, 'mid the blaze
 Of the full noontide, or amid the depth
 Of the still midnight, when the thousand stars,
 Bright suns to other systems, sparkling gem
 The infinite abyss—thou hear'st the prayer
 Of penitence, or thanks, and bidst it soar
 On angel wings to Heaven.

On thee, on thee
 Alone relying, confident and bold,
 So stood the Christian Martyr; in his eye
 Hope, in his mouth Thanksgiving, in his whole
 Deportment Faith unchanged, unchangeable.
 So stood he, and so died! for through the land
 (Working God's secret purpose, out of ill
 Producing good) strode Persecution then,
 And unrelenting Hate, and bigot Rage.
 But all in vain—for though the flames arose
 High o'er his head and round him, burning slow
 And lingering out his agonies, yet still,
 True to the glorious purpose of his soul,
 Unflinching stood The Protestant; so firmly
 Meets death the Christian Martyr.

Brighton, Feb. 8th.

H. B.

AN ADVENTURE NEAR GRANVILLE.

Joy to those travellers who find a pleasure in foreign countries! It was not with such feelings that I left England, and even now, after a twelvemonth's residence in France, I am as little reconciled to it as ever, and that from no fault either in the people, or in the country; both are, in many respects, delightful; but champagne itself is flavourless to a sick palate, and the fairest land is no better than a desert, when the affections are pointing homewards.

I landed at Granville, with the intention of making France my place of abode for some years. At first, therefore, I set up my rest at an inn, that I might have leisure to look about me, and find a permanent dwelling suited to my narrow income, and, as far as might be consistently with that essential condition, agreeable to my taste and habits. Fortunately, before I had been in the town three days, I heard of a house to be sold, that, from the description, I thought would suit me. It was small, cheap, not more than two English miles from Granville, and with no other fault, according to my informant, than its extreme loneliness. This fault, however, was to me rather a recommendation. I lost no time in seeking out the proprietor, who proved to be ostensibly a tailor, though, as I learnt by the way, he was shrewdly suspected of carrying on a more lucrative trade with our Guernsey and Jersey smugglers. This might well be, if any conclusion could be drawn from the exterior man, for certainly he had much more of the smuggler than the tailor in his appearance. He was a tall, gaunt fellow, with a sallow face, that was three parts overgrown with whiskers, that from their colour might seem the legitimate produce of a coal mine, while a broad scar across the cheek made him look yet more ferocious. It extended down to the upper lip, which it had drawn considerably on one side, so that when he attempted to smile—and a Frenchman is seldom without a smile—it resembled nothing so much as the grin of an angry bull-dog.

But, however little promising the man's exterior, I had no reason to complain of him when we came to talk of business. His demands were extremely reasonable, and delivered in few words, with the plain frank manner of one who knows he is offering a bargain, and does not think it worth his while to tempt a purchaser by specious language. We soon, therefore, settled preliminaries. If I liked the house upon seeing it, I was to purchase it for my life only, a mode of sale not very common in France, I believe, any more than in England; but it suited me well enough, the price was proportionably low, a matter of the first importance with me, and I had no great wish to acquire property in a foreign land, even had I possessed the means.

The tenement in question was, as I have already noticed, about two English miles from Granville, and was neither more nor less than an old-fashioned farm-house, in every respect, except size, far inferior to the worst cottages on the Acton and Ealing road. It consisted only of a ground floor, and a single story above, but there was room, and to spare, for a moderate family. Grates there were none, even in what seemed to be intended for a parlour; this, however, was the less necessary, as wood was the fuel in general use, and it burnt as well upon the hearth as between iron bars. I ought, perhaps, to except the kitchen, in which was a sort of earthenware stove, about three feet high, with large circular holes in the top for the saucepans to be placed upon, any other idea

than that of boiling or stewing never, as I suppose, having entered into the head of a French cook. The rest of the house was in perfect keeping with these arrangements; the sashes were about the size of four panes in the window of a fourth-rate London house; the bed-rooms were floored with brick, and the furniture, which was to be included in the purchase-money, was such as may be found in most English cottages,—not, to use Porson's phrase, "cottages of gentility," but those of the Yorkshire farmer, which are a very different matter. Still the extreme cheapness of the house tempted me, and on the second day I entered into possession of my new abode, perfectly out of humour with myself and every thing about me. I would have given the whole of my domain, with its acre of garden and orchard for a first floor in London, or, what I should have rather prized, a snug little cottage in my favourite Isle of Wight. But the thing was not to be.

Upon the recommendation of the tailor, I had taken into my service a girl from Granville, who, like Scrub, was every thing to her master—cook, housemaid, valet, and even gardener. Nay, had I wanted a groom or coachman, I have no doubt she would have been both willing and able to officiate in either character. Madelon, for such was her name, was about twenty years old, and no less strange to my eyes, at least, in her costume than in her manner. Of the first, the principal singularity was in the head-gear, which, I believe, is peculiar to Granville and the parts adjacent. It consisted of two, or even more yards of coarse white calico, folded something like a dinner-napkin, in which form it lies flatly upon the head, with the square corners brought down to either ear, and then turned back again upon the crown. A red handkerchief was crossed over her neck down to her waist, and there fastened. This last was joined, and partly covered by a white apron, with pockets in it, into which her hands were constantly inserted when she had no employment for them, or rather when she indulged them with a holiday, that she might talk with the greater vigour. Her gown was made of chintz, and open; her stockings were of grey woollen, smuggled probably from Jersey, and her shoes were nearly the same as those worn by our English ploughmen.

Madelon spoke English, as her friend the tailor said, and as she herself swore, "*bien—très-bien!*"—To give a correct idea of it would be utterly impossible; but when I say it was picked up in the school of the Guernsey and Jersey seamen, the reader will easily imagine it could be no other than elegant.

Madelon was a rogue, that was clear; I read it in her eyes and face, the first of which were remarkably handsome, and the latter would have been equally so had it been less exposed to the weather; for beauty, after all, is a hot-house plant, and requires no little nursing to its perfection. But then the tailor gave her an excellent character, and she herself confirmed his account after a manner, that in any one else had been downright impudence, but in her, by some strange alchymy, was converted into humour and simplicity. Madelon, therefore, upon her own guarantee, even more than that of her friend, the tailor, was duly installed in her four-fold office, being thus one degree better than the tripartite, Hecate; and I who, in England, could not contrive to keep one servant, had now my cook, housemaid, valet, and gardener. In spite, however, of these advantages, and wine at tenpence a bottle, I was far from being comfortable, and twenty times a day I had to undergo

Madelon's reproaches for my blue devils English, as she called it. "Eh ! mon Dieu !" she would begin—"vous autres Anglois, vous êtes si tristes—so sad you English gentlemens!—always ces maudits blue devils! We have no blue devils in France, but when you English gentlemens bring them from Angleterre. Ces coquins de douaniers should put a duty comme ça," spreading out her hands, "on the blue devils Inglis."

"Have patience with me, Madelon," was my answer; "I shall be merry enough, no doubt, when I have got a little more reconciled to absence from those I love in England."

"Love Ingeland!" the nearest approach I can make by letters to her mode of pronouncing England. "Love Ingeland!" in a yet higher tone. "Bah ! C'est la France is the pays for love—G—d damn! You sell your wives in that maudit Ingeland!"

"It is the first time I heard of it, however."

"Ah, oui ! All de Inglis sont des coquins—except Monsieur, and he is tout-à-fait un François."

"By no means, Madelon ; I have no title whatever to that distinction. I neither sing nor dance."

"Ah quel malheur!—Mais G—d damn ! I forget die garden. Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur"—

And off flew Madelon, humming another of her hundred and one songs.

From this slight specimen it will be seen what sort of a treasure I had lighted upon in my Granvillian. In other respects she was invaluable. Never was so seemingly affectionate a creature, or one so assiduous in the discharge of all her duties. A watch was superfluous to me with one so rigidly punctual. Did my breakfast appear? I was sure it was eight to a minute. Was dinner upon table? with equal certainty I might calculate upon its being four exactly. And, when at night she summoned me to my coffee, I was no less sure it wanted a quarter to ten. Nor was her attention given solely to these matters, which, as they were fixed and invariable, the observation of them was a point of no great difficulty ; she seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of what I wanted, without the expression of my wishes, insomuch that the little hand-bell lay almost unused upon my table.

The month was June, the day fine ; an unusual fit of cheerfulness seized me, and I felt, in my dark study, much as a school-boy feels over his task, when the sun is shining through the window, and the young blood is boiling in his veins. I flung down my book—it was Goëthe's Faust—and walked into the fields that skirted my little domain.

Before the fervour of these feelings had exhausted itself, I met a poor French sailor, who did not indeed beg, but who continued for a long time eyeing me in a way that made me suppose he wanted the charity, which, from some cause or other, he did not choose to solicit. Without, therefore, waiting to be asked, I proffered him a small piece of silver. The man stared at me in evident surprise, as if alms-taking was by no means a part of his trade ; but he did not the less pocket my gratuity, returning me at the same time a profusion of thanks, probably as sincere, and certainly more gracious, than I should have received from an Englishman under the same circumstances. His manner induced me to enter into conversation with him, and when, in the course of it, he learnt that I was the owner of the near house, he testified his pity or surprise,

than that of boiling or stewing never, as I suppose, having entered into the head of a French cook. The rest of the house was in perfect keeping with these arrangements; the sashes were about the size of four panes in the window of a fourth-rate London house; the bed-rooms were floored with brick, and the furniture, which was to be included in the purchase-money, was such as may be found in most English cottages,—not, to use Porson's phrase, "cottages of gentility," but those of the Yorkshire farmer, which are a very different matter. Still the extreme cheapness of the house tempted me, and on the second day I entered into possession of my new abode, perfectly out of humour with myself and every thing about me. I would have given the whole of my domain, with its acre of garden and orchard for a first floor in London, or, what I should have rather prized, a snug little cottage in my favourite Isle of Wight. But the thing was not to be.

Upon the recommendation of the tailor, I had taken into my service a girl from Granville, who, like Scrub, was every thing to her master—cook, housemaid, valet, and even gardener. Nay, had I wanted a groom or coachman, I have no doubt she would have been both willing and able to officiate in either character. Madelon, for such was her name, was about twenty years old, and no less strange to my eyes, at least, in her costume than in her manner. Of the first, the principal singularity was in the head-gear, which, I believe, is peculiar to Granville and the parts adjacent. It consisted of two, or even more yards of coarse white calico, folded something like a dinner-napkin, in which form it lies flatly upon the head, with the square corners brought down to either ear, and then turned back again upon the crown. A red handkerchief was crossed over her neck down to her waist, and there fastened. This last was joined, and partly covered by a white apron, with pockets in it, into which her hands were constantly inserted when she had no employment for them, or rather when she indulged them with a holiday, that she might talk with the greater vigour. Her gown was made of chintz, and open; her stockings were of grey woollen, smuggled probably from Jersey, and her shoes were nearly the same as those worn by our English ploughmen.

Madelon spoke English, as her friend the tailor said, and as she herself swore, "*bien—très-bien!*"—To give a correct idea of it would be utterly impossible; but when I say it was picked up in the school of the Guernsey and Jersey seamen, the reader will easily imagine it could be no other than elegant.

Madelon was a rogue, that was clear; I read it in her eyes and face, the first of which were remarkably handsome, and the latter would have been equally so had it been less exposed to the weather; for beauty, after all, is a hot-house plant, and requires no little nursing to its perfection. But then the tailor gave her an excellent character, and she herself confirmed his account after a manner, that in any one else had been downright impudence, but in her, by some strange alchemy, was converted into humour and simplicity. Madelon, therefore, upon her own guarantee, even more than that of her friend, the tailor, was duly installed in her four-fold office, being thus one degree better than the tripartite, Hecate; and I who, in England, could not contrive to keep one servant, had now my cook, housemaid, valet, and gardener. In spite, however, of these advantages, and wine at tenpence a bottle, I was far from being comfortable, and twenty times a day I had to undergo

Madelon's reproaches for my blue devils English, as she called it. "Eh! mon Dieu!" she would begin—"vous autres Anglois, vous êtes si tristes—so sad you English gentlemens!—always ces maudits blue devils! We have no blue devils in France, but when you English gentlemens bring them from Angleterre. Ces coquins de douniers should put a duty comme ça," spreading out her hands, "on the blue devils Inglis."

"Have patience with me, Madelon," was my answer; "I shall be merry enough, no doubt, when I have got a little more reconciled to absence from those I love in England."

"Love Ingeland!" the nearest approach I can make by letters to her mode of pronouncing England. "Love Ingeland!" in a yet higher tone. "Bah! C'est la France is the pays for love—G—d damn! You sell your wives in that maudit Ingeland!"

"It is the first time I heard of it, however."

"Ah, oui! All de Inglis sont des coquins—except Monsieur, and he is tout-à-fait un François."

"By no means, Madelon; I have no title whatever to that distinction. I neither sing nor dance."

"Ah quel malheur!—Mais G—d damn! I forget die garden. Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur"—

And off flew Madelon, humming another of her hundred and one songs.

From this slight specimen it will be seen what sort of a treasure I had lighted upon in my Granvillian. In other respects she was invaluable. Never was so seemingly affectionate a creature, or one so assiduous in the discharge of all her duties. A watch was superfluous to me with one so rigidly punctual. Did my breakfast appear? I was sure it was eight to a minute. Was dinner upon table? with equal certainty I might calculate upon its being four exactly. And, when at night she summoned me to my coffee, I was no less sure it wanted a quarter to ten. Nor was her attention given solely to these matters, which, as they were fixed and invariable, the observation of them was a point of no great difficulty; she seemed to have an intuitive knowledge of what I wanted, without the expression of my wishes, insomuch that the little hand-bell lay almost unused upon my table.

The month was June, the day fine; an unusual fit of cheerfulness seized me, and I felt, in my dark study, much as a school-boy feels over his task, when the sun is shining through the window, and the young blood is boiling in his veins. I flung down my book—it was Goëthe's Faust—and walked into the fields that skirted my little domain.

Before the fervour of these feelings had exhausted itself, I met a poor French sailor, who did not indeed beg, but who continued for a long time eyeing me in a way that made me suppose he wanted the charity, which, from some cause or other, he did not choose to solicit. Without, therefore, waiting to be asked, I proffered him a small piece of silver. The man stared at me in evident surprise, as if alms-taking was by no means a part of his trade; but he did not the less pocket my gratuity, returning me at the same time a profusion of thanks, probably as sincere, and certainly more gracious, than I should have received from an Englishman under the same circumstances. His manner induced me to enter into conversation with him, and when, in the course of it, he learnt that I was the owner of the near house, he testified his pity or surprise,

—I know not which—by a shrug of the shoulders, and a long-drawn “Ah!” inimitable by any save a Frenchman. I was astonished in my turn.

“You don’t seem to admire my house, friend; what fault do you see in it?”

It should be observed that this conversation was carried on in French,—indifferently enough, I dare say, on my part,—but still we could contrive to understand each other.

“What fault? Does Monsieur say what fault?”

“Ay; what fault?” I replied. “The house is stout enough to last my time; is it not?”

Another long-drawn “Ah!” with a corresponding shrug of the shoulders and elevation of the eyebrows, was the only answer.

“If you have any thing to say,” I exclaimed, “say it out at once plainly, that I may understand you.”

He had nothing to say—“nothing in the world.”

This of course did not satisfy me. I pressed him yet more closely, and at last brought him to confess that he looked upon the house as unlucky. At first I thought he was laughing at me; but he protested again, with great earnestness, that the house was truly and notoriously unlucky.—“In three years it had been possessed by four different proprietors, who had all come to an untimely end. One had been found dead in his bed in the morning, after having gone to rest on the night previous in perfect health. A second had tumbled into the well, and been drowned.”—That I by no means wondered at, considering the state of the wood-work about it; and, though I had not given it a thought before, I now mentally resolved to have it repaired without delay, that I might not be added to the list of casualties.—“A third, in an English fit of despondency, had hung himself on a pear-tree in the orchard.”

Here I interrupted his list of disasters, telling him, jestingly, that to prevent the repetition of any such accidents, I would have the pear-tree cut down.

“There are many trees, besides pear-trees, in that orchard,” replied my sailor, significantly.

“But your fourth proprietor,” I said; “what became of him?”

“He was found dead in the high-road, with a bullet in his body.—So Monsieur may see I had some reason for calling his house unlucky. If it were mine, I would sell it before the day was over.”

“And who is to become the purchaser?” I asked; for I had little doubt that the rascal was employed by some greater rascal, who expected, by alarming my fears, to get a good bargain of the house—perhaps the tailor himself; he was like enough to do such a thing if he at all repented of the sale. Had I been a jot less angry, I should have laughed in the fellow’s face for his excessive impudence.

“Who is to become the purchaser?” I repeated.

“Not I, for one,” replied the seaman; “Monsieur may be sure of that.”

And, so saying, he set off on the road for Granville, just as the punctual Madelon came to summon me in to dinner, which, to her great annoyance, I had already kept waiting nearly a quarter of an hour—enough, as she said, to spoil any thing but English cookery.

But Madelon’s disappointments were not to end here. Just as I sate down to table, in came an agent of the police, at sight of whom the poor

girl turned as pale as ashes, and I myself did not feel too comfortable, though I could not imagine what I had done in my retirement to draw upon me the attention of the authorities of Granville. Nor would the officer vouchsafe me a syllable in answer. Without bestowing a single look upon the terrified Madelon, he peremptorily bade me follow him, assuring me that he had at hand the means of compelling obedience if I were so unwise as not to yield it voluntarily. This was true enough. Without were three sturdy fellows in waiting; and I had, therefore, nothing left to me but to do as I was ordered.

From the marked incivility of the subaltern, I augured little good of my meeting with his superior. But herein I was agreeably disappointed. The Prefect (or rather *Sous-préfet*), a tall, dark man, with a keen, yet by no means unpleasant expression of features, received me with the greatest politeness. His first words were to apologize for any uneasiness he might have given me, and the next to beg that I would be under no apprehensions. "His conduct," he said, "had its origin in motives which he could not at present explain; but any thing rather than evil was intended to me personally."—

"You are," he added, "an Englishman?"

"I am."

"And probably have served in the army?"

"No."

"In the navy, then?"

"No; my pursuits are literary."

A dissatisfied "hem!" followed this answer; my examiner was evidently puzzled by it, and seemed like one who wavered in some preconceived purpose. At length he abruptly asked, "Are you a man of courage?"

There was something so ambiguous, and at the same time so absurd, in this query, that I knew not whether to laugh or to be offended. I replied, "That to ask a man if he had courage was about as reasonable as to ask a woman if she were chaste. What answer could he possibly expect to such a question?"

The Prefect smiled as he replied, "I am quite satisfied; we may proceed to business."

I was all attention.

"Your life will be attempted to-night. You seem surprised; but nothing can be more certain. Are you in the habit of keeping any weapons in your bed-room?—pistols, for instance?"

"Undoubtedly; I never go to rest, or travel, without having a brace of pistols at my side."

"Whatever you may see or hear, you must not make use of them on the present occasion—if, indeed, that has not already been provided against."

"How!" I exclaimed, "not defend myself if I see a fellow in my bed-room ready to cut my throat?"

"No," replied the Prefect, coolly. "You must not even speak, or move, or take any sort of notice, see what you will. Have you sufficient firmness for this? If not, say so plainly: yet I hope better things; I hope I am speaking to an English gentleman."

I bowed—what else could I do?

"We understand each other, then?" continued the Prefect; "you trust yourself to my vigilance, and promise to be perfectly passive, let what will happen?"

"Certainly—though I should have been much better pleased not to have played so secondary a part in a matter where, as it seems to me, I ought to be the principal."

"I trust, in the end, you will have reason to think otherwise. At all events, I have your word that you will be passive?"

"Most assuredly."

"I am obliged to you for this confidence. Yet one thing more. You will be good enough not to breathe a syllable to any one of what has passed between us. Should your servant be curious——"

"I will be silent," I said, interrupting him, "though I have not the slightest reason to doubt her fidelity."

"Nor do I doubt it; but she might chatter, or she might be alarmed; and in either case she would equally defeat my projects."

"The first," I replied, "is impossible, as she has no one in the house, except myself, to talk to; the second, I grant, is likely enough, though I should not think Madelon was a woman to start at trifles either. I will, however, do as you wish me, and the rather as I cannot be supposed to be a competent judge of measures, of which I am utterly unable to divine the motives."

With this understanding I was dismissed, and returned home, not well knowing what to think of my first introduction to French justice. There was a degree of mystery in the whole proceeding that I might have laughed at had it involved less serious personal consequences. As it was, I sate down gravely enough to my half-spoilt dinner, Madelon besieging me all the time with a thousand questions in the style of familiarity so common among French servants. These were not direct, but put in the way of conjecture, as—"Ce maudit Préfet! Est-il possible, he trouble Monsieur! G—d damn! I fear you find him un peu bête."

"Pretty well for that, Madelon."

"Ah! c'est un misérable! But, may be, he shall be trompé by his spies?"

"Not unlikely."

"Ah! I suppose he fancy Monsieur come to cut de heads off to all de Bourbons."

"That would, indeed, be doing things on a grand scale; but the Sous-préfet has not half your fancy."

"Ah, oui! C'est un homme bête—vraiment bête. I should no surprise if he take Monsieur for a smuggler."

"No."

"Tant mieux! Dere is hard law against ces pauvres diables de smuggelers. Peutêtre he hear. Monsieur's garden a été volé, and wants to do you justice. En ce cas, Je l'aime beaucoup."

"Nor that either."

"Diable!" exclaimed Madelon, driven by impatience out of her polite conjectures—"Diable! Pourquoi then ce bête, did he send his gens-d'armes after Monsieur?"

"The fault was your's, Madelon."

"Mine!" said, or almost shrieked, Madelon, turning deadly pale—"Mine!"

Seeing the poor girl so seriously alarmed, I was angry with myself, and told her, truly enough, I had spoken in jest only.

"In jest!" said Madelon, rapidly repeating my words; "Monsieur was in jest!"

"No more, Madelon—and that to punish you for your idle curiosity."

But I care not if you know the truth. The other day I was at Granville, when it seems I spoke somewhat too plainly of your blessed government, and this was carried to the Préfet by one of his spies I suppose. Luckily, he contented himself with reading me a lecture on my want of prudence, and took my word for my better discretion for the future."

As the evening advanced, I began to feel, not alarmed—I should wrong myself if I said so—but certainly anxious and restless. I protracted my supper as long as possible, to the visible annoyance of Madelon, who was at no time a friend to late hours; and when at length I retired to my bed-room, it was with feelings that I should in vain attempt to describe.

My first care was of course to lock and double-lock the door, and see to the fastenings of the windows: my promise to the Préfet did not prohibit me from this necessary act of self-defence. I next proceeded to examine my pistols; the charge was drawn, and, upon farther inquiry, I found my powder-flask had been emptied. The villains, then, were already in the house! They had begun their work by disarming me previously to the intended attack! For the first time, a suspicion flashed across my mind that Madelon, for as honest as she seemed, might be in the plot against my life. But what was to be done? I was alone and unarmed; and the murderers, it was plain, were already within the walls, so that it was fruitless to think of escaping. The slightest symptoms on my part that they were discovered, would only precipitate matters; whereas, by waiting quietly for the tardy aid of the Prefect, I had some chance for life.

Just as I was preparing—not very wisely, all things considered—to examine my chamber, I was startled by a low whisper—so low, indeed, that no ears but those sharpened by a keen sense of danger could have distinguished it. The sound evidently came from under the bed. My first impulse, since I was unarmed, was flight; but a moment's reflection—and moments are as hours in such situations—convinced me, that to attempt leaving the room was the surest way to rouse my assassins, whose scheme it probably was to wait till I should be asleep. I took my measures accordingly, and with a calmness that now seems even to myself surprising.

My plan proceeded upon two suppositions—first, that in a short time the police would come to my assistance—and, secondly, that while I remained awake, the attempt upon my life would not be made. I, therefore, protracted my preparations for rest as long as I well could without awaking suspicion; and when, after having spent full half an hour at the toilette, I at last went to bed, I took a book with me, and left the lamp burning on the table by my side. To convince my enemies that I was watching, I read aloud, though I must frankly confess I hardly knew what I was reading.

On such occasions we count time by minutes, and think and feel more in a single pulsation than in a day of common life. Half an hour had elapsed, and still there were no symptoms of the police. Oh, how in my heart I cursed the dilatory Prefect! It was not to be expected that the assassins would wait much longer for my sleeping.

I was afraid to leave off reading, lest my silence, even for a moment, should bring on the catastrophe; and yet I would have given any thing to be able to listen freely, that I might catch the meaning of the whis-

pers, that began again, low as before, but quick and impatient. The crisis was evidently at hand. It was a terrible moment!—I do not hesitate to say so—a terrible moment! Had I been armed, it had been something; the consciousness of having the means to make a struggle must stir the blood, whatever may be the odds; but to be locked up in the same room with a band of midnight murderers, defenceless, such a moment is terrible!

The whispering grew more and more frequent. Had instant death been the consequence, I could not have read a moment longer. The book might be said almost to drop from my hand, and, scarcely allowing myself to breathe, lest I should lose a single syllable, I listened to the almost inaudible whispers, till my ears tingled with the intenseness of the application. I heard the cocking of a pistol, and knew the time was come,—when, to my infinite surprise, the door was gently lifted off its hinges, the screw having evidently been drawn and left loose for that purpose. Whether it was the effect of the air, upon the door being opened, or my moving, or only chance, I know not; but just then the curtain on that side of the bed, which I had tucked back when I first began reading, now fell forwards, and I could only see through it the shadows of two figures, without being able to distinguish the persons. As I lay with my eyes fixed in that direction, the light, which one of them held up as if examining the room, rendered their forms yet plainer. I could see that one of them carried a weapon of some sort in his hand, and that both were creeping stealthily towards my bed. Then there was a pause. I thought, from the action of the hand, that the man who carried the drawn knife or dagger gave a sign to those under the bed: at all events, they were in motion. I heard a slight rustling, and, turning my eyes to the right, saw through the curtains on that side the shadows of no less than six men, rising successively from under the bed. The natural instinct of self-defence would have prompted me to spring into the very midst of them, and make a struggle for my life. But, before I could move, the shadows on my right flitted rapidly round my bed—a loud shriek followed—and, on throwing back the curtains, I saw Madelon and the tailor struggling in the hands of the police.

I now learned that the sudden deaths of my four predecessors in the possession of the house had long excited suspicion, and the rather as the property was always sold for the life-time of the occupant. This had led the Sub-prefect to imagine, as indeed was afterwards confessed by Madelon; that the tailor tempted purchasers by the cheapness of his house, and, having pocketed the money, he then made away with them as soon as possible, that he might resume the property, and have the benefit of a fresh sale on the same conditions. But, however strong might be the Prefect's suspicions, the tailor managed his affairs too cunningly for him to get any thing like certainty on the subject; and I might have perished, as my predecessors had done, to make room for another tenant, had not a little girl overheard the tailor settling with Madelon the time and manner of my murder. The child, naturally enough, lost no time in communicating what she had just heard to her parents; and they, as a matter of course, carried the tale to the police. But, besides that she was very young—she was scarcely seven years old—she had, partly from fright, and partly perhaps from deficient understanding, contradicted herself so often in her story, that the Prefect had deemed it prudent to get more certain evidence by seizing them in the very attempt to

murder. With this view, he had taken the opportunity of Madelon's being abroad in the afternoon, to introduce his people into my bedroom.

In the midst of my inquiries, the Prefect himself made his appearance on the scene, with another party of his *gens-d'armes*, in a high state of exultation, as it seemed, at the success of his schemes.

"Eh bien, Monsieur! C'est un joli roman, n'est-ce pas?" was his first exclamation upon seeing me.

In reply, I gave him full credit for his ingenious management; but I could not help adding, that he would have spared me no little anxiety had he let me into the whole secret beforehand.

"No doubt," he said; "but it is generally believed at Granville that there is a *liaison* between you and Madelon."

"Ridiculous!"

"Yes, indeed," continued the Prefect; "and I feared lest, in a fit of generosity, you should give the girl warning of her danger. In that case, I should have lost both my criminals."

"It seems hard though," I replied, "that a man cannot live quiet and secluded, without its being gossiped over a whole town that he is in love with his servant maid."

"Bagatelles!" said the Prefect.

"Well, but there is not a word of truth in it, I assure you."

The Prefect shrugged his shoulders; and, saying that he should require my attendance at the police-office early in the morning, very politely bade me good night.

G. S.

THE LONDON MARKETS.

What will you buy? What will you buy?

Chronicle of Leadenhall.

THE construction of useful buildings, for the mere convenience of society, are among the first efforts of civilization—their utility is felt and acknowledged, and mankind are satisfied. Time and improvement beget fastidiousness, and beauty must be united to utility—the "utile and the dulce" must be commingled, before the taste of increased civilization will condescend to bestow its praise. Thus the convenience of trade pointed out the necessity for a general rendezvous of merchants of different commodities; and large open spaces were left in towns and villages, for the congregation of agriculturists and manufacturers, where the productions of labour and of cultivated nature were displayed to purchasers. At first these places were open and unsheltered, and each merchant took his station, as his convenience directed him, and displayed his fruit, his meat, or his merchandize, in the best manner his invention dictated, shielding them from the evil influence of the sun and the rain, by awnings of cloth, or, where the climate afforded them, by the large leaf of the palm or the plantain.

These shelters gradually grew into tents, which were pitched at the pleasure of the proprietors, as they are at present in our fairs, while, with venders of lesser note, the plantain and the palm were replaced by umbrellas of various colours, covering the baskets which formed their shops.

As civilization, and consequently luxury, increased, their tents became permanent buildings of solid materials—the ground on which they were erected became the source of income to proprietors or public bodies, and the Turkish bazaar, the Italian piazza, the Spanish plaza, and the English market-place, gradually succeeded to those ruder marts of domestic commercial intercourse.

Still convenience was considered without reference to beauty, and more particularly in London, where our market-places have remained rude and vulgar buildings, while, on the continent, they have long since assumed that architectural appearance which renders them an ornament instead of a disgrace to the places in which they have been erected.

In London our markets have long been nuisances in themselves, as well as to the neighbourhood in which they are placed. Rows of unsightly booths—brick, mortar, and timber, mingled together, without taste or form, and the buildings placed so contiguous to each other, as scarcely to admit a free passage between the meat, fish, and vegetables, which they displayed for sale, while this passage was also impeded by the offal, formed the general character of our London markets. All that the ground proprietors have thought about, was, how to get the greatest number of standings in a certain given space; and all that ever entered the occupiers' heads, was, how to dispose of their meat, &c. to the best advantage. These were the only ideas with which our markets have been hitherto constructed, no one having hitherto chosen to think and see that these advantages might be quite as easily, if not with more facility, obtained, by being united with architectural regularity; and that this architectural regularity would cost no more than the unsightly buildings which disgrace our present market-places, since the same quantity of material and labour would have constructed them with architectural proportion.

A walk through the markets of London will convince any spectator of the truth of this statement, for there is not one, we believe, that does not form a complete illustration of our observations. Look at St. James's, Clare Market, Newport Market, Carnaby Market, Hungerford Market, and, again, at the east end of the town, at Newgate and Leadenhall Markets—one and all of the same character—a congregation of low, vulgar buildings, without any more form or proportion than if they had been built by the butchers, fishmongers, and greengrocers who inhabit them.

Markets should, likewise, never be in the direct thoroughfares of a city, although they should not be far removed from them; for nothing is more disagreeable than the passage through a market, to those whose business is not in it: nor could this slight removal from the general thoroughfare affect its trade, since the market is sought by purchasers, and very seldom owes any part of its success to the chance custom of casual passengers.

What can be a more disgusting, not to say disgraceful, scene, than Whitechapel Market presents to the eye of the passenger, while the feet of the pedestrian are slipping about among the offal, or the horses of one's carriage perpetually impeded by oxen and sheep, goaded on into the neighbouring slaughtering houses. Yet this is the scene which, for nearly a mile, greets the traveller at the only eastern entrance to the metropolis; and all the disgusting appearances of raw meat and its appendages, is added to the brutality of manner and language, which is,

unfortunately, the too general characteristic of the tradesmen and labourers in this department of commerce ; it becomes doubly desirable that the markets should be removed from public thoroughfares, and have places set apart for their separate reception.

Amidst the general cry for improvement in the metropolis we are glad to find that the removal of these inconveniences has found many advocates, and that attempts are making in different directions to destroy such nuisances.

Smithfield is already, we believe, condemned ; and, we trust, that some future attempt to remove that extraordinary nuisance, the Hay-market, will be more successful than the last that was made.

People seem to forget that when these privileges were first granted, that the places were then the suburbs, instead of the centre, of the metropolis ; and legislation should take care that they are always kept in the suburbs, where they may be held without that dreadful inconvenience which they are to the neighbourhood in which they are situated.

Improvements in the markets of London are now, however, gradually taking place ; the old lumbering building, so long used as the Corn Market, in Mark-lane, has been taken down, and has given place to one of the most elegant buildings in the city, from the designs of Mr. George Smith, the architect to the new St. Paul's school. His new Corn Exchange does credit to his talent as an architect, and to the liberality of the directors of the establishment. It is replete with every convenience for the purposes of its peculiar commerce—contains a superb subscription room, and a handsome and commodious coffee room, and presents, towards Mark-lane, a part of Grecian doric architecture, than which we cannot call to mind any building in the metropolis which surpasses it of this simple style.

We trust that this spirited example, on the part of the directors of this establishment, will be followed by the directors of other great commercial marts ; and that the exterior of our buildings, devoted to that pursuit which forms our greatness, will be in some measure commensurate with the importance of the business which is done within their walls.

At the other end of the town that long-continued nuisance, though very great convenience, Covent Garden, has at length become the object of improvement. This has, indeed, been long called for, on many account ; not only from the dreadful state of dilapidation of its wretched buildings, and for the quantity of filth, partly the consequence of the nature and disposition of these buildings, and partly of the want of proper regulations, but, also, for the numerous and perpetual disputes, as to the boundaries and dues of the market. Many an hour of their worships of Bow-street, and the judges of Westminster Hall, has been obliged to be bestowed upon the tediousness of an argument, as to the right of paying two-pence for a load of potatoes, or the exact and proper extent of the denter stones. While, however, a certain income was produced, the cry for improvement was in vain ; at length Mr. Fowler, the architect to the market now building, hit upon an expedient that was sure to lure the Duke of Bedford into the long-wished for improvement ; and this was a plan by which the income would be increased considerably, by extending the convenience of the market. Additional income is of great import, where fortunes must be saved out of the surplus for younger children ; and the Duchess, having no small quantity of them to provide

for, has, for years, been looking out, with all the laudable anxiety of a good mother, for means of doing so. The market afforded, not only the present means of additional income, beyond the common interest of capital, but, also, the opportunity of a real benefit to the estate, and a permanent improvement to the public convenience.

Designs were therefore made, according to Mr. Fowler's ideas; the interest of the noble proprietor got a bill through the house which must set at rest all future disputes, and diminish the fees of certain barristers, and the costs of certain solicitors, most materially, and the long-talked of, and long-wanted, work, is now not only begun, but one side of the quadrangle nearly completed for occupation.

We have frequently observed, in our former lucubrations on the architectural improvement of the metropolis, that it is unfair to criticise any building until it is complete, for nothing but completion can convey to the eye and mind of the spectator the idea or the intention of the architect. We have ourselves seen many buildings, which from ugly and rude masses, promising neither beauty nor proportion, have become, when the whole was put together, good specimens of architecture; and, in the same manner, we have frequently admired parts of a building in progress, the completion of which has disappointed our expectations.

In architecture that may be bad, as a part by itself, which, by becoming a part of a whole, is essentially good; and *vice versa*; a column—a wing—a porch, may be good in itself, yet from some want of propriety in appropriation, or from the incongruity of other portions of the structure, there are instances in which it may become a deformity. One front, however, of Covent Garden Market being completed, the critic is fully competent to judge of its merits and defects; and presuming that two sides of the quadrangle are intended to correspond, the one half of this large building may be contemplated in the "mind's eye" of the spectator.

This front, which is towards James-street, consists of two ranges of granite columns of the Greek doric, connected by an arched centre, forming an entrance, and terminated by a square building at either end; on the other side of which four columns are returned so as to give uniformity to the flank elevations. These columns are surmounted by a balustrade which we do not at all think compatible with the simplicity of the style of the architecture; and from the base of this balustrade rises the slated roof, giving light to the upper apartments by skylights. The buildings at each end form the boundaries of this balustrade; and, by being one story higher, or, rather, by the upper story being an attic instead of a garret, the elevation is rendered complete. The centre is formed by semicircular arches springing from two columns of the same order with the other, and each arch is surmounted by a pediment. A waggon head ceiling is carried over this entrance, and, by the plastering works going on, it seems the intention of the architect to bestow a little more decoration in this than in the other parts of the building.

The construction is divided into small shops, with staircases leading to the sleeping apartment or store room over, and display no pretensions whatever to any architectural appearance.

For all the purposes of its construction the plan and disposition of the building appear extremely well calculated, and perhaps we ought to look for no further excellence than this. But we confess that in a situation, so conspicuous, and so well adapted for architectural display, as the insulated

area of Covent Garden—in the direct passage, too, between the two extremities of the metropolis—we should have wished for a specimen of architecture, characterised by a little more embellishment than the artist has bestowed upon his design.

Covent Garden should not have been considered quite like a meat or a poultry market. It is the great mart, it is true of vegetables, and vegetables may be said to require no more display of taste in the shops than animal food. But it is likewise the great mart for fruits and flowers—for the beautiful productions of spring, summer, and autumn; It is the great garden of London for roses, carnations, and all the other blooming attributes of the season, which we should not like to see displaying their lighter beauties amidst the heaviness of granite columns. We would have had Covent Garden one large conservatory, of such a light style of architecture as is more adapted to the display of fruits and flowers, and such as this very architect is displaying, on a grand scale, for the Duke of Northumberland at Sion.

Such a specimen of architecture as this might have made Covent Garden one of the show places of London, and have ranked it, in the flower season, among one of the most agreeable lounges of the metropolis. Our imagination can easily conceive gallery on gallery, leading into apartments of this sort, tending, at once, to display, to the best advantage, the articles to be sold, as well as helping greatly to their preservation.

As only one of the sides of the quadrangle is yet built, we are still in hopes that the architect has the intention of making at least two of the others a little more conformable to our ideas on the subject; or if such should not be his present intention, we trust that some such reasons as we have advanced will now have their influence upon him, and induce him to make the parts of the building which are to front St. Paul's church and Russel-street, of a lighter description of architecture.

The Ionic order, surmounted and backed by conservatories, in which stained glass might be introduced, would be far preferable, and then the present buildings might be preserved as wings, and used for the sale of vegetables, while the others might be kept exclusively for flowers. We earnestly hope the architect will not permit such an opportunity of giving to London so unique and splendid an embellishment as this would present, to pass without availing himself of it.

In the centre of the square, too, something of this sort might be very well adapted, in the form of a temple, whose dome of glass might give additional effect to the whole pile. Such an opportunity as this presents has seldom been afforded to an architect, and much blame will certainly attach to him if he neglects or loses it. His present building is of too mean a character—the wide-stretched, low slate roof—the balustrade parapet—and, indeed, the common appearance of the whole, disappoints us exceedingly; and the only redemption will be in the other parts of the building being composed something in the lighter style above proposed.

The arch in the centre, springing from columns, is bad in architecture. An arch should always have an APPARENTLY strong abutment, as well as a real one, otherwise the idea of insecurity will enter the imagination in spite of our knowledge of its fallacy. In the present instance, this arch is also surmounted by a pediment, which really puts one in mind of the distich—

"On the top of his head was his wig—
"On the top of his wig was his hat."

The opposite side of the quadrangle will, of course, we imagine, correspond with this, but we shall look, with much anxiety to the connecting ones, and to the centre building, for something to which we can give more unqualified praise.

New Fleet Market is also now rapidly in progress, and will no longer be the dreadful nuisance that it has so long proved in one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis. Of the style of architecture of this building we are yet in ignorance; but from the able hand to which the management of this great improvement is consigned, we have the best hopes.

Gentlemen engaged in concerns of this kind should recollect that taste must be mingled with utility, and they should select men of taste as well as men of business, on all committees connected with carrying public works into execution.

Much of the beauty of the metropolis has been sacrificed to mere men of business—men who think only on pounds, shillings, and pence, and the mere utility of a thing; not considering that beauty has its usefulness by the instruction it imparts, the example it affords, and the emulation it creates.

The same architect has, we understand, submitted a new design for Hungerford Market, which we consider, from the model which we have seen, far superior to Covent Garden; but the project for its erection has been arrested by the Woods and Forests, who have some idea of adopting Mr. Burton's plan of converting this market into a grand mews, and appropriating a portion of it to the stabling, &c., of the Golden Cross, which must be taken down in the progress of the present contemplated improvements in that quarter.

There is likewise some intention of constructing a market in the rapidly rising and increasing neighbourhood of Pimlico, for the purpose of affording accommodation to Belgrave and Eaton Squares, and their vicinity. Should this be the case, and Mr. Porden inherit the talent and taste of his uncle, along with his employment as the architect to Lord Grosvenor, we have little doubt of seeing something worthy of the splendid neighbourhood in which it is to be erected.

We cannot conclude this article better, than by earnestly calling the attention of the proprietors of markets towards making them rather embellishments than nuisances to our metropolis; and we trust that the general spirit of improvement will not stop till these disgraces are reformed altogether.

S. S.

THE RACE BALL.

The Races, dear Martha, are over;
 You can't think how gay we have been;
 I hate you for living at Dover—
 I like so to *tell* what I've seen:
 'Tis better by half, love, than writing;
 We both, you know, doat on a chat;
 It saves one the bore of inditing,
 My letters are always so flat.

However, no doubt you are dying
 To hear all the news of this week;
 A truce, then, dear girl, to my sighing—
 I'll write, though I still long to speak.
 First, fancy our starting from London,
 Close pack'd in Pa's new yellow coach;
 (My Harry says I shall have one done
 Just like it, when I'm Mrs. Roach.)

Our party consisted of nearly
 The whole of our family squad;
 My sisters were dress'd out so queerly,
 Folks thought us, I'm sure, very odd.
 As soon as we got to Southampton,
 Ma made us all dip in the sea;
 I said that it cruelly cramped one;
 My father said, "Fiddle-de-dee!"

We daily attended the Races,
 And always had plenty of beaux;
 The course, though, was thronged with plain faces,
 And people whom nobody knows.
 We dined the first day at the Major's,
 And afterwards had a quadrille;
 The men talked of nothing but wagers,
 Their noise made Mamma very ill.

To me it was vastly amusing—
 The horses have such funny names!
 (I hope you don't think of refusing
 The offer you had from Sir James.)
 Perhaps you don't care about betting,
 Or bolting, or jockeying, dear;
 You see that I am not forgetting
 To tell you of all I've heard here.

The next night, though terribly rainy,
 We all started off to the play;
 The "Hamlet" was rather a Zany—
 The farce was the "Devil to Pay."
 I dropp'd my pink shoe in a puddle,
 Our coach was so far from the door;
 Conceive, too, the barbarous huddle
 Of seven, when room but for four!

But now comes the best of my story—
 The charming, the exquisite Ball!
 I never felt more in my glory
 Than when I'd the dances to call.
 The fuss and the fun, too, of dressing,
 In order to be in good time!
 For when one goes late, its distressing;
 I think it amounts to a crime.

My dress was a brilliant *bleu d'Hayti*—
 A love of a Mamaluke sleeve!
 My gold chain *d'Amour* was so weighty,
 I broke it, which made Mamma grieve.
 I danced half the night with dear Harry—
 I stood next that horrid Miss Jones;
 I pity the man she's to marry—
 How can he endure her cheek-bones?

The rooms were so cramm'd with gay prople;
 A great many of them we knew—
 Young Dawes looked as tall as the steeple,
 He sits, when in town, in our pew:
 The Fothergills, Wilsons, and Parrots,
 Were waltzing as if for their lives;
 The latter (their hair is like carrots)
Ma thinks would make excellent wives.

The two Birds were quite in a flutter,
 For Harry abused their French curls;
 I heard them soon afterwards mutter,
 "They wondered *brunettes* should wear pearls!"
 Their ill-natured glance at my necklace
 Told plainly enough what they meant;
 'Twas *his* gift they knew—but I'm reckless,
 As long as my Harry's content.

I never saw half so much flirting!
 Quadrilles were delightfully played;
 The whole scene was truly diverting—
 I fear that my blue gown will fade!
 I wish you had seen the nice supper—
 You can't think how much those Birds ate;
 They fully employed poor James Tupper,
 And took every thing he could get.

We staid there till five in the morning,
 I danced out a new pair of shoes:
 This sheet, being full, gives me warning
 To tell you that thus ends my news.
 We go back to Town, love, to-morrow—
 This week seems so soon at an end;
 Yet always, in joy and in sorrow,
 I am—Your affectionate Friend,

FANNY.

NARRATIVE OF SOME EVENTS IN THE IRISH REBELLION:
BY AN EYE-WITNESS.*

" Let not Ambition mock their useful toil."

My father's name was Samuel Barbour ; he held a small farm within two miles of Enniscorthy, called Clevass. It contained but twenty-two acres, but it was rich ground, and the rent was low ; it had been in our family since the battle of the Boyne, for both my father's people and my mother's were Williamites.† It lay in a pleasant valley between two hills, one called Coolnahorna, and the other the Mine. On the former, an old tradition said, that King James, when flying, stopped to take breath ; and an old prophecy said, that before an hundred years should have elapsed from that flight, the Irish should yet gather on that hill, strong, and victorious. The truth of this I myself saw but too clearly confirmed.

Our farm, though very productive, would not have supported us in the comfort and respectability we enjoyed, but that my father was also a clothier ; he bought the fleece from the sheep's back, and manufactured it into middling fine cloths and friezes, which he sold at the neighbouring fairs. He thus gave employment to eight men and six women, and no one, rich or poor, had ever reason to complain of Sam Barbour. Though all our neighbours of the better class were Protestants (for we lived in the midst of twenty-two families of our own persuasion), yet all the people he employed were Roman Catholics, and we met with as much honesty and gratitude from them as we could have desired.

My father was advanced in life when he married, and I was his second child. He had five more ; the eldest, William, was at this time a fine well-grown boy, little more than sixteen. I was not much above fifteen, but tall and strong for my age. I had two sisters, of eleven and six, a little brother of four years old, and my mother had an infant only six weeks before the fearful times which I am endeavouring to describe.

During the entire winter of 1797, when my father returned from Enniscorthy, he would mention the rumours he had heard of the discontents of the Roman Catholics, and the hopes they entertained that the French would assist them ; but we never had time to think of such things, much less to grieve about them. We never imagined that any one on earth would injure us, for we had never done the least hurt to any one, and we relied on the strength of the government, and, in particular, on the bravery of the Enniscorthy Yeomanry, for putting down any disturbances. My brother William was one of these.

On Saturday, the 26th of May, Whitsun-eve, Martin, our labourer,

* This narrative is taken, almost without the alteration of a word, from the lips of a plain respectable woman, the daughter of a County Wexford farmer ; and though unpretending in its style, it possesses the merit of strict fidelity, and is so far curious, that few females in her rank, placed in such fearful circumstances, could have been capable of collecting their ideas into a continued narrative, and still fewer have ever met one to record it for them. It will, at all events, give to the tenderly-guarded of the sex who read it some knowledge of what was once suffered by hundreds, with as kind hearts, and as soft feelings, as their own ; and it will cause them to pray fervently against the miseries of civil war, which always fall heaviest on the most unoffending, on the widow and the orphan, the helpless woman, and the unconscious babe.

† Williamites were the soldiers of William the Third, who most of them, after the final expulsion of James the Second from Ireland, got grants of land ; Clevass was one of these. The Battle of the Boyne was in 1690.

was shovelling oats, and my father went to the field to look at him. When he saw my father drawing near, he laid down his shovel, and, looking earnestly and sorrowfully at him, he said, "Master, if you would promise me not to betray me, I would tell you something that might serve you and yours." My father answered, "You ought to know me well enough by this time, Martin, to be certain that I would not betray any one, much less you."—"But, master," rejoined he, "I'm sworn never to tell any one that won't take the same oath that I did to be true to the cause."—"You unfortunate man," said my father, "I had rather see all belonging to me dead, and die myself with them, than prove false to the government that has sheltered me." On this, Martin, with a heavy sigh, resumed his shovel, and continued his work. My father had but little time to think on this, for he was obliged to leave two cart-loads of oats at the mill of Moinart, to be ground into meal for the use of the family. Moinart is about two miles from Clevass, and Mr. Grimes, the miller, was a Protestant, and much respected in the county. As soon as my father cast his eyes on him, he saw that he too knew of something bad going on; yet he hardly exchanged a word with him, but on business, for his heart, as he told us, was too full; and, leaving the oats to be ground, he turned back with the empty cars, anxious to rejoin us as soon as possible. When he had gone nearly half the road, he saw imperfectly (for it was now almost dusk) a great dust on the road before him, and heard a confused murmur of voices—a moment after he thought a body of troops were advancing, for he fancied he saw their bayonets; but the next instant he was surrounded by a party of more than two hundred rebels, armed with pikes, who stopped him, and dragged him off the car he was sitting on. My father was no coward, as he fully shewed two days afterwards; but he said, that, at that moment, the thoughts of all he had left at home rushed into his mind, his knees failed him, and if he had not clung to the head of his horse, he would have fallen to the earth. They asked all together who he was, and where he came from, and he was unable to answer; but one of them happening to know him, cried out, "Oh, let him go, that is Sam Barbour, of Clevass, he is an honest man;" and they did set him at liberty. He came home, and, turning the horses over to Martin's care, he walked in amongst us, and his face told us the ruin that was coming upon us, before we learned it from his words.

We cared little for eating the supper we had prepared for him and ourselves; and after hearing his story, we stepped to the door to listen whether any of the armed ruffians were coming towards us; we heard nothing, but we saw in the distance eleven distinct blazes, every one from its situation marking out to us where the house and the property of each friend and neighbour were consuming. In immediate expectation of a similar fate, we instantly began to load our cars with whatever furniture and provisions were portable, that as early as possible the next day we might fly with them to Enniscorthy; what we could not pack up we carried out to the fields, and concealed in the ridges of standing corn; and it was but little of it we ever saw again.

We passed the whole night thus; but the poor children, hungry and sleepy, lay down in the nearest corner, for we had placed the beds on the cars. On Whit-Sunday morning we set off for Enniscorthy, with heavy hearts, just about the same hour we thought to have gone to its church. My mother, yet weak, leaned on my father, I carried the

infant, and the other children followed us, the little one clinging to my gown. My brother William had already been in Enniscorthy for more than a week with his corps; the female servant went with us, but Martin, who, with his mother, lived in a small cottage on our ground, staid behind us: and when we again saw him he was an armed rebel. Yet, from his humanity to us, I cannot think that he ever was guilty of the same cruelties that were committed by his comrades.

When we entered the town, we went to the house of a relation, whose name was Willis, who instantly received us, but when we entered, we had hardly room to sit down, it was so full of the Protestant inhabitants of the neighbourhood, who had fled into the town for protection. Few of these had had time to save any thing, and those who, like us, had brought food, immediately gave it to be shared in common. My father, on seeing us safe in the house, immediately went and enrolled himself amongst the Supplementary Yeomanry, and was provided with a musket and cross belts, to wear over his coloured clothes. There were more than two hundred of the neighbouring gentry and farmers armed hastily in the same manner. Our regular yeomen, who were clothed and disciplined, amounted to about as many more; we had one company of the North Cork Militia, ninety-one in number; and it was this handful of men, not much exceeding five hundred in number, that, in our simplicity, we had imagined could conquer all the disaffected in the county. Excepting the few militia-men, all our little garrison were neighbours, or friends, or near relations, who now knowing the immense force of the rebels, which was well known to exceed ten thousand, and their barbarity, for they gave no quarter, knew they had no choice between dying like men with their arms in their hands, or standing tamely like sheep to be butchered. Scarcely one of these men but had every one that was dearest to him sheltered in the town he was about defending; and yet it is this very circumstance that was one of the causes of their losing possession of it, as I shall explain shortly.

When my father left us, and we had unpacked our furniture, my sisters and I were at first so unconscious of any immediate danger, that we were rather gratified by the novelty of our situation, and passed some time leaning out of a window, looking at the horse yeomen passing hurriedly back and forwards, and disputing between ourselves which man looked best in his uniform, or sat best on his horse. A very short time, however, changed our feelings, when we saw seven or eight men covered with blood carried into the house, and were called to lay down our beds for them to lie on; these were yeomen, who had been skirmishing in the neighbourhood, and who, full as the house was, were brought into it for present relief. I now began to see, for the first time, some of the miseries that threatened us; and thus passed a few anxious hours, when it suddenly struck me that our cows would be injured if they were not milked again, and the servant girl and I set out about six in the evening, and without meeting any thing to injure us, we got safe to Clevass; we found all as we had left it, with the poor cows standing lowing to be milked; we brought home a large pitcher each, and, on our road home, met several Roman Catholic neighbours, with whom we had lived on the most friendly terms, we spoke to them as usual, but they looked in our faces as if they had never seen us before, and passed on. I have since thought they either looked on us with abhorrence, as those devoted to destruction in this world and in the next, or, that know-

ing our doom, and pitying our fate, they were afraid to trust themselves to speak to us. We could not at least accuse them of hypocrisy.

It was late when we returned to the town, and, even in the midst of his anxiety, I could see joy lighten in the looks of my father at our safety, for even during our short absence, the reports of the rapid advance of the rebels had been so frequent, that he feared we might have been intercepted on our return. The milk was gratefully received by our own children, as well as all the other poor little creatures sheltered in that crowded house. We prayed, and endeavoured to rest on the bare boards, though worn out in mind and body; but I slept but little that night, with the moans of a wounded man in the very room with us, and the heat and closeness of the air, so different from our own pleasant airy little bed-rooms.

At the very dawn I arose, and my father seeing me preparing to venture once more to see our cows, and that I was seeking in vain for our servant (whom it was many weeks before I saw again) said he would go with me, for he hoped there would not be any immediate want of him in the town. We arrived at the little farm, and found, as yet, all was safe. The cows waiting for us, and the poor poultry and pigs looking for food that we had not to give them. After attending to the cows, I thought of some brown griddle cakes we had left behind us on a shelf, and went to break some to the fowls, when my father followed me into our desolate kitchen, and, taking a piece of the bread, asked me for a mug of the warm milk. I gave it to him, and turning to the door, and casting my eyes up to Coolnahorna Hill, which was not a quarter of a mile distant from us, I saw the top ridge of it filled with men, armed with pikes, the heads of them glistening brightly in the morning sun. Much troubled, I called to my father, and hardly knowing what I did, I took up the large vessel of milk I had intended to carry into the town for the children; but my father, looking at me as if he never thought to see me again, said, "Lay that down, Jane, it is most probable we shall none of us ever want it." I laid it down, and we returned back to Enniscorthy, where we arrived breathless about ten in the forenoon. As we advanced towards it, we heard the drum beating to arms, and on entering, we heard that the enemy were closing in on all sides of the town in vast force. We saw our friends hurrying through the streets to the different posts assigned to them; the North Cork were placed on the bridge over the Slaney, which ran on the east side of the town; our own horse yeomanry filled the street leading from that bridge; our infantry, amongst whom were the supplementaries, were placed at the Duffrey Gate Hill; at the opposite extremity of the town to the west, a guard of yeoman was placed over the Market-house, where there was a great store of arms and ammunition, and where a few prisoners were confined; some more mounted guard over the castle, an ancient building, in which some of the most dangerous rebels were lodged; and my father, after leaving me with my mother, put on his belts, took up his musket, and joined my brother (whom we had never seen all this time though he was on duty in the town), at the Duffrey Gate, the post they were ordered to occupy.

In the course of this morning, Willis, whose house we were sheltered in, put his wife and his two infants on a horse, and mounting another, fled with them to Wexford; he never told any one he was leaving them, nor could we blame him, for such a calamity as we were all involved in

would have made the most generous man selfish. And he was a friendly man, but he could not save us all, so, as was but reasonable, he took with him those who were nearest to him.

At eleven in the forenoon, the videttes brought word from the Duffrey Gate, that the rebels were advancing towards the town from the north-east, in a column that completely filled the road, and was more than a mile in length; they were calculated, by some of our garrison who had served abroad, to exceed six thousand men. They soon closed with our Enniscorthy Yeomen, and the shots, and the shouting, fell sharply on our ears. I was at first greatly frightened, and the children hid their faces in my lap, but in a few minutes I became used to the noise, and could speak to my mother, and try to give her some comfort, but she seemed stupified, and could say nothing in answer, but now and then to lament that her fine boy was in the midst of the danger. She seemed not to comprehend that my father was equally exposed, more especially as he (seeing that the disaffected inhabitants had now actually begun to set their own houses on fire) had twice or thrice quitted his post, on the enemy being partially repulsed, and ran down to see if we were yet safe, and to tell us that William was well, and behaving like a man and a soldier; he then, on again hearing the advancing shouts of the rebels, would rush back to the fight. This imprudence, in which he did but imitate the rest of his comrades, gave dreadful advantage to the enemy, yet it was not cowardice that caused them to act thus, for they gave proofs of even desperate courage, but from their painful anxiety for all that was dearest to them, and from their being totally unacquainted with the duties of a soldier, for, until the preceding day, the greater part of the Supplementary Yeomen had never before carried arms.

The fearful firing had now continued nearly three hours. Our men were forced to fall back into the town, for our little garrison was now reduced to less than two hundred, and though upwards of five hundred of the enemy were killed, they were so numerous that they never felt the loss. The North Cork were now obliged to provide for their own safety; and I have since heard it said, that they neglected to sound a retreat, which, if done, might have enabled many of the Enniscorthy men to make a more regular one. As it was, some of them dispersed through the fields, and gained Duncannon Fort in safety, amongst whom was my brother, and the rest retreated fighting through the burning streets, and more than once repulsed the enemy; these would again return on them in thousands, till at last, though they disputed every inch of ground, they were forced to retreat to the Market-house, and join their comrades who kept it. The house that sheltered us was directly opposite, and though none within dared venture to the windows, yet we knew, from the increased uproar, that destruction had come nearer to us. At last the fire reached us, and we rushed from the flames into the midst of the fight, leaving all we had so anxiously saved the day before to be consumed, without bestowing a thought upon it. I know not what became of the wounded, but if they even perished in the flames, it was a more merciful death than they would have met from the rebels. We fled across the square to the Market-house, and I, who had never before seen a corpse, had now to step over, and even upon, the bodies of those rebels who had fallen by the fire of our men, whilst, which ever way I turned my eyes, I saw dozens strewed around. I do not know by what means we were admitted, but it was owing to the

courage and humanity of Mr. Grimes, the miller, and here we once more met my father; we now sank exhausted with terror amongst barrels of gunpowder, arms, furniture, and provisions confusedly heaped up together; but in less than an hour (during which time our defenders fired often and effectually) the fire reached the Market-house also, and all within it, women, children, and yeomen, were forced to leave it, and throw themselves into the midst of the enemy, who now surrounded it in thousands, or they would have been destroyed by the explosion of the gunpowder, which shortly after took place. As we were going to unbar the doors, Grimes determined on a desperate effort for our safety, he stretched out his hand, and seized the pikes of two men who lay dead across the door way, he turned then to my father, and said, "Throw aside that musket, Sam, take this pike, put a piece of the child's green frock on it for a banner, and perhaps you may save the lives of your family." But my father answered, "Never! I will never quit the King's cause whilst I have life." Grimes then raised a flitch of bacon on his pike, and bidding us follow, he rushed out of the Market-house cheering, and appearing as if he were joining the pikemen, and bearing provisions to them; my father, still holding the musket, followed. I snatched up the child of four years old, my little sisters hung on my skirts, and my mother, with the infant, came after me. My father now turned to me, and said, "Jane, my dear child, take care of your mother and the children!" They were the last words he ever spoke to me.

Grimes stopped now to parley with the pikemen, who completely surrounded us, when a fine infant of five years of age, the son of Joseph Fitzgerald, a near neighbour of ours, ran out to join us; at this moment one of the rebels, who had some particular hatred to his father, unfortunately knew the child, and exclaiming, "That's an Orange brat!" pushed him down with his pike (as I thought) on his back; the child gave a faint cry, and I was stooping to raise him, when I saw the pike drawn back covered with its blood! It shivered in every limb, and then lay perfectly still—it was dead. I had strength given me to suppress a shriek, and I hid my face in my little brother's bosom, whilst my sisters never uttered a cry, but pressed still closer to me; and my mother, who never took her eyes off my father, did not see it.

We were allowed to pass over the square without any injury, and were following Grimes towards the river, when I noticed a pikeman following us closely, and at last pushing between my father and me. In my fear and confusion I did not know the man; but I was told afterwards it was a man named Malone, whom I had many times seen, and who of all other men we should have thought we had least reason to fear. His mother had been of a decent Protestant family, but had married a profligate of the Roman Catholic persuasion, he deserted her and one infant, when she was with child of another, and my father's mother took her home, and on her dying in childbirth of this man, my kind grandmother then nursing her own child, put the deserted infant to her breast, and prolonged his life for some days till a nurse was provided for him, whom she paid; he was reared by our family, and was at this time a leather-cutter. I could not then recollect him, however, for his face was covered with dust and blood, a terrific looking figure, and his action was suspicious; so, as if I could protect my father, I determined not to lose sight of him, and, with his three young children, kept

close to them. Concealed in a chimney, at the corner of the lane, we were now about to enter, there was a yeoman, who, it was said, fired away more than an hundred ball cartridges at the rebels in the square below, and made every shot take effect. He at this moment took aim at a pikeman within a few paces of us, who staggered some steps, and fell dead across my mother's feet; she dropped in a dead swoon beside the corpse. I turned to raise her, and to lift the infant from the ground it had fallen on, and I thus lost sight of my father, and the fearful pikeman who followed him: I never more saw him alive. But Providence thus kindly spared me the sight of his murder, by the very man that drew his first nourishment from the same breast with himself. He followed him, as I afterwards heard, into Barrack-lane, and killed him at the door of a brewery; a man, named Byrne, who had the care of it, saw him, through a crevice in the door, commit the act, and saw him, too, with his leather-cutter's knife disfigure the face of the dead, after plundering him, and stripping him of the new coat he wore.

In a few minutes my mother came to herself; she arose, and we both, unconscious of our loss, went with the children towards the river, thinking that perhaps we might rejoin my father there. My mother was now quite bewildered, and unable to speak to, much less to advise me; and I, though born so near the town, had never been in it, but to church or to market, and was totally ignorant whither to direct my steps. We asked at many doors would they admit us, but were constantly driven away, and, for the most part, with threats and curses. At last we came by chance to the house of one Walsh, a baker, who knew my mother, and spoke compassionately to her, but we had hardly entered, when five or six pikemen followed, and ordered him to turn us out, or they would burn the house over our heads. He dismissed us unwillingly; and we then followed some other desolate beings like ourselves, who led us into the garden of one Barker, that held a high command among the rebels. His family seemed not to notice us, and we here sat down, with many more, on the bare ground under the bushes. All were women and children, some, from their appearance, seemed to be of a rank far superior to us; and I have since heard that forty-two widows passed the night in that garden. Many of these knew their loss, yet fear had overpowered grief so completely, that not one dared to weep aloud. The children were as silent as their mothers, and whenever a footstep, going to or from the house, was heard to pass along, we dared not even look towards it, but hid our face against the earth. The moon shone brightly, and I at one time saw a man led along, pinioned, but Barker, who was then in the house, was so humane as not to put him to death amongst us, but ordered him off for execution to Vinegar Hill.

As the night advanced, a rebel, named Lacy, observing my mother to shiver violently, went out, and, soon returning, threw over her shoulders about three or four yards of coarse blue cloth, speaking at the same time some words of pity to her. She, in her frantic terror, endeavoured to cast it away, lest, as she said, she should be killed for having what was not her own, but I, with some difficulty, made her keep it, and, except the clothes we wore, it was the only covering by night or day we had for ten weeks.

In the dead of the night I began to take somewhat more courage, and hearing a strange noise in a lane, which was divided from the garden only by a low wall, I crept to it, and saw a sight that soon drove me

back to my mother's side. Some wounded men had been dragged to die in that lane, and some boys of the rebels' side, were mounted on horses, and galloping up and down many times across their bodies, whilst the only signs of life they shewed were deep groans. But Barker, when he heard of this cruelty, put a stop to it, and allowed them to die in peace.

A Protestant lady, of great respectability, was allowed by Barker to take shelter with her children in his house. As a great mark of good will towards her, some thin stirabout was made for her early the next morning, which was Tuesday. She had noticed us from the house, and beckoning to me, with much kindness gave me a plateful of it for our children, but, though they tasted, they could not eat, for terror had completely deprived them of appetite.

About nine, I felt such a desire to rejoin my father, and to leave that garden, that I left my mother's side, and went alone towards the garden gate, to see if it were possible. The first person I saw at it was Martin's mother, dressed completely in new and excellent clothes, and in particular wearing a remarkably handsome hat. Knowing her poverty, I was so much astonished at her appearance, that, forgetting for the moment all my anxiety and fear, I asked her where she got the hat; to which she replied sternly, "Hush! 'tis not for one like you to ask me where I got it." I then said, "Oh! did you see my father?"—"I have," answered she; "and he is dead!"

I forgot what I said or did for some minutes after this, but I found Mary Martin had drawn me away from the garden gate, lest, as she said, my cries should inform my mother of what had befallen us. I clung to her, and intreated her to take me to him, that I might see him once more. She at first refused, but at last, to pacify my violence, she consented. We went about a quarter of a mile to Barrack-lane, where, lying in the midst of eight or ten other bodies, with two pikemen standing looking on, I saw, and knew my father.

He lay on his back, with one hand on his breast, and his knee slightly raised, his shirt was steeped in blood, the lower part of his face disfigured with the gashes of the ruffian's knife, and his mouth filled purposely with the dirt of the street; beside him lay our large mastiff, who had licked all the blood off his face, and who, though he was heard two or three nights after howling piteously round our burnt cottage, was never again seen by any one. I can now describe what then almost killed me to look upon. I felt as if suffocating: I thought, as I looked on him, that I could have given my mother, my brother, even my own life, to have brought him back again. I fell on my knees beside him, and, whilst kissing his forehead, broke out into loud cries, when one of the pikemen gave me such a blow in the side with the handle of his pike (cursing me at the same time), that it stretched me breathless for a moment beside my father, and would have broken my ribs but for the very strong stays which I had on. He was going to repeat the blow, but that his comrade levelled his pike, and cried out, "If you dare do that again, I'll thrust this through your body! Because the child is frightened, are you to ill-treat her?" He then raised me; and I knew him to be a man named Bryan, who but the week before had purchased some cloth from my father at a fair to which I had accompanied him. He spoke kindly to me, and led me back to the garden where I had left my mother, telling me to keep silence as to what I had seen, lest she should perish with fear and grief.

We remained without food all that day, and towards six in the evening, Barker's family turned us all out of the garden, for they said it was not safe for us to remain there any longer. I now thought to take my mother home, for she was totally incapable of giving me advice; but just as we arrived at the outskirts of the town, and were slowly walking by the river, a party of rebels on the opposite bank, ordered us to return again or they would fire on us. We then endeavoured to quit it by another outlet, when we were surrounded by a strong body of pikemen, and led, with many more whom they had already prisoners, to Vinegar Hill.

This hill lies close to Enniscorthy, it is not high, but tolerably steep, and the rebels were assembled on it in thousands. They seemed to have a few tents made of blankets, but the greater number were in the open air. I could see that some were cooking at large fires, whilst others lay about sleeping on the ground. It was probably about eight in the evening when we arrived at the hill, when the men whom they had captured were separated from us, and driven higher up, whilst we, and many other woman and children, were ordered to sit down in a dry ditch not far from the foot of it. We had not been long here, when we were accosted by a neighbour, whose name was Mary Donnelly, she was a rebel's wife, and had now come to the hill to join her husband. She pitied us, and sat beside my mother the entire of that night, who, feeling her presence a protection, would cower down beside her when she heard the slightest noise. And that whole night we heard fearful sounds on the hill above us, as the men who were brought there prisoners with ourselves, were massacred one by one. We could hear distinctly the cries of the murdered, and the shouts of the executioners. The moon shone brightly, and, towards dawn, I saw what I think alarmed me even more than any sight I had yet beheld. A tall white figure came rushing down the hill: as it came nearer, it had the appearance of a naked man, and I felt my heart die within me, for I thought it was no living being. He passed so close to us, that I could see the dark streams of blood running down his sides. In some minutes the uproar above shewed he was missed, and his pursuers passed also close to us; one of them perceived I was awake, and asked if I had seen him pass, but I denied it. This was a young gentleman named Horneck, one of the finest lads in the County Wexford; he had been piked and stripped, but recovering, had fled from the hill, he waded the Slaney, and ran six miles to the ruins of his father's house, where his pursuers reached him and completed their work of death.

On Wednesday, about ten in the forenoon, owing to the intercession of Mary Donnelly, we were allowed to leave the hill. When we had gone about a furlong, I was shocked at missing the infant from my mother's arms. On inquiring of her what had become of it, she seemed at first not to understand me; she was so much bewildered, she had actually forgotten it behind her. I returned, and found the poor little creature asleep on the ground, where she had laid it, and she did not even seem to rejoice when it was restored to her. In our slow progress towards home, we met a silly, harmless fellow, a wood-ranger, who called himself a pikeman, but who was armed only with the handle of a shovel, with no head on it. He took one of our children on his back, and another in his arms, and said he would not leave us till we had arrived at our own house. When within half a mile of it, we met a

Roman Catholic lad, a school-fellow of my own, named Murphy, who wept bitterly on seeing us, and, perceiving that we were sinking with weakness, he led us to the next house, insisted on our admission, and then flew off to his father's cottage for some bread and milk, but though two days had now fully passed since we had eaten, we could only moisten our lips. We were allowed to rest here till towards evening, but were then ordered to leave the house by the owners, for they said that our stay endangered their own safety. Murphy again gave my mother his arm; towards dusk we at last reached the home we had so long wished for, and found the house only a heap of ruins. It had been burned to the ground, the side walls had fallen in, and nothing remained standing but one chimney and a barn, from which the doors and part of the roof had been torn. Our little factory also lay in ashes, with all our looms, presses, wheels, and machines. All our cloth and wool, which we had concealed in the corn, was carried off; our young cattle, horses, and pigs, were all driven to Vinegar Hill, our stacks of hay and corn were burnt down, and yet we stood looking on all this desolation in utter silence, as if we could not comprehend that it was on ourselves it had fallen.

My father's brother lived within two fields of us: his wife had been uncommonly charitable to beggars, or poor travellers, as they called themselves, and even had an outhouse, with clean straw, purposely for them to sleep in. One of these, a woman of the very lowest class, when she saw the family on the preceding Sunday, preparing to take refuge, as we did, in Enniscorthy, clung round them, and between intreaties and threats prevailed on them to remain in their house. She remained also, and protected them; and owing to her courage and presence of mind, she saved nearly their entire property from destruction, for she turned back more than one party of rebels who were bent on murder and plunder. My uncle hearing that we were standing at the ruins of our house, came to us, and led us to his, where we found more than fifty women and children, many of the highest class, who had no other place in which to lay their heads, nor a morsel to satisfy the hunger, which (now that they were no longer in immediate terror for their lives) they began to feel.

All the provisions in the house had been given to the different parties of rebels who had called, but we milked all the cows, both those of my uncle and our own (which had not been carried away with the rest of our cattle) and made curds, which for some days was our only food. On the third day, poor Martin came to see us, he wept with us, and gave us two sacks of barley meal, which he and his comrades had plundered from some other distressed family, but want forced us to accept them with gratitude. My uncle, in a day or two more, found that two of our pigs had returned home, and he killed them, which gave us a great supply of food. In about a fortnight the greater part of those creatures he had sheltered, departed to whatever homes or friends were left to them, but still for many weeks we, and several as desolate, were entirely dependent on him.

In a few days after Martin's first visit he came again, with some tea and sugar for my mother, whose health was now so precarious, that, for many days, it was her only nourishment; and until he was killed, about the latter end of June, at Borris, he continued to shew us similar kindness. Even when dying, he made his comrades promise to carry

his body to his mother and us, though the distance was twenty miles, and we had him laid in his own burial-ground, as he earnestly desired.

On the day after we returned, my aunt said to me, "I shall tell your mother of your father's death; for it is better she should be in sorrow than in her present state of stupefaction." She did so, and I cannot bear even now to think of how my mother behaved when she heard it; yet the thoughts of his body lying unburied seemed to give her (even in the midst of her extreme grief) the greatest anguish. My aunt, who was a woman of great strength of mind, and who loved my father as if he had been her own brother, now proposed that I should accompany her the next day (Friday) to the town, to seek for the body, which we agreed to lay in one of those pits in which we buried our potatoes, but which was now empty, and open. We went in much apprehension, and on reaching the town, and passing though the Market-place, we could hardly tell which way to go, the appearance of every place was so much altered by the number of houses that lay in ruins. No one molested us, and with some difficulty we found the place where I had seen my father lying, but, on reaching it, the body was no longer there. All the others had also been removed; yet the smell of putridity was so strong that my aunt fainted. I brought her home again, and we found Martin there; and he seeing my mother's anguish, told her he had laid his master's body in a gravel pit, but this I knew was merely to soothe her; and I was afterwards told, that it and the others had been thrown into the Slaney, which ran close beside the spot, but a few hours before we went to seek for it.

We lived thus for some weeks, in constant dread both of the rebels and even of the straggling parties of the military sent out to apprehend them; from the first we were protected by the female beggar and Martin's mother, who lived with us, but the last, either not knowing we were loyalists, or not caring, frequently behaved with much insolence; the smaller the party was, the more we dreaded them; and more than once myself and a few more young girls, fearing to pass the night in the house, slept in the centre of a large holly bush, at some distance from it. But after the rebels were repulsed at Newtown Barry, and finally routed at Vinegar Hill, a regular camp was formed within a quarter of a mile of my uncle's house: we were then in safety, for the soldiers were under better discipline, and we found an excellent market for our milk and butter, which enabled us to purchase a few indispensable articles of furniture and clothing, and to fit up the barn as a dwelling-house. About this time, Grimes, who saved not only his life but his mill, and the greater part of his property, restored a good part of our oatmeal. The latter end of July, a field of barley, which had escaped trampling, became ripe, our new potatoes became fit for use, and we never afterwards knew want. We could not, however, rebuild our house till the next summer; and the blackened walls of our little factory (which we could never afford to build) are yet to be seen.

A few nights after Vinegar Hill was taken by the King's forces, I went with a lanthorn to an unfrequented outhouse to bring in some straw for our beds; Martin's mother, who did not at first know where I was going, followed me in much agitation; but I had already reached the little building, and, as I removed the sheaves, I was dreadfully shocked at seeing that they concealed four or five pallid ghastly-looking creatures, who, on seeing me, intreated me in the most piteous manner

not to betray them. They were rebels, who had been badly wounded in the battle; and the woman who sheltered them there, and supplied them with food from my uncle's house, joined her intreaties to theirs, and I promised I would be silent. In four days more one died there, and the rest were able to remove. I have been since blamed for not giving them up, but I have never repented that I kept my promise to them.

It was just seven weeks after the beginning of all our sorrows, that as I was passing one evening near the ruins of our house, I was greatly startled at hearing from within it the deep sobs and suppressed lamentations of some person in great trouble. I ventured to look in, and found they proceeded from a man who was sitting on a low part of the fallen wall, with his head resting on his kness. When he heard me he arose, and I saw it was my brother; but if it had not been for the strong likeness he yet bore to my father, I should never have known him; from a fair ruddy boy, he had become a haggard, sun-burnt man, so thin, that his waist might have been almost spanned; and this change had been wrought in him by want and hardship in the short space of eight weeks, for it was just so long since we had met. He immediately turned when he saw me, and fled from me at his utmost speed. In four days more he returned again to us, and seemed more composed; he occasionally got leave of absence to assist in our business of the farm, but he never could settle entirely with us till the winter was past. In one of his short visits, being alone with him, I asked him how soon he became acquainted with my father's death, and he answered, "I knew of it before I was told of it. I knew it when I was on guard at Duncannon Fort, the third night after the battle of Enniscorthy, for I saw him as plainly as I see you. I was overpowered with hunger and fatigue, and I slept on my post, and he stood beside me and awakened me; as I opened my eyes, I saw him clearly in the bright moonlight, he passed away from before me, and I knew by what I felt he was no living man!" This might have been but a dream, yet who can say he was not permitted to save his son from the certain death that awaited him if he had been found sleeping on his post?

I have now told the principal circumstances that fell under my own eye during the fearful summer of 1798, in which, besides my father, I lost fourteen uncles, cousins, and near relations; but if I were to tell all I saw, and all I heard, it would fill a large volume. Yet before I conclude, I must mention one evil that arose from the rebellion not generally noticed, but the ill effects of which may be said still to continue. The yeomanry was composed mostly of fine boys, sons of farmers, some of whom had scarcely attained the age of sixteen; these, removed from the eye of their parents, with arms placed in their hands, raised to the rank of men before they had discretion to behave as such, and exposed to all the temptations of idleness, intoxication, and evil companions, when peaceful times returned, were totally unable to settle to their farms (too often left by their father's death to them alone), but continued the same careless, disorderly life, till they became quite unable to pay their rents. They were then ejected, and emigrated to America; and on the very farms which thirty years ago were possessed by old Protestant families, there now live the immediate descendants of the very people who may be said to have been the original cause of all this evil.

This, thank God, has not been the case with our family. Clevass is still in my brother's hands, my mother, now an aged woman, lives with him, and all the rest of our family have been for many years married, and settled in our own homes. Yet fears and suspicious still remain in the hearts of the two opposite parties in the County Wexford, and until the present generation, and their children after them, shall have passed away, it will never be otherwise; for those who, like me, have seen their houses in ashes, their property destroyed, and their nearest and dearest lying dead at their feet, though they may, and should forgive, they never can forget.

Enniscorthy.

R. E. S.

NOVELS BY THE AUTHOR OF HEADLONG HALL.

WE have long been familiar with the name and reputation of the gentleman who, though anonymous, is the well-known and much admired author of the very peculiar class of novels, commencing with *Headlong Hall*, and concluding—though we hope only for the present—with the *Misfortunes of Elphin*. We have long been familiar with his genuine, but somewhat elaborate humour, grave and saturnine as Swift, and occasionally extravagant as Rabelais, though recurring at rarer intervals—with his various acquirements—his fulness of ideas, and wealth of language—his agreeable poetic fancy, and above all, with his incomparable powers of ridicule and sarcasm. Among the numerous writers of the present day, he has long stood out, in our estimation, as one of the most sterling; and, though his works have been ushered into public life in a homely, unobtrusive sort of manner, without either puff, paragraph, or advertisement, to call attention to their characteristic excellencies, yet they have, nevertheless, grown upon the minds of their readers, forced their way into general notice, and abundantly proved that they have within them the undoubted germ of perpetuity.

Mr. Peacock's first novel, entitled *Headlong Hall*, published somewhere about the year 1815, attracted general attention, by its quaint, recondite, and various originality. It had no plot—scarcely any incident—little description—absolutely no sentiment—none of those clap-traps, by which our more glaring writers of fiction appeal to the public sympathies, and conceal their own intellectual sterility; its chief and only merit was its felicitous mode of hitting off some of the pedantic absurdities of the day, and discriminating between what was true and what was false, in ethics, philosophy, and sentiment. In a word, it was a tale penned by a profound and versatile scholar, who despising the ordinary resources of novelists, trusted for success to his own untrumpeted deserts. All who read it felt that its author was capable of greater things; they perceived in every page quaint gleams of a superior genius, which could launch with effects the massive bolts of declamation, and play with the keen lightnings of sarcasm. The incidents of this racy tale may be summed up in a few words. Squire Headlong, of Headlong Hall, in the county of Carnarvon, a genuine hot-headed Cambrian, descended from a pedigree of a more ancient date than that of Adam himself, having tired, for a season, of hunting, coursing, racing, dancing, and other equally enlightened and characteristic pursuits of country gentlemen, resolves, by way of novelty, to turn his attention to literature; with

which view he hurries off impatiently to town, where, with no small ingenuity, and after much research, he contrives to become acquainted with divers *cognoscenti* in the Belles Lettres and the Fine Arts, all of whom he invites to spend the ensuing Christmas with him in North Wales. As a matter of course they accept this invitation—the details of which, meagre and unsatisfactory as they may seem to the mere lover of incident and bustle, have furnished Mr. Peacock with materials for a volume, abounding in shrewd thought, broad caricature, and masculine and pertinent ridicule. Having discussed the plot, we proceed to the more important features of the tale, viz., its characters. In these it is rich to profusion. We have first Mr. Foster, the Perfectibilian, a gentleman who is a staunch believer in the daily progress of human nature towards perfection, in every department of mind:—secondly, Mr. Escott, the Deteriorationist (whose motto ought to be “*deteriora sequor*”), a cynical sort of philosopher, marvellously sceptical on the subject of the improvement of mankind, and one who holds it as his firm belief that they are fast retrograding in all branches of knowledge and virtue:—thirdly, Mr. Jenkinson, the *statu-quo-ite*, a negative sort of personage, who conceives that the human species is neither advancing nor retrograding, but remaining just where they ought to be:—fourthly, the Rev. Dr. Gaster, a pragmatistical orthodox divine, fond of good cheer, as all orthodox divines are, or should be, and much addicted to falling asleep after dinner, when abstruse or philosophical conversation is going forward:—fifthly, Mr. Cranium, whose name sufficiently implies the nature of his favourite pursuit:—and sixthly, Mr. Milestone, an enthusiastic advocate for the orderly—becoming—artificial—sophisticated, in architecture and landscape gardening. All these different gentlemen, together with their respective hobbies, are brought into the broadest and most amusing contrasts imaginable; their opinions are set in the richest light of ridicule, while an earnestness, a gravity, a calm, deliberate mode of discussion is adopted throughout their numerous dialogues, that renders the tale a complete unique of its kind, a production *sui generis*, standing boldly out in the desert flats of modern literature, like Zenobia’s column in the wastes of Tadmor.

“*Melincourt*,” which was Mr. Peacock’s second production, is a novel of a more original and elevated character. It may be called a satirical allegory, a species of writing of unusual rarity in the writings of modern times, as distinguished from those of Greece and Rome. We know, in fact, but of three writers who have immortalized themselves by their allegorical turn for satire, and these three are, Rabelais, Swift, and Arbuthnot. The first is, beyond all comparison, the greatest, most inventive, and most original; he has a singular faculty of enabling his wildest fantasies to illustrate the plainest truths; wears his fool’s-cap and bells with an imposing air; and, under the surface of frivolity, conceals a rich stratum of religious and political wisdom. He has had numerous admirers, and countless imitators, none of whom, however, with the exception of Swift, ever reached within a hundred degrees of his excellence, one great reason of which is, that the talents of Rabelais are peculiarly inaccessible to rivalry, or imitation, inasmuch as he is an author of extraordinary political foresight, and a long reach of experience, extending over upwards of half a century, during which time he saw life in its most varied forms, from the prince to the peasant, and at a period, when the intellect and manners of Europe were yet unsettled, and, conse-

quently, possessed all the rich excrescences of roughnesses of character that distinguish such a period—moreover he possesses, in their fullest degree, two qualities, seldom found combined in the same person; viz., unbounded learning, and equal powers of humour, and is gifted, in addition, with a vigorous imagination, which had it directed itself into a different channel, might have made Rabelais the first poet of his age. For these reasons it is that this incomparable satirist has seldom met with imitators, a mean ignoble race, whose professed object is to pull down their great models to their own inferior level. When, however, we use the term “imitators,” we are far from meaning to apply it to the intellect of a man like Swift, who followed in the track that Rabelais had before pointed out, only because his genius was of a congenial quality, and his learning nearly equal. The author of such works as the “Tale of a Tub,” and “Gulliver’s Travels,” both of which are store-houses of rich and matured thought, must not be confounded with the “imitatorum servum pecus.” He has too much vigour of fancy—too much profoundness of reflection—too much searching wit, and envenomed sarcasm—too much, in short, of all that constitutes the man of genius, to be other than a splendid original. In one point alone he is faulty, miserably faulty, we mean in a studious imitation of his great prototype’s obscenities. Were it not for this taint, which throws over the splendour of Swift’s intellect a cloud that nothing can disperse, which tends even to impeach his moral character, and almost induces us to believe (despite the contradiction of Hawkesworth, who, in his memoirs of this great Tory writer, asserts that he was cleanly in his habits, and decorous in his conduct, even to fastidiousness) that the author who could deliberately put forth such degrading suggestions, must himself have been perverse, and equally degraded as a man—were it not, we repeat, for this sickening taint, the works of Swift would be among the very first of their class; calculated no less to form and mature the mind of the philosopher, than of the politician. Arbuthnot, who forms the third of this illustrious triumvirate, is a writer of a quiet and lively fancy, full of ease and simplicity, and a certain *bonhomme*, or archness, unknown to either of the other two. He has little or nothing of the extravagance of Rabelais—nothing of his sweeping satire, or bold heedlessness of style, and is equally deficient in the perpetual point, terseness and dry sarcasm of Swift. But then to make amends, he is more natural than either: his jests seem to drop with less effort from his mouth; he appears more at home in his laughter. The tale of “John Bull,” by which he is chiefly remembered, is an allegorical satire, in which an easy power is everywhere visible—it is full to overflowing of character, and has the additional qualification of good humour to recommend it. In this last respect Arbuthnot is incomparably the first satirist of modern times. In reading Rabelais, the mind is oppressed, dazzled, bewildered; we feel, throughout his works, the presence of undoubted genius; but it is of a genius alien to our own—one in which we cannot sympathize as we would desire; his humour astonishes more than it delights us, and we acknowledge, rather than feel, the magic of his works. The cheerfulness of Swift is of a still less gratifying character: it is the cheerfulness of a determined misanthropist, and like a jest, uttered beside the grave, has a striking air of repulsiveness and inconsistency about it. We always feel as if we owed an apology to ourselves for even smiling at this author’s humour—so withering is its character—so malignant—so wholly

an appeal to the baser passions of humanity. All that would furnish others with food for quiet thought, and gentle commiseration, is, with Swift, made a matter for laughter and derision; we actually do not, throughout his voluminous works, remember one single remark suggested by good nature, or put forth in a spirit of humanity. His very smile is a scowl; his laughter the hysteric utterance of a rancorous and disappointed mind. Arbuthnot, on the contrary, is, as we before observed, a writer of the most social character; his humour is natural, unforced, conversational; and, though his allegory be at times a thought confused, yet his jests are universally intelligible. His sketch of Sister Peg can never be mistaken, or forgotten.

We have mentioned these three great writers as being the most remarkable in modern days for their powers of satirical allegory; and contenting ourselves with remarking that a few other, though inferior specimens of this quality of mind, may occasionally be met with in the pages of Steele and Addison, (more especially in the former's *Tatler*) we come, without further preface, to the consideration of the tale before us, "*Melincourt*;" a tale which possesses something of the extravagant invention of Rabelais, something of the stern sarcasm of Swift, and a great deal of the lively humour of Arbuthnot. The incidents of this novel are, like all the other of Mr. Peacock's works, trifling; being, in fact, mere pegs on which to hang up and support his own peculiar theories. Such, however, as they are, we feel it our duty to detail them. Anthelia Melincourt is an amiable, intelligent young lady—an orphan, an heiress, and the owner of Melincourt Castle, a fine estate, situated in the county of Westmoreland. Of course, under these circumstances, she is an object of great consideration, and equally a matter of course is it, as our author takes care to inform us, that among the number of her visitors are to be found Irishmen of various grades and habits, but all equally well matched on the score of excessive impudence. At the time the story commences, Melincourt Castle is filled with company who have just arrived, the majority from London, and some few from the neighbouring lakes. These, for the most part, are mere pedantic curiosities; but there is one redeeming character among them; a Mr. Sylvan Forester, a high-minded, poetic enthusiast, fond of the practice of virtue for its own sake, of learning, for a similar reason—a man, in short, who is manifestly intended as a type of Mr. Peacock's notions of perfection. Among this gentleman's peculiarities is a passionate admiration of human nature in its wildest and most untutored condition; a peculiarity which he carries to such an excess that, following up the well-known notion of Lord Monboddo, that "all men were originally monkeys, but that in process of time they wore out their tails," he, with some difficulty, procures an ourang-outang whom he educates, *à-la-mode*, and for whom he procures a baronetcy, under the appropriate title of Sir Ouran Haut-ton, and subsequently a rotten borough, the important and highly-disinterested borough of One Vote. Accompanied by this original, Mr. Forster makes his appearance at Melincourt, in the neighbourhood of which his own estate of Red Rose Abbey is situated; is, of course, favourably received, inspires Anthelia with a strong interest in his favor, and after releasing her from an imprisonment to which she has been subjected by the officious perseverance of one of her suitors, Lord Anophel Achthar, is finally rewarded with her hand and fortune. Such are the master features of a tale, which, though it extends to three volumes, is replete with arch

and lively incidents, some of which are of a highly intellectual character. The details, in particular, of the interview between Mr. Forester, Mr. Fax, (a Malthusian philosopher, if we remember rightly,) and Mr. Moley Mystic, of Cimmerian Lodge, are imbued with a strong Rabelaisian spirit: the allegory is admirably preserved throughout. We subjoin this able chapter.

“CIMMERIAN LODGE.

“After a walk of some miles from the town of Gullgudgeon, where no information was to be obtained of Anthelia, their path wound along the shores of a lonely lake, embosomed in dark pine-groves and precipitous rocks. As they passed near a small creek, they observed a gentleman just stepping into a boat, who paused and looked up at the sound of their approximation; and Mr. Fax immediately recognized the poeticopolitical, rhapsodicoprosaic, deisidæmoniaparadoxographical, pseudolatreiological, transcendental meteorosophist, Moley Mystic, Esquire, of Cimmerian Lodge. This gentleman's Christian name, according to his own account, was improperly spelt with an *e*, and was in truth nothing more nor less than

‘That Moly,

Which Hermes erst to wise Ulysses gave;’

and which was, in the mind of Homer, a *pure anticipated cognition* of the system of Kantian metaphysics, or grand transcendental science of the *luminous obscure*; for it had a *dark root*, which was mystery; and a *white flower*, which was abstract truth: it was called *Moly* by the gods, who then kept it to themselves; and was difficult to be dug up by mortal men, having, in fact, lain *perdu* in subterranean darkness till the immortal Kant dug for it *under the stone of doubt*, and produced it to the astonished world as the *root of human science*. Other persons, however, derived his first name differently; and maintained that the *e* in it shewed it very clearly to be a corruption of *Mole-eye*, it being the opinion of some naturalists that the *mole* has *eyes*, which it can withdraw or project at pleasure, implying a faculty of wilful blindness, most happily characteristic of a transcendental metaphysician; since, according to the old proverb, *None are so blind as those who won't see*. But, be that as it may, Moley Mystic was his name, and Cimmerian Lodge was his dwelling.

“Mr. Mystic invited Mr. Fax and his friends to step with him into the boat, and cross over his lake, which he called the *Ocean of Deceitful Form*, to the *Island of Pure Intelligence*, on which Cimmerian Lodge was situated: promising to give them a great treat in looking over his grounds, which he had laid out according to the *topography of the human mind*; and to enlighten them, through the medium of ‘darkness visible,’ with an opticothaumaturgical process of transcendentalising a *cylindrical mirror*, which should teach them the difference between *objective* and *subjective reality*. Mr. Forester was unwilling to remit his search, even for a few hours: but Mr. Fax observing that great part of the day was gone, and that Cimmerian Lodge was very remote from the human world; so that if they did not avail themselves of Mr. Mystic's hospitality, they should probably be reduced to the necessity of passing the night among the rocks, *sub Jove frigido*, which he did not think very inviting, Mr. Forester complied, and, with Mr. Fax and Sir Oran Hautton, stepped into the boat.

“They had scarcely left the shore when they were involved in a fog of unprecedented density, so that they could not see one another; but they heard the dash of Mr. Mystic's oars, and were consoled by his assurances that he could not miss his way in a state of the atmosphere so very consensaneous to his peculiar mode of vision; for that, though in navigating his little skiff on the *Ocean of Deceitful Form*, he had very often wandered wide and far from the *Island of Pure Intelligence*, yet this had always happened when he went with his eyes open, in broad daylight; but that he had soon found the means of

obviating this little inconvenience, by always keeping his eyes close shut whenever the sun had the impertinence to shine upon him.

"He immediately added, that he would take the opportunity of making a remark perfectly in point: 'that Experience was a Cyclops, with his eye in the back of his head;' and when Mr. Fax remarked, that he did not see the connexion, Mr. Mystic said he was very glad to hear it; for he should be sorry if any one but himself could see the connexion of his ideas, as he arranged his thoughts on a new principle.

"They went steadily on through the dense and heavy air, over waters that slumbered like the Stygian pool; a chorus of frogs, that seemed as much delighted with their own melody, as if they had been an oligarchy of poetical critics, regaling them all the way with the Aristophanic symphony of BREK-EK-EK-EX! KO-AX! KO-AK! till the boat fixed its keel in the *Island of Pure Intelligence*; and Mr. Mystic landed his party, as Charon did Æneas and the Sybil, in a bed of weeds and mud: after floundering in which for some time, from losing their guide in the fog, they were cheered by the sound of his voice from above, and scrambling up the bank, found themselves on a hard and barren rock; and, still following the sound of Mr. Mystic's voice, arrived at Cimmerian Lodge.

"The fog had penetrated into all the apartments: there was fog in the hall, fog in the parlour, fog on the staircases, fog in the bed-rooms:

'The fog was here, the fog was there,
The fog was all around.'

It was a little rarefied in the kitchen, by virtue of the enormous fire; so far, at least, that the red face of the cook shone through it, as they passed the kitchen door, like the disk of the rising moon through the vapours of an autumnal river: but to make amends for this, it was condensed almost into solidity in the library, where the voice of their invisible guide bade them welcome to the *adytum* of the LUMINOUS OBSCURE.

"Mr. Mystic now produced what he called his *synthetical torch*, and requested them to follow him, and look over his grounds. Mr. Fax said it was perfectly useless to attempt it in such a state of the atmosphere; but Mr. Mystic protested it was the only state of the atmosphere in which they could be seen to advantage: as daylight and sunshine utterly destroyed their beauty.

"They followed the 'darkness visible' of the *synthetical torch*, which, according to Mr. Mystic, *shed around it the rays of transcendental illumination*; and he continued to march before them, walking, and talking, and pointing out innumerable images of singularly nubilous beauty, though Mr. Forester and Mr. Fax both declared they could see nothing but the fog and '*la pale lueur du magique flambeau*;' till Mr. Mystic observing that they were now in a *Spontaneity free from Time and Space*, and at the point of *Absolute Limitation*, Mr. Fax said he was very glad to hear it; for in that case they could go no further. Mr. Mystic observed that they must go further; for they were entangled in a maze, from which they would never be able to extricate themselves without his assistance; and he must take the liberty to tell them, that *the categories of modality were connected into the idea of absolute necessity*. As this was spoken in a high tone, they took it to be meant for a reprimand; which carried the more weight, as it was the less understood. At length, after floundering on another half hour, the fog still thicker and thicker, and the torch still dimmer and dimmer, they found themselves once more in Cimmerian Lodge.

"Mr. Mystic asked them how they liked his grounds, and they both repeated they had seen nothing of them: on which he flew into a rage, and called them *empirical psychologists*, and *slaves of definition, induction, and analysis*, which he intended for terms of abuse, but which were not taken for such by the persons to whom he addressed them.

"Recovering his temper, he observed that it was nearly the hour of dinner; and, as they did not think it worth while to be angry with him, they con-

tented themselves with requesting that they might dine in the kitchen, which seemed to be the only spot on the *Island of Pure Intelligence* in which there was a glimmer of light.

"Mr. Mystic remarked that he thought this very bad taste, but that he should have no objection if the cook would consent; who, he observed, had paramount dominion over that important division of the *Island of Pure Intelligence*. The cook, with a little murmuring, consented for once to evacuate her citadel as soon as the dinner was on table; entering, however, a protest that this infringement on her privileges should not be pleaded as a precedent.

"Mr. Fax was afraid that Mr. Mystic would treat them as Lord Peter treated his brothers: that he would put nothing on the table, and regale them with a dissertation on the *pure idea of absolute substance*; but in this he was agreeably disappointed; for the anticipated cognition of a good dinner very soon smoked before them, in the relation of determinate co-existence; and the objective phenomenon of some superexcellent Madeira quickly put the whole party in perfect good-humour. It appeared, indeed, to have a diffusive quality of occult and mysterious virtue; for, with every glass they drank, the fog grew thin, till by the time they had taken off four bottles among them, it had totally disappeared.

"Mr. Mystic now prevailed on them to follow him to the library, where they found a blazing fire and a four-branched gas lamp, shedding a much brighter radiance than that of the *synthetical torch*. He said he had been obliged to light this lamp, as it seemed they could not see by the usual illumination of Cimmerian Lodge. The brilliancy of the gas lights he much disapproved; but he thought it would be very unbecoming in a transcendental philosopher to employ any other material for a purpose to which *smoke* was applicable. Mr. Fax said, he should have thought, on the contrary, that *ex fumo dare lucem* would have been, of all things, the most repugnant to his principles; and Mr. Mystic replied, that it had not struck him so before, but that Mr. Fax's view of the subject 'was exquisitely dusky and fuliginous:' this being his usual mode of expressing approbation, instead of the common phraseology of *bright thoughts* and *luminous ideas*, which were equally abhorrent to him both in theory and practice. However, he said, there the light was, for their benefit, and not for his: and as other men's light was his darkness, he should put on a pair of spectacles of smoked glass, which no one could see through but himself. Having put on his spectacles, he undrew a black curtain, discovered a *cylindrical mirror*, and placed a sphere before it with great solemnity. 'This sphere,' said he, 'is an oblong spheroid in the perception of the cylindrical mirror: as long as the mirror thought that the object of his perception was a real external oblong spheroid, he was a mere *empirical philosopher*; but he has grown wiser since he has been in my library; and by reflecting very deeply on the degree in which the manner of his construction might influence the forms of his perception, has taken a very opaque and tenebriose view of how much of the spheroidal perception belongs to the *object*, which is the sphere, and how much to the *subject*, which is himself, in his quality of *cylindrical mirror*. He has thus discovered the difference between *objective* and *subjective reality*: and this point of view is *transcendentalism*.'

"A very dusky and fuliginous speculation, indeed," said Mr. Fax, complimenting Mr. Mystic in his own phrase.

"Tea and coffee were brought in. 'I divide my day,' said Mr. Mystic, 'on a new principle: I am always poetical at breakfast, moral at luncheon, metaphysical at dinner, and political at tea. Now you shall know my opinion of the hopes of the world.—General discontent shall be the basis of public resignation. The materials of political gloom will build the steadfast frame of hope. The main point is to get rid of analytical reason, which is experimental and practical, and lives only by faith, which is synthetical and oracular. The contradictory interests of ten millions may neutralize each other. But the spirit of Antichrist is abroad:—the people read!—nay, they

think !! The people read and think !!! The public, the public in general, the swinish multitude, the many-headed monster, actually reads and thinks!!! Horrible in thought, but in fact most horrible! Science classifies flowers. Can it make them bloom where it has placed them in its classification? No. Therefore flowers ought not to be classified. This is transcendental logic. Ha! in that cylindrical mirror I see three shadowy forms:—dimly I see them through the smoked glass of my spectacles. Who art thou?—MYSTERY!—I hail thee! Who art thou?—JARGON!—I love thee! Who art thou?—SUPERSTITION!—I worship thee! Hail, transcendental TRIAD!

“Mr. Fax cut short the thread of his eloquence by saying he would trouble him for the cream-jug.

“Mr. Mystic began again, and talked for three hours without intermission, except that he paused a moment on the entrance of sandwiches and Madeira. His visitors sipped his wine in silence till he had fairly talked himself hoarse. Neither Mr. Fax nor Mr. Forester replied to his paradoxes; for to what end, they thought, should they attempt to answer what few would hear, and none would understand?

“It was now time to retire, and Mr. Mystic showed his guests to the doors of their respective apartments, in each of which a gas-light was burning, and ascended another flight of stairs to his own dormitory, with a little twinkling taper in his hand. Mr. Forester and Mr. Fax stayed a few minutes on the landing-place, to have a word of consultation before they parted for the night. Mr. Mystic gained the door of his apartment—turned the handle of the lock—and had just advanced one step—when the whole interior of the chamber became suddenly sheeted with fire: a tremendous explosion followed; and he was precipitated to the foot of the stairs in the *smallest conceivable fraction of the infinite divisibility of time*.

“Mr. Forester picked him up, and found him not much hurt; only a little singed, and very much frightened. But the whole interior of the apartment continued to blaze. Mr. Forester and Sir Oran Haut-ton ran for water: Mr. Fax rang the nearest bell: Mr. Mystic vociferated ‘Fire!’ with singular energy: the servants ran about half-undressed: pails, buckets, and pitchers, were in active requisition; till Sir Oran Haut-ton ascending the stairs with the great rain-water-tub, containing one hundred and eight gallons of water, threw the whole contents on the flames with one sweep of his powerful arm.

“The fire being extinguished, it remained to ascertain its cause. It appeared that the gas-tube in Mr. Mystic’s chamber had been left unstopped, and the gas evolving without combustion (the apartment being perfectly airtight), had condensed into a mass, which, on the approach of Mr. Mystic’s taper, instantly ignited, blowing the transcendentalist down stairs, and setting fire to his curtains and furniture.

“Mr. Mystic, as soon as he recovered from his panic, began to bewail the catastrophe: not so much, he said, for itself, as because such an event in Cimmerian Lodge was an infallible omen of evil—a type and symbol of an approaching period of public light—when the smoke of metaphysical mystery, and the vapours of ancient superstition, which he had done all that in him lay to consolidate in the spirit of man, would explode at the touch of analytical reason, leaving nothing but the plain common-sense matter-of-fact of moral and political truth—a day that he earnestly hoped he might never live to see.

“‘Certainly,’ said Mr. Forester, ‘it is a very bad omen for all who make it their study to darken the human understanding, when one of the pillars of their party is *blown up by his own smoke*; but the symbol, as you call it, may operate as a warning to the apostles of superstitious chimæra and political fraud, that it is very possible for *smoke to be too thick*; and that, in condensing in the human mind the vapours of ignorance and delusion, they are only compressing a body of inflammable gas, of which the explosion will be fatal in precise proportion to its density.’”

Among the practically satirical passages in which Melincourt abounds, we must not omit the catastrophe of the Country Bank, whose firm, con-

sisting of Messrs. Air-bubble, Smoke-shadow, and Hop-the-twig, (what a vein of arch humour lurks even in these *cognomina*) has just contrived to fail, notwithstanding the exertions of the clerk, Mr. William Walkoff, at the moment when Forester enters the village in pursuit of Anthelia. We have already observed that this novel possesses a tinge of Swift's sarcasm: such is literally the fact, in proof of which we need only adduce the circumstance of Mr. Peacock's having brought forward his Angola Baboon to represent a modern gentleman of fashion—a piece of practical satire which is little if at all inferior, either in severity or conception, to the Yahoos or Houhnyms of Gulliver. But the whole tale, we unhesitatingly repeat, is full of a high and commanding intellect that knows well how to play with the literary follies of the day, as also how to put them forward in the broadest and strongest light, though in no one instance, not even in the chapter entitled “Mainchance Villa,” where a stinging faculty of invective is throughout the predominant feature, is the amenity of the gentleman, or the enlightened liberality of the scholar, forgotten. Altogether, *Melincourt* is a production worthy of Arbuthnot, to whose easy, unembarrassed, and social style of humour, it bears no slight resemblance.

“Nightmare Abbey,” as may be readily imagined from its title, is a capital quiz on the rueful sentimentality of the German school. The owner of the Abbey, Mr. Glowry, is a gentleman wholly devoured by blue devils: he is only happy when miserable; only miserable when there is any prospect of a moment's happiness either for himself or his guests. He is thus described:—

“Mr. Glowry used to say that his house was no better than a spacious kennel, for every one in it led the life of a dog. Disappointed both in love and in friendship, and looking upon human learning as vanity, he had come to a conclusion that there was but one good thing in the world, *videlicet*, a good dinner; and this his parsimonious lady seldom suffered him to enjoy; but, one morning, like Sir Leoline, in Christabel, ‘he woke and found his lady dead,’ and remained a very consolate widower, with one small child.

“This only son and heir Mr. Glowry had christened Scythrop, from the name of a maternal ancestor, who had hanged himself one rainy day in a fit of *tædium vitæ*, and had been eulogised by a coroner's jury in the comprehensive phrase of *felo de se*; on which account, Mr. Glowry held his memory in high honour, and made a punch-bowl of his skull.

“The north-eastern tower was appropriated to the domestics, whom Mr. Glowry always chose by one of two criterions,—a long face or a dismal name. His butler was Raven; his steward was Crow; his valet was Skellet. Mr. Glowry maintained that the valet was of French extraction, and that his name was Squelette. His grooms were Mattocks and Graves. On one occasion, being in want of a footman, he received a letter from a person signing himself Diggory Deathshead, and lost no time in securing this acquisition; but, on Diggory's arrival, Mr. Glowry was horror-struck by the sight of a round ruddy face, and a pair of laughing eyes. Deathshead was always grinning,—not a ghastly smile, but the grin of a comic mask; and disturbed the echoes of the hall with so much unhallowed laughter, that Mr. Glowry gave him his discharge. Diggory, however, had stayed long enough to make conquests of all the old gentleman's maids, and left him a flourishing colony of young Deathsheads to join chorus with the owls, that had before been the exclusive choristers of Nightmare Abbey.”

We cannot too warmly praise the moral of this tale, as it is one of the most uniformly beneficial character. It is an attempt to illustrate the folly, not to say the selfishness—the utter inexcusable selfishness

of that school of ethics which teaches its disciples to look only on the gloomy side of things, which in the external forms of nature can discern nothing but a foul and perishable process of corruption, and which inculcates the pernicious doctrine that man, even in his most elevated condition, is but a passive instrument in the hands of the great principle of evil. Moreover it is a useful tale, inasmuch as it ridicules that now almost exploded system of transcendental philosophy which Mr. Coleridge has for years been doing his best to engraft on the staple literature of England.

"Maid Marian" is a lively, entertaining Sylvan story, with this besetting defect, that throughout the narrative the author has mistaken his forte. His genius is any thing but sylvan: he lacks an eye for nature, and is at home only where he grapples with the quaint absurdities of learning. His "Robin Hood" and his "Maid Marian," his "Friar Tuck," his "Little John," and his "Scarlett," are the creations not of nature but of art. They want the freshness—the vividness—the individuality of real life, and force on our minds a dangerous recollection of the pastoral sketches in "*Ivanhoe*." But this, we may here observe, is the leading fault of all Mr. Peacock's heroes and heroines. They are not men or women, but opinions personified; each individual being, in his or her person, the representative of some abstract truth or quaint pedantic anomaly. They smell of the schools, and are tainted with the miasma of metaphysics. In consequence of this defect, the range of our author's invention is limited; for though the varieties of human nature are inexhaustible, those of art are necessarily confined. Sir W. Scott, in this respect, stands out in fine contrast to Mr. Peacock, and confirms the truth of our remark. His characters are all drawn from life; just as he himself has seen them, so has he described them, embellished, of course, and heightened by the magic touches of a fancy, such as Shakspeare only has surpassed, and hence his power of creation has been bounded only by his experience. With the author of "*Melincourt*"—or, as he delights to style himself, of "*Headlong Hall*"—the case is altogether different; he has drawn all his characters, their feelings, prejudices, opinions, &c. from books; with nature he has had little or nothing to do. He is, therefore, perpetually, though we are bound in justice to add, agreeably, repeating himself. His Mr. Flosky, the transcendental philosopher, is the mere echo of Mr. Moly Mystic, the Cimmerian metaphysician; Mr. Foster, the Perfectibilian, is a Variorum edition "*longè auctior et emendatior*" of Mr. Forester, the enthusiast; and the origin of Mr. Glowry, the sentimentalist, may be found in Mr. Hippy, the hypochondriac. To such an excess does Mr. Peacock carry his love of learning, so completely is his mind saturated with classic lore, that his very style partakes of this peculiarity; and though, in his latter fictions, it is purely English, just, in short, what it ought to be, in his former ones the idiom is, in many instances Latin; the phraseology especially so. No one who reads his "*Headlong Hall*" will fail to perceive this characteristic feature.

It may here seem a strange remark to hazard, but we cannot help fancying that Mr. Peacock is the man of all others to enjoy a clever Christmas pantomime. With the tumblings—and the twistings—and the rollings one over the other, which constitute so much of the fun of this species of dramatic amusement, our author is perfectly familiar. No man makes so much of the downfall of a fat oily monk, or an equally plethoric churchman. His incidents of this nature—and he is never tired of de-

scribing them—are irresistibly comic. His dumpy divines, with their thick, short legs and puffy lungs, tumble about with all the rich effect of Grimaldi in his better days, nor do we know, in the wide compass of modern comedy, a scene more truly laughable than the one in “Melincourt,” where the fat, broad-breeched, short-winded, apoplectic Mr. Grovel-grub is described as running at full gallop, over loose yielding sands, from the pursuit of Lord Anophel Achthar. To heighten the effect, Mr. Peacock takes leave of him in this condition, so, for aught we know to the contrary, the poor gentleman may be running to this hour. Another excellence, which our author shares equally in common with Sir W. Scott, is the exceeding felicity of his names. We have already spoken of the country-banking firm of Air-bubble, Smoke-shadow, and Hop-the-twig, with their clerk, Mr. Wm. Walkoff, and may mention, in addition, the *cognomina* of Mr. Portpipe, a high churchman, who requests his friends not to take down Homer from his allotted shelf, as he “has not been dusted for thirty years”—of Mr. Grovelgrub, the clerical tutor to a dissipated young nobleman—of Mr. Harum O’Scarum, the Irish fortune hunter—of Mr. Feathernest, the political sycophant—of Mr. Vamp, the Court reviewer—of Mr. Anyside Antijac, the uncompromising supporter of Ministers, “so long as they can keep their places”—of Sir Oran Haut-ton, the monkey-man of fashion, who “never failed to feel himself at home at the Opera”—of Mr. Derrydown, the ballad-monger—of the Hon. Mrs. Pinmoney, the match-maker and wholesale dealer in marriages—of Miss Philomela Poppyseed, the celebrated she-poet—and, above all, of the Rev. Dr. Gaster, whose highest boast is to have his patronymic mixed up with the recollection of the gastric juice.

Having already spoken at length on the subject of Mr. Peacock’s novels, we have little space left to discuss the merits of his last-published one, entitled “The Misfortunes of Elphin.” Luckily it is not of a nature to require any very minute analysis. It is a mere sylvan story, like “Maid Marian,” the scene of which is laid in Wales, and at that romantic period when King Arthur and the knights of his Round Table were alive in all their glory. It has no new characters, little fancy; but is penned in an easy colloquial style, very different from the cumbrous mannerism of Mr. Peacock’s earlier tales. The best point in it is the brief description of the holy abbot of Avallon, who “was a plump and comely man, of middle age, having three roses in his complexion; one, in full blossom, on each cheek, and one, in bud, on the tip of his nose.” The following also possesses merit: it is the description of a minor king of South Wales; one of those despotic individuals who stick fast to the doctrine of “the right divine of kings to govern wrong.”

“King Melvas was a man of middle age, with a somewhat round, large, regular-featured face, and an habitual smile of extreme self-satisfaction, which he could occasionally convert into a look of terrific ferocity, the more fearful for being rare. His manners were, for the most part, pleasant. He did much mischief, not for mischief’s sake, nor yet for the sake of excitement, but for the sake of something tangible. He had a total and most complacent indifference to every thing but his own will and pleasure. He took what he wanted wherever he could find it, by the most direct process, and without any false pretence. He would have disdained the trick which the chroniclers ascribe to Hengist, of begging as much land as a bull’s hide would surround, and then shaving it into threads, which surrounded a goodly space. If he wanted a piece of land, he encamped upon it, saying, ‘This is mine.’ If the former possessor could eject him, so; it was not his: if not, so; it remained his.

Cattle, wine, furniture, another man's wife, whatever he took a fancy to, he pounced upon and appropriated. He was intolerant of resistance; and, as the shortest way of getting rid of it, and not from any blood-thirstiness of disposition, or, as the phrenologists have it, development of the organ of destructiveness, he always cut through the resisting body, longitudinally, horizontally, or diagonally, as he found most convenient. He was the arch-marauder of West Britain. The Abbey of Avallon shared largely in the spoil, and they made up together a most harmonious church and state. He had some respect for King Arthur; wished him success against the Saxons; knew the superiority of his power to his own: but he had heard that Queen Gwenyvar was the most beautiful woman in Britain; was, therefore, satisfied of his own title to her, and, as she was hunting in the forest, while King Arthur was absent from Caer Lleon, he seized her, and carried her off."

From the extracts that we have given from these delightful fictions, it will be seen that they possess strong claims on public attention. They are, indeed, in their own particular line, "gems of the first water:" but clever—humorous—satirical—thoughtful—learned as they are, we are firmly convinced that they are mere trifles, compared with what their author has it yet in his power to achieve. We are convinced that he has it in his power to build up for himself a splendid and durable reputation; splendid, because founded upon principle, and durable, because cemented with thought, learning, and morality. Anxiously do we look for something from his pen that may justify these our confident prognostications.

THE DRUGGIST OF FIFE.

WHETHER, in consequence of an epidemic prevailing, or of the season, which was Christmas, and the consequent repletion attendant on it, had caused such an unusual influx of customers to the shop of Andrew, Chemist and Druggist in the town of Fife, or no, certain it is he and his boy had been more than usually employed in compounding aperients and emetics for the inhabitants of the good city; never before had such a demand on his gallipots and bottles been made—never before had blue pill and jalap been used in such profusion, and never before had Andrew felt more sincere pleasure than he derived that evening, from the market-house clock striking eleven, his signal for closing; with alacrity his boy obeyed, and in a few minutes departed, leaving him to enjoy solitude for the first time during the day, and to calculate the quantity of drugs made use of during it; this was not small—14½ oz. blue pill, 4lb. jalap, besides colocynth, senna, and rhubarb, at the lowest computation, had he prepared for the good townfolk of Fife; innumerable had been the cases of cholera morbus, and plum-pudding surfeits, he had relieved that day, and the recollection of the proportion of evil he had been the means of alleviating, gave him the most pleasing sensations; the profit also accruing from his day's labour, contributed no small share of pleasing thoughts, and one half hour more had passed, ere it entered his mind the time for closing had more than arrived; he had, however, just arisen for the purpose, when a stranger entered. Now Andrew, though an industrious man, would willingly have dispensed with any other call for his services for that evening, and not altogether so obligingly as usual did he welcome his customer, but awaited his commands without deigning a question. The stranger was

not, however, long in opening his commission, neither did he appear to take Andrew's inattention at all amiss; he seemed one of those happy beings upon whom outward circumstances make little or no impression, who could be either civil or otherwise, as should happen to suit his humour, and who cared little for any opinion but his own; his broad and ample shoulders, over which was cast a large coachman's coat, with its innumerable capes, with his hands thrust into the pockets, and his round, ruddy, good-humoured face showed the cares and troubles of the world had made little impression on him. Andrew had seen many a wild Highlander in his time; but either there was something peculiar in his customer, or his nerves were a little deranged by his exertions during the day, but an undefinable sensation of fear came over him, for which he could not account, and his first impulse was to run to the door for assistance; but then he bethought himself he may, perchance, fall into the hands of some of those night prowlers, who, reports say, make no scruple of supplying students with the living subject if they cannot procure dead ones. I cannot state this as a fact, but it occurred to Andrew he had heard so, and more, did he leave his shop, his till would be left to the tender mercies of the stranger; he was, therefore, compelled to summon courage, and demand the stranger's business. This was not so difficult to him, perhaps, as we may imagine, Andrew having formerly served in the militia; but it appeared his fears had alarmed him far more than there was any occasion, for, on asking the stranger's business, he in the most polite manner only requested him to prepare a box of moderately strong aperient pills; this at once relieved his fears, though it did not entirely remove them, and Andrew quickly set about the necessary preliminaries. Blue pill and jalap once more were in request, but so much had the stranger's sudden appearance agitated him, he could not recollect their places so readily as usual, and he was more than once on the point of mixing quite the reverse of what he intended; the stranger observed to him he appeared agitated, but politely begged he would wait a little and compose himself, as he was in no hurry; here all Andrew's fears returned, and in spite of all his efforts his hand shook as though he had the palsy, and never had the preparation of a box of pills appeared so irksome to him; it seemed as though the very medicine itself had this evening conspired to torment him—three times longer than it usually took him had he now been, and though the town clock had already told the hour of midnight, still Andrew was at his post, grinding and pounding, and often, as he delayed for a moment from mere inability to proceed, the stranger politely besought him to rest a few minutes and compose himself, and Andrew for very shame, was compelled to resume his occupation. At length his labours drew to an end, and he prepared the label, pasted it on, neatly covered the box with blue paper, and presented it to the stranger.

"I will thank you for a glass of water," said he, as he bowed to Andrew, on receiving it, "and I see, Sir, you have given me a smartish dose." "All these pills to be taken at bed time," but so much the better, they will perform their required duty sooner. I have, ere now, mastered a leg of mutton: and some writers affirm the human stomach can digest a tenpenny nail, so here goes."

It was in vain Andrew assured him he had made a mistake in the directions, and that one pill was sufficient; in vain he remonstrated with him on the danger of taking a larger dose; pill after pill disappeared

from his alarmed view, while between every three or four, in the same equable and polite tone came, "I will thank you to prepare me another box, and compose yourself, Sir; I'm in no hurry." Who could the stranger be? Andrew was now at the very climax of alarm; the perspiration stood on his brow, and his hands trembled so as to render it almost impossible to reach down his jars without damaging them; strong doses he had certainly often prepared after a city feast for the attendants on it, but this outdid it all. A man that could devour a leg of mutton, digest a tenpenny nail, and take a box of blue pills at a mouthful, had never entered his imagination, much less did he ever expect to see such a being in person, but be he who he may, he was again obliged to commence his labour. The stranger had now finished his box, and Andrew had no alternative but to commence again, or stare him in the face—the latter he could not do, as his imagination had now metamorphosed into something more or less than man; once more, therefore, did Andrew ply at the pestle, while the stranger, as if to beguile the tedium of waiting, began to grow more loquacious. Had Andrew ever sought after the *Philosopher's Stone*, the *Universal Solvent*, or the *Elixir of Life*? Did he put much faith in *Solomon's Balm of Gilead*, or *Carrington's Pills*, or did he believe in the *Metempsychosis*? In vain he assured him he studied nothing but the *Edinburgh Dispensatory*, that his shop bounded his researches; the stranger took it for granted he must be able to give or receive information, and question after question did he put, to which Andrew assented, without knowing their purport. At length he seemed to have exhausted all his subjects, sat himself on the chair, as if to compose himself to sleep, and in a short time gave unequivocal proofs of it. Andrew now began to breathe more freely, and ventured to cast his eyes towards his strange customer; and, after all, there was nothing to be alarmed at in his appearance, except he noticed the breath from his nostrils appeared more like the steam of a tea-kettle than the breath of a human being—still there was nothing extraordinary in his appearance; he had a good jovial English farmer's face, and a dress that well suited it; to be sure a smile, or rather grin, lurked in the corner of his mouth, even while asleep, as if he mocked poor Andrew's perplexity; he did not, however, allow much time for observation—he seemed to be intuitively aware Andrew had ceased his operations, and he awoke with his usual polite manner. "Oh, I see you have finished; have the goodness to prepare me one box more; but let me pray you to take your leisure and compose yourself, for I am in no hurry." Andrew, who had fondly hoped his labour was at an end, now found himself obliged to renew it again with vigour, while the stranger aroused himself, rose from his chair, yawned and shook himself—spoke of the comfortable nap he had enjoyed, was sorry he had kept Andrew up so late, or early rather, for it was now morning. Andrew, though internally wishing him any where but in his shop, yet constrained himself politely to answer, his commands gave him much pleasure. Again did he renew his toil. Box after box did he prepare without intermission, and the hours of one, two, and three, had been told in succession, by the market clock; bitterly did he lament his destiny—long before this ought he to have been snug and comfortable in his warm bed. Anger now began to assume the place of fear, as he grew more accustomed to his visitor's company, and often did he determine in himself to refuse preparing any more, still his courage was not yet at that pitch; probably his exertions, as I said

before, may have injured his nerves—however, he could not rally himself enough to do it. The stranger, with his usual smile or grin, stood looking on, employing his time by beating the devil's tattoo on his boot, while at intervals came forth the usual phrase, "Another box, but don't hurry yourself." At length, mere inability to proceed any farther, supplied the place of courage; his arms and sides ached to such a degree with his labour, as to cause the perspiration to stand on his brow in great drops, and he declared he could proceed no further. The alteration in the stranger's countenance told him he had better have left it unsaid, and his hands instinctively grasped the pestle with renewed vigour, but his repentance came too late; the stranger's hand was already across the counter, and in a second more had grasped Andrew's nose as firmly as if it had been in a vice. Andrew strove in vain to release himself—the stranger held him with more than human grasp; and his voice, instead of the polite tone he had before used, now sounded to his terrified ears what his imagination had pictured of the Indian yell. The pain of the gripe deprived him of voice to assure his tormentor he would compound for him as long as he would wish; still he contrived to make signs to that effect, by stretching his hands towards his mortar, and imitating the action of grinding; but his tyrant was relentless—firmer did he close his fore-finger and thumb. Andrew could not shake him off; like a person afflicted with night-mare, he in vain essayed his strength, though agonized with the fear of losing his prominent feature in the struggle. The stranger, at length, as if endowed with supernatural strength, lifted him from the ground, balanced him in the air for a moment, gave him a three-fold twitch, drew him head foremost over the counter, and let him fall. When he came to his senses he found himself lying outside his bed, his only injury being a broken nose, from coming in contact in his fall with a utensil that shall be nameless.

S. S. S.

THEATRICAL MATTERS.

DRURY LANE has been making the Beaumont and Fletcher experiment, and Morton and Kenny have been the representatives of that famous pair. They are both clever men—both practised in the affairs of the stage, and have both had the happiness of transferring to our boards as many French farces as any ten gentlemen within memory. Frederic Reynolds, himself, never transacted business so vigorously, on both sides of the channel at once; and, yet, Frederic was a determined spoiler of the Egyptians, indefatigably active, and burning with a patriotic love for increasing the literary opulence of his country at the expence of the enemy.

Some say that the reason of this joint-stock operation was the coverture of the smuggling, by dividing the produce. Others, that each was so much ashamed of the petty larceny, from the Porte St. Martin, (something in the style of the Olympic Theatre) that they agreed to divide the shame. Others, that they were so certain of being hissed, that each offered the other the honour of the paternity, and that, neither being inclined to fall the victim to popular vengeance, they agreed to take the storm in the same boat. Others, that Covent Garden, having laid hold of the same precious drama, the principle of the division of labour was

called in, and the two workmen were "put on," to distance the solitary operative of the rival theatre. We shall give no more reasons, though we have them, like Falstaff's, as plenty as blackberries. The joint performance was called "Peter the Great." It was, as all the French melo-dramas are, a curious contradiction of every fact of history, crowded with sentiments in equally vigorous contradiction to every dictate of nature. There was a great deal of forgiveness of Russian Conspirators, an act of which Peter was never guilty in the course of his existence; and the conspirators were Strelitzes too, those prætorian guards that had been exterminated at the very beginning of his reign, and whose memory used to drive him into all but convulsions. Peter and Charles meet alone, who never met but at the head of their battalions. Peter plays a miller, and makes love, mystifies a Swedish regiment, persuades a clown that he is not himself, and, finally, flourishes as the conqueror of Pultawa.

Charles plays an inferior card, but has the courage to scorn fact with equal intrepidity; and the melo-drame closes in, as the Duellists call it, an amicable arrangement.

We have laughed at this specimen of combined authorship; but we, by no means, laughed at the performance, except in the graver parts, the livelier being as productive of seriousness as if they had been excerpts from a Methodist sermon. Nor do we laugh at the twin authors, whom we have always allowed to be clever fellows, and to whom we shall allow the same title of honor, while we remember Jeremy Diddler, and Sir Able Handy. But they ought to have been otherwise employed. Kenny writes as vigorous dialogue as any author, at least among his contemporaries; Morton has as dextrous a conception of the embroilment of a plot as any man since the last century; and we wish to see them scorning the worthless facilities of French melo-dramas, and making comedies of their own. "Peter," after six nights of dubious existence, ceased to perplex conjecture, and died.

The "Casket, an Opera," followed. This opera was a compound of a French vaudeville, "*les Premiers Amours*," and a melo-drame. The vaudeville is a pretty little feeble pleasantry; in other words, is in the most vigorous style of French jest, and it was completely spoiled, the gossamery texture of the original was hardened and solidified, as the scientific say, beyond all endurance; and the jests fled away with the language of which they were born. A *Palais de Justice*, or Old Bailey catastrophe, in which somebody steals a case of jewelry from Braham, followed the love affairs; and Cooper, in the culprit, looked so regularly dressed for the guillotine, that we, every moment, expected to see more than poetic justice done. The music was said to be by Mozart, and "never heard before in this country." If it was by Mozart, he was wise in keeping it to himself while he lived; and, as to the second clause of the statement, we are satisfied that no one will ever desire to hear it again. Mr. Lacy, the prevalent fabricator of those formidable pasticcios is a good musician; but much as we pardon to his skill on the violin, we cannot be kept in a state of eternal tenderness to his literary sins. There is a vast difference between handling the bow and the pen, between dashing through a concerto and combining a plot. Wit and words are not obsolete, and the man must have both, who can expect to reap the harvest of the stage.

However, Mr. Price is an active manager, quick to seize his op-

portunity, and ingenious to make the best of the means which his admirable company supplies. His comic strength is complete; he has an excellent operative force; and now he wants only the authorship that is to employ those means. Jones, the most intelligent, animated, and accurate, of performers of the lighter comedy. Farren, matchless in the close portraiture of age; and Liston, unequalled in rich eccentricity and natural humour, would, of themselves, give an unrivalled claim to a theatre. Novelty alone is now wanting. A new Comedy. Some happy and spirited sketch of the manners of the hour, undegraded by the gross allusions which make the vulgar laugh, but disgust good taste and delicacy together; the seizure of those characters which, belonging to the great museum of human oddity, in every age, are capable of such keen, yet inoffensive reference to the prominent absurdities of the passing day; a dialogue which should less glitter with laborious jests, than attract and amuse by graceful pleasantry, would make the *beau idéal* of modern comedy. And one such work would instantly raise the character of the whole dramatic system of England.

COVENT GARDEN, under Fawcett's management, has exerted itself with great diligence, and very considerable success. Mr. Diamond's "Nymph of the Grotto," which was by no means a bad production on the whole, though fragments of it were like lead dropt into water, having died a natural death, the "Maid of Judah" followed; an Opera on the story of Ivanhoe; which all the critics instantly declared to have been the first adaptation of that able story to the stage, with all the playbills staring them in the face, with no less than half-a-dozen previous adaptations of this same Ivanhoe, in all kinds of shapes, from high tragedy down to low farce. It was said to have been even performed at Sadler's Wells by the ponies last season, to the great delight of the audience, and the great popularity of the actors. The "real water" played a principal part in the catastrophe; and the hymn, in which the coroner and his jury brought in their poetic verdict of "Found Drowned," soliciting sympathetic drops, from eyes accustomed to drops of another kind, and extracting thunders of applause from hands to which the law of Meum and Tuum was not supposed to have been the most sacred.

But the Opera contains some fine and popular music by Rossini, a composer whose personal impudence, while he was here, injured, as it ought, his popularity; but who is, after all, the most showy of living musicians.

The story of the original is so dramatic, that the difficulty would be, to spoil it; and Miss Paton's singing, and even her acting, in the fair Jewess, are enough to carry a heavier performance through the season. The whole is a good melodrame.

Mr. Wood is not a very vivid warrior, though, we must allow, that Scott's Ivanhoe is a drivelling and well-behaved gentleman enough; as, by some curious fatality, is the case with all the intended heroes of the author. The true hero being some bold ruffian, who starts up, in spite of all Scott's efforts to strangle him, overtops and tramples the gentleman of the piece, scatters his well-plaited frills and fineries to the winds of scorn, wipes his memory out of the world, and sends him to the limbo of vanity, to give his gentle countenance to his companions in misfortune, the young Waverleys, Harry Mertons, the Frank Osbaldistons, &c., for ever. The "Maid of Judah" is the arrangement of Mr. Lacy;

who, instead of that extraordinary addition to his Irish name, from the treasures of his own fancy, Rophino, (by no means, we believe, a literal translation of the name under which he delighted the John Bull at the Haymarket, and which, to an untravelled ear, sounds so like that expressive name, "Ruffiano,") he should call himself Heliogabulus, or some name expressive of a dramatic digestion, on the largest scale, for we have Mr. Lacy, the manufacturer, compiler, arranger and deranger, of three-fourths of the French farces that have perished in the course of the year.

The "Oratorios" under the supreme command of Mr. Hawes, are solemnly following up the career of their predecessors, and are, like them, full of attraction to those who can listen to the heaviest music on earth for five hours together, and terrifying to all who have better tastes. The truth is that the world wears out its fondnesses for things of this kind, just as it does for every other. Thirty years ago we were all in love with revolutions, France, dancing dogs under the guillotine, and king killing. That taste wore itself out, and we had no more of it left, except here and there among a few little bitter coteries, of which the men were "beggars" and "philosophers," and the women scribblers and any thing else that the reader may please to conceive.—Our next taste was war: then nothing was delightful but Sunday drills, battles, with handsome loss in killed and wounded, illuminations, gazettes, and K. C. B.'s. Of that, too, we got tired; the taxes helping to clear our sight on the subject. Then came long-winded speeches about trade, the rabble of political economists, prosings on poor laws, corn laws, and cheap ways of smothering the Irish peasantry, and banishing the English. Those at length tired us. Then came Mr. Hume with his "tail" of forty clerks, fishing up the crimes of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with one hand, and with the other fishing for pint mugs clubbed by the aggregate sixpences of statesmen of the smithy and the scullery, assembling their "collective wisdom" in the appropriate pot-house. Of that, too, we got sick in time. Then came Queen Caroline, a magnificent card in the pack of the Burdetts and Broughams, the queen of clubs, that the knaves would have turned into the queen of diamonds, if they could. Wise England! land of the philosopher and the statesman, profound in thought, and pregnant with experience, glory be to the days of the mob-led queen! glory to the assembled cleanliness of her vindictory chimney-sweepers, to the unblemished purity of the white-robed and plumaged sisterhood of Marylebone, to the sensitive delicacy of the nightmen of Whitechapel, to the scrupulous honour of the Rabbies of Moorfields, to the English feeling and legislative knowledge of the patriots of St. Giles's, and to the manliness and majesty of the Wilsons and Woods! Of that, too, we became tired. Then came this eternal Catholic Question, of which we are sick ever since we heard Mr. Peel, saw the back of Sir John Copley, and the brains of Sir Thomas Lethbridge. This taste is already gone: and now, unless we have a war, or pestilence, or half London burnt down, or an Irish invasion, or a pasture of the potatoe crop, or a run away of some new Stephenson, we shall be absolutely at a loss for something to read of at breakfast. The newspapers will be merely schedules of sales of Mr. Robins's new filterer, histories of Mr. Elliston's next tortoise-shell snuff-box, presented by a "grateful company;" the squabbles of Madame Vestris with her adorers, the loss of Mrs. Waylett's best paste tiara, or the honour of the king's sword laid on the shoulders of

some eminent orator, much worthier of the king's horsewhip. However, the wheel of the world is always going round, and the quidnuncs may live in hope.

The Adelphi has had a prosperous year. Monsieur Mallet has behaved like a true English gentleman, entertained his friends in the most handsome manner, and dismissed them with a most particular invitation to them all to gratify him with the frequent enjoyment of his open house. Yates is a clever fellow in all ways, a genius in his own way, and if, by this time ten years he is not a member of parliament, or an alderman, or of the firm of Rothschild and Company, or dispersing his half million in some inordinate Covent Garden or Drury Lane speculation, we are false prophets, and worse mathematicians, and know nothing of the geometrical progression, beginning with five thousand a year, and are as little acquainted with the natural course of the theatrical soul.

The Dublin theatre is basking in the broadest beams of royalty and loyalty. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland have gone to the theatre, surrounded with such a halo of Aides-de-camp as never were seen since the original raising of the militia. The duke's whole gallant battalion disbanded; all the Percys are in arms, and red coats—all ready to take any thing for the good of their country—and the duke, who, though the descendant of the Hotspur blood (diluted a little through the female line), has not figured much as a warrior before, feels the martial ardour burn within, and proclaims, that at the head of his faithful vassals he has no fear of suffering any place under the crown to be vacant for an hour. Foreign levy or domestic treason cannot subdue the strong hold of the pension list. Duncan sleeps well, and we wish him joy of his dreams. The performances fixed on for the viceregal entertainment were Simpson and Co., and Paul Pry. What glory to Mr. Poole, who should lose no time, but take the world at its will, go over and get himself knighted. All the theatrical woodcocks, the birds of passage, are hurrying over as fast as their wings can carry them to the land of sunshine and salaries. Kean, whom we heard of last as making a highway to his hereditary palace in the Isle of Sky, and whom we supposed to be either drowned, carried off by the "spirits" of that enchanted soil, or claiming the honours of chieftainry among his favourite squaws of Smokill-arrow mawkies, the legitimate heir of the great Tomahawk, and happy spouse of the majesty of the Mohawk's daughter, has suddenly transpired in the form of a candidate for an engagement of three nights on the Dublin stage. Macready, whom we concluded equally lost, and likely to come to the human ear only in some rumour from Kentucky, has likewise transpired in the vicinage of this all-engrossing theatre. And so ardent is the theatrical passion at this period, that the Lord Lieutenant has granted his license for the erection of a second theatre, to be dedicated to the improvement of the native genius for the drama and composition; Ireland having been, hitherto, as much accustomed to be indebted for those things to England as for her petticoats, having two theatres, being confessedly the only way to cure the national distaste or deficiency, which has hitherto made a regular bankruptcy affair of the only one that it had. However, the new patentee, Mr. Jones, having tried all the fortunes of theatres, knows, we hope, as well how they may be raised, as he certainly does how they may be

ruined, and we wish him the benefit of his experience, and his subscribers handsome dividends.

Catalani, *the* Catalani, the queen of song, is now waving her sceptre for the "last" (tenth) "time" over the souls of the Irish amateurs. And this—

" Creature,
" Of a glorious feature,"

as Wordsworth, the great poet of namby-pamby, sublimely names his muse, is shouting Rule Britannia, and God Save the King, four times a night, and not a verse left out, for the loyalty and English sympathies of the "Hereditary bandmen."

The King's Theatre we mention last, because we feel no great rapture on the subject. While the English stage is become a fashionable "horror" to the dandies of one sex, and the high-bred "dubious" of another; while no woman of ton can endure to be seen within the walls of the theatre of Shakspeare and Sheridan; and, while the silliest performances of the very vilest portion of society, the *danseuses* and *chan-teuses*, of the foreign stage, are patronized, profusely paid for, and extravagantly worshipped, we shrink a good deal from giving our assistance to the general tastelessness and folly. We have no objection to Mr. Laporte. He is probably as fit to manage the King's Theatre as any body else. We care not about Mr. Bochsa, or the memory of his foreign exploits, but we think that Madame Pasta has made quite as much money as she deserves, if she carried off 17,000*l.* by her last year's singing in London. We think, too, that we might make better use of our purses than in giving Madame Sontag 10,000*l.* for three months of solfaing, or 500*l.* for a couple of songs at a charity meeting. We have no delight in hearing of the purchase of a villa by Mademoiselle Noblet, nor of Mademoiselle Brocard's exhibiting the handsomest equipage in Paris. When all the world know the habits of the foreign stage, the resources of those showy personages, with which their dancing and singing have nothing to do—the notorious system of their lives, and the system into which they lead the whole tribe of the brainless young men, and old men, too, that have a few thousand pounds, or pence, on hands, we honestly and heartily wish that our nobility could afford to dispense with the light fantastic toe; the display of the female figure in silk pantaloons; the mixture of grossness, avarice, baseness, and intrigue, that belongs, in every instance, to the continental stage; and that the whole of its exports should be met at Dover by an order, like the Old Bailey order, for their instant return "to the place whence they came."

The "Messicani," a dull opera; the "Conte Ori," a still duller, and one or two ballets of no interest, have been hitherto the chief efforts of the King's Theatre. Pisaroni is the *prima donna* still, if *donna* she be at all.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

THE Duke of Wellington's duel has luckily passed over without bloodshed. But the example is mischievous, as much as the event was without excuse or necessity. Lord Winchelsea, in the letter withdrawing his subscription from the King's College, had charged the Duke of Wellington with using his zeal on that occasion as a cloak to deeper designs. The charge was of a public nature, on public grounds, and publicly brought forward. There were two ways of acting left open to the individual so charged. One was to deny the charge, prove that it was erroneous, and thus stand acquitted before the country. The other was, to say no more about it, quietly acquiesce in what the charged must allow to be true, and leave the wiping it away to the work of oblivion, of a majority, or of that factious clamour, which is always ready to follow the powerful. But the Duke of Wellington, not content with either, made for himself a third way, altogether unjustifiable, and tending in no degree to clear up the charge. This way was a challenge: which, translated into plain language, runs thus: "My Lord Winchelsea, you have accused me of an act of low hypocrisy in perverting the objects of religion and loyalty into the reverse. To this I make no defence, but I shall insist on your standing to be shot at, unless you retract the charge, whether you believe it to be true or false." In other words, "you must concede to personal fear, what the truth might not demand from you." Accordingly Lord Winchelsea would not thus concede to fear; and he went out to be shot at, and was shot at by the duke, Lord Winchelsea being the mere target for his grace's ball, and not firing, nor intending to fire. Thus, the affair, at this moment, stands in exactly the same position as before the meeting: the charge resting on the same grounds; being as fully believed as ever, and even more fully believed, from this military mode of silencing the charge and the charger together. Of course Lord Winchelsea's note on the field goes for nothing beyond the common ceremonial of a pistol affair. But whether his lordship be or be not converted to a belief of the duke's innocence by his readiness in sending challenges, nobody else is: and so far, the stigma is left just where it was.

As to the offence of the duel itself, it must be reckoned among the most offensive insults of the time to common sense and public morals. The only ground that any reasoner offers for duelling is, its saving a man from the imputation of pusillanimity. No one attempts to justify it as revenge, or defence against an accusation of immorality, political treachery, or personal hypocrisy. In the case of revenge, the duellist who kills is a deliberate murderer; and in the others, he attempts to screen himself by terrifying his accuser, or taking away his life. It is an utter abuse of words, to say that it is due to his honour to fire at his accuser. His honour can be defended only by fairly rebutting the accusation. But had the Duke of Wellington any necessity to vindicate his character for personal fearlessness? No man less. He has, then, left only the alternative of revenge; or of a determination to screen himself from all charges, by holding out the evidence that he is ready to meet the accuser, if not in the fair tribunal of parliament, or of law, in the field; and decide the point of guilt or innocence by that high judicial authority, the trigger.

But what is this duel, when we look upon its effects in the light of exam-

ple? The whole authority of law, morals, and religion, has been found scarcely able to restrict duelling within bounds suitable to the peace of society; and here comes, in full opposition to those efforts, the prime minister, the distributor of all power, the maker of bishops, the patron of judges, the originator of the whole moral action of the state, hurrying out, pistol in hand, with the impatience of an unfledged ensign, to show his readiness in imagining an affront. Is this example to be lost upon the army? There is a whole code to prevent military men from shooting each other. The officer who fights a superior is certain to be broke. The officer who fights an equal is liable to a court-martial. The regiment in which two or three of those rencontres take place, is sure to receive a stigma from head quarters, and either to have its promotion totally stopped, or to be sent to some West Indian island to learn the effects of insubordination. But now, every ensign can claim the sanction of Field-martial the Duke of Wellington! The first officer who is brought to a court-martial for pistoling his brother officer, will be entitled to call the duke on his defence, and prove, from the record of the duel with Lord Winchelsea, the duke's palpable opinion that any thing is ground enough for duelling. We look upon the whole transaction as weak, irrational, and violent; in every point of view mischievous, except in the one of developing more fully to us the character of the man with whom England has now to deal; into whose hands her parliament is, at this hour, giving an influence unprecedented in history; and by whose unlimited use of means, which, of themselves, inspire heady and dangerous thoughts, she is to be guided for the time to come.

“On Monday, the 26th current, the business of the Justices of Peace Court, Falkirk, was suddenly interrupted by an accident, which at first sight had a very tragical appearance. The assembly-room, in which the monthly court is held, is likewise the place in which the members of the School of Arts have their meetings: and for their accommodation a temporary gallery had been erected at the north end of the room. Upon Monday this gallery was crowded with above 150 people, witnessing the proceedings of the court, when, in one moment, owing, it is supposed, to some of the props below giving way, the whole of the gallery fell to the ground, and brought along with it, of course, the mass of men, women, and children, who were stationed upon it. The crash was tremendous, as if the house had been shaken by an earthquake. The bar, or railing, which separated the spectators from the ministers of justice, was broken down, the clerk's books and papers all scattered on the floor; and so alarmed were some of the members of court, imagining, no doubt, that their judicial labours were at an end—that one of them is reported to have uttered an audible prayer.”

Where are all the “*gens de protection*,” as our travelled people say, that should have prevented this affair, and fifty others of the same calibre? Scarcely a month passes without the discovery, that some solid place of assemblage is as perilous as a mine charged with gunpowder, and that a man is nowhere more unprotected than when he is under shelter. A theatre rises with the rapidity of a rocket; in fact, the art of building, in this instance, is all reduced to the art of hurrying up one rotten wall upon the top of another rotten wall, and with the same rapidity it descends. It is a sort of steeple chace, and the harder the exploit the more honour. Nothing is done unless there are half a dozen

broken necks for the newspapers. Methodist chapels are the next in point of honour. They maintain a very active competition in the rapidity of their rise, and the certainty of their expeditious fall. They have, for the last half year, generally come down at the rate of a couple a month, and with a considerable loss of legs and arms—the conversion of gouty old saints into flying sinners—the stoppage of old women's tongues in that final rest, which is the only one that such tongues will ever know; and the solemn determination of all who value their osteology, craniology, and physiology, never to go within sound of popular preaching, and the Irvings of this world again.

The next description of candidates for overthrow, are county assembly rooms; where no sooner have the last touches of the Raphael of the town been applied to brightening the true-blue of the county arms—the cards of the stewards been duly honoured by the universal attendance of the fair and illustrious for ten miles round—the sheriff, at the head of his ten daughters paid his devoirs down the blushing and bowing ranks—the sheriff's lady, to set an example, set to the retired major of militia, the great military authority of the place; and both on the heavy fantastic toe, are boreing their way like linked buffaloes down the red-cheeked and full-fronted mob, when a crack is heard above; the floor shudders below—the candles in all their sockets sympathize by tumbling out—a shower of fresh plaster gives notice that the ceiling is giving way—the fiddlers fly for their lives—the stairs are choked with the heroes of the “local,” trampled down by fat and frantic belles; the walls heave like the side scenes of a village theatre; the young gentlemen jump over the young ladies in their way to the stairs; partners are forgotten, first loves jilted, passion breathes its vows no more, fortune-hunting is thinking not of the ladies' pockets, but of its own bones; the sheriff no longer takes the lead of the county; the representatives take leave of their constituents, without the ceremony of a farewell speech; “*Save qui peut!*” is screamed in all the languages of Somersetshire. The doors are no longer the received mode of discharge, the windows being substituted; flying leaps of the most magnificent kind are made without notice or applause. At last a burst of slates, dust, laths, plaster, brick and mortar, the crash of the last tea-cup, the last candle sconce, the last fiddle, and the last fiddler, announce that all is over. In a week more the ruins are developed; shoes and stockings are recognized by their distracted owners; a snuff-box leads to the discovery of some ancient she-conveyancer of scandal, who was supposed to have taken advantage of the general confusion to elope with the retired serjeant of the militia staff; and at the bottom of all is found the sheriff's enormous lady, with her arm tight round the neck of the old major, whom a coroner's inquest declares to have died of “strangulation.”

Captain Garth's affair has gone down. The black box that was to pour out such overwhelming ruin on the head of the Duke of Cumberland, and to prove the gallant Captain a prince in disguise, is found out to be worth nothing, to contain no secret deeper than that of the Captain's own incumbrances, and to prove no fact, beyond the ingenuity of the party in making it the foundation of a claim for the clearance of his debts. Into the depth of the transaction, of course, we do not condescend to look. There is degradation in the touch of such matters, and we leave the fictions as we find them. But the true purpose of

the clamour, after all, was of a more intelligible description ; and this, we pronounce, has totally failed. The infamous calumnies on the Duke of Cumberland's character, were not let fly without their object ; and the black box was an " infernal machine " for other explosions than those of the poor Captain's obloquies against the cruelty that refused to supply him with money *ad libitum*. The royal Duke's firm defiance has turned round the charge : he has demanded of his calumniators that they shall put their slanders into shape, and suffer him to give them the opportunity of proving them before a court of justice. He has solemnly and publicly denied, scorned and taunted, his calumniators ; and where are they now ? No where. Their slanders have shrunk into pitiful apologies, or blundering attempts to defend themselves. As to the other parties, let them answer, boldly, if they can, why General Garth should have preserved letters written in the unrestrained confidence of married life, and speaking the idle gossip of the court circle, we know not, when we consider the habits of caution which his peculiar circumstances demanded ? But why he should have suffered those letters to pass into the hands of Captain Garth, is a matter that requires clearing up, for the sake of the General's character. However, so the matter lies. The Duke of Cumberland stands clear ; and that is the only point worth any rational man's caring about. The intrigue against him is scattered into thin air, and the Duke will neither be frightened out of the kingdom, nor the attention of the public be diverted from the tremendous question on which its liberties depend for life or death, by this new bait flung to the whale. Mr. Peel must come as dry as ever to his old dry problems, and prose about his " two evils," till he relieves the House of himself and the subject, by setting the whole five hundred asleep.

THE LEAST OF TWO EVILS !

When Satan, the father of lies, first exhorted
The mother of all men his will to obey,
He made her tell Adam she would not be thwarted,
And, like other women, she had her own way.

'Twas " the least of two evils "—so Adam, deciding
To please her, abandoned all else he held dear ;
Though storming the conflict his bosom dividing,
He yielded with many a groan and a tear :

He knew she was wrong, but he could not persuade her
To choose, like himself, between darkness and light ;
So rather than *force her* to yield, he obeyed her,
Afraid to do wrong, more afraid to do right.

Thus Peel, honest man ! by the tempter exhorted
To pull down the bulwarks of Church and of State,
Assures us the Catholics will not be thwarted—
Secure what you can—to resist is too late.

Though awful the danger, if Papists have power,
The least of two evils is always the best :
If *we* can have concord and peace for an hour,
Let those who come after take care of the rest.

But urged by necessity, plea of the devils !
The Church he loved dearly, yet feared Papists more—
So her cause he deserts as the least of " two evils,"
And calling out " Robbers ! " he opens the door.—[Standard.

If Lord Lowther have actually resigned, we shall regret his loss, as a public officer. The Strand was a nuisance; and we might well be alive to the taunts of foreigners at our suffering the chief transit of the capital, the very highway of London, to remain for centuries the same dirty, dilapidated, narrow passage. If two cabriolets came in different directions, nothing but good driving could keep them from a crash; a pair of coaches could scarcely escape without carrying off a wheel of each other; a waggon reigned royally over the whole passage; and if a van, presuming on its lightness, attempted to slip by, its only choice was into the windows of which side it was to discharge its cargo; a dozen gazers at a print-shop swelled the population to such a plethora, that there was no passing without a battle, or the loss of one's pocket-book; and the halt of a ballad-singer was a stoppage of the whole pedestrian intercourse of the west and east for the time. But better things are at hand; workmen have been employed for the last week or two in pulling down the old houses in the Strand which, in consequence of being too near the road, had impeded for a length of time the carriage-way, and, in fact, foot-path of that place, and, although not perceived by the public, in erecting the new buildings in lieu of the others. A day or two since, the labourers having cleared away all the rubbish occasioned by taking down the three houses that were nearest to Exeter 'Change, the passers by were (as well they might be) astonished to see one house at the distance of five or six yards from the old pavement completed and occupied, and another nearly half finished. The improvement, which will undoubtedly be finished soon, is decidedly one of the most useful that has been lately effected, and the Strand will shortly present a very pretty appearance, especially when the long-talked of King's College is erected, and the square built near the National Repository at Charing-cross. It is said that the conductors of the works are only waiting now for the pulling down of Exeter 'Change to advance more rapidly. The conception of those improvements is, we will admit, not due to Lord Lowther, but the execution is: and in this world of matter-of-fact, we consider the execution of a public work to be quite as good as the conception, and more useful too. We hope that he, or some successor inspired by his activity, will proceed up the Strand and utterly knock down that perilous receptacle of filth, pestilence, rags, and Israelites, lying between the New Church and St. Clements. Let the same mallet which knocks down Exeter 'Change and sends its Jews and wild beasts to seek whom they may devour elsewhere; knock down the Lions' Inn colony, and let the tribes of Dan begin their peregrination to the east, by removing beyond Temple Bar.

The Irish papers are just now especially indignant at three things; at O'Connel's not daring to take the seat which he pledged his soul and body that he would take in "less than no time," according to his own brilliant chronology—with his Grace of Wellington for saying, that the object of his bill was to curb, break in, and finally break down popery; an insult which is not by any means the less, for their not believing that he means any such thing—and with the Marquis of Anglesea, for his not running, scymetar in hand, all the way from Holyhead to Downing Street, and scalping the Duke at his desk, like a chevalier, as he is.

We are no warriors, and will not lend ourselves to this thirst of car-

nage. But, as we have already stated, we have been at least as much surprised as edified, by the equanimity of the gallant and very ill-treated Marquis; the angelic mildness with which he has borne as unpleasant an application to his feelings as we should suppose has been, for many years inflicted on a "fighting man;" and the lady-like delicacy of never adverting, by more than a sigh, to the most unqualified and hectoring turn out that ever befel anything above a footman, since the days of the first King Arthur. However, if the gallant Marquis can swallow this pill, we suppose he finds it for the good of his health, and we wish him joy of his digestion and his doctor together.

LORD ANGLESEY'S THREE LEGACIES!

Lord Anglesey had, when on Waterloo plains,
Two legs, and a heart, and a head with some brains;
He fought like a lion, and yet was so kind,
On leaving the field, to leave one leg behind.

When Ireland to govern his Lordship was led,
He took one leg with him, a heart, and a head;
But, somehow or other, it entered his mind,
To leave all his brains, in old England behind.

The mode he adopted the Irish to rule,
Was soon to become a pro-Popery tool;
His heart with the Papists became so entwined,
He left it all with them, in Dublin behind.

So arriving again upon true British ground,
No more than one leg, and his head could be found;
But doubtless his Lordship is sparing no pains
In helping his head to recover his brains.—*Age*.

The following account of the late Colonel Labedoyere appears in a curious publication which has just appeared in Paris, called *Le Livre Noir*:—"This unfortunate young officer had actually escaped after his condemnation, and was at large for three days, a circumstance not mentioned in any of the journals of the period. An inspector of police, named Debasse, who was indebted for numerous acts of kindness received from Labedoyere and his family, was applied to assist in getting him safe out of Paris after he should have escaped from prison. This he promised to do, assuring them that, by his means, Labedoyere might set at nought all the efforts of the police to intercept him. The evening of that day Labedoyere escaped from the prison, Foudras, the inspector-general of police, ordered no pursuit: but Debasse was called before the minister of police, to whom he basely revealed the hiding-place of his benefactor. The colonel, who thought himself perfectly secure in the asylum which he had chosen, remained three days; during which time Debasse frequently came to see him, for the purpose of discovering those who were aiding him to escape. This wretch denounced several, and amongst the rest an English captain, living in the Rue de la Puisse, who was immediately arrested. Labedoyere was the same day surprised and taken back to the Abbaye, from whence he was led forth, after a few hours' interval, to execution. For this deadly treachery towards his former master and benefactor, the vile Debasse, who could scarcely write his name, was made *officier de prix* at the prefecture of police."

Of course we are not much in love with the officials of justice, from one of Mr. Peel's red-breasted guardians of the peace up to the home secretary himself. We do not think that the hangman, though an undoubted essential in a civilized country like ours, where every body learns every thing, has a happy time of it. And yet we are not disposed very bitterly to whine over the trickery that entangled M. Labedoyere. What was the conduct of that exemplary patriot himself? He was as base and infamous a traitor as ever France, in her republicanism generated, to turn slave and lick the footstool of a tyrant. When Napoleon was flung into banishment, this rascal was patronized by the king, placed high in rank in the army, and made immediate commander of a military force. What was his honour thenceforth? He took the very first opportunity of breaking his oath, revolted, and rode off with his whole regiment to the Usurper. He finally fell into the hands of justice, and he paid the penalty due to a liar, a slave, and a traitor. So may every man perish who plays the traitor! So may he find man unsafe, confidence a burlesque, honour a dream, and nothing true but the stern punishment that he has earned at the hands of his country!

Origin of the Anglesea Family.

"SIR.—You forget, in your genealogy of Lord Anglesea, that his father's name was Bailey, and that the name of Paget, though not ancient, is still *far more* so than anything from which Lord Anglesea can *paternally* claim descent. The Baileys were, a few years ago, small farmers in Wales, like the Hughes, Williams, &c.; and, like them, found a mine on their little barren plot of ground. On this, one got a Baronetcy, and marrying a distant relation of Lord Paget, of Beaudesert, she, by the death of her male relations, eventually became his sole heir. On this, Sir Nicholas Bailey, the present Lord Anglesea's father, took the name of Paget, and forgot the 'Bailey' as much as he could.

"Your obedient servant, B. B."

Now this we think not fair, though it is true enough. Heaven help us from a turn for genealogy hunting. Swift said, with his usual knowledge of affairs, "I never look into any man's pedigree if I mean to know him, nor into his kitchen if I mean to dine with him. I am sure to be sick in both cases if I do." It is no blame to the poor Marquis of Anglesea if his father was of the Old Bailey descent, a descent, however, which though constantly supplied, leaves few heirs in the right line. His father might have been a tailor for anything that we or the world care. At the same time that we have a considerable objection to the living representative's showing the meekness of that useful and sedentary race.

We are not sure that out of the whole corporate body, which is composed of so many fractional parts of man, any one fragment of humanity would have taken a master's treatment with such humble gratitude. If ever there was a man turned out of employment, at a minute's notice, with less ceremony and more ease, than this son of Old Bailey, we will be soured gurnets. With the Duke it was a word, and blow; "*Veni, vidi, and out with him.*" The whole being done with the rapidity of "parade, right-about face." The Marquis was, certainly, as summarily sent about his business as any hussar within memory; and he took it, at

once, with as indignant a face, and as patient a spirit, as any gentleman within the bills of mortality.

What! after he had made up his mind to the pleasant receipt of 30,000*l.* a year, for the next half dozen years? After having taken over his bulls and calves, his promising young Lord Toms and Harrys, his poultry and pigs, his Lady Aramintas and Juliettas, and prepared to distribute them in holy matrimony among the lords of the bogs; after he had even removed his last treasure, the late wife of the Duke of Wellington's brother, now gazetted Marchioness; after he had familiarized himself to Irish patriotism in the shape of Jack Lawless, and revelled in a long vista of the annual raptures of Donnybrook Fair—to be routed from his position, ordered to march without beat of drum; to return instantly by steam-boat, and deposit his three months' truncheon on the desk of the horseguards? All this was enough to try the patience of a saint, to make a hussar twirl his moustachios to the topmost curl of indignation, to raise the stones in mutiny; and fiercely did the dethroned hussar threaten—we will do him that justice; his parting correspondence with Dr. Curtis, that venerable personage who was destined to hold in his portfolio, at once, the secret souls of the Duke and the Marquis, was full enough of the wonders that he would do. His honour was to be plucked up, though by the locks, from the bottom of the deep, or brought down from the “bright-faced moon.”

He arrived at last; and we expected to see vengeance let loose in her most terrific form, the hussar in full charge on the prostrate Duke; nothing but fiery tropes, and metaphors of oil of vitriol, thoughts that blast, and words that turn the culprit into tinder.

On the contrary, not a syllable was uttered; the dethroned monarch took his stool at the foot of the dethroner with the most exemplary tranquillity; not a word was suffered to escape on the “unexampled wrongs” that had pulled him out of his sovereignty—the babe untimely plucked from the womb of that parturient parent of grievances, the teeming Sister Isle. There sat the Marquis, and there sat the Duke, calm and fond, as two kings of Brentford “smelling at one nosegay.” Nobody knows till this minute anything of the matter of dismissal; nobody has heard of the remonstrance—nobody knows more than the O'Connells, and other infallibles of the day, whether any offence was given, or how much was swallowed. The Marquis sits silent, smiling and contented, and why the deuce should not we?

The French papers have gathered up the anecdotes of those public personages, Hare and Burke, and are making very gay paragraphs out of them for the terror of all the female world. They, however, acknowledge our superior facility of invention, and commemorate our skill. The English, they tell us, are all turned Burkites. The word “*to Burke*,” has become a word of science; and the disappearance of any individual from his general round of society is regularly accounted for on the principle of Burkeism.

If a member of parliament shrink from a meeting with his constituents, and take wing for the Continent, he is declared to have undergone the hands of some active assistant to mortality, and to be now doing more good by exhibiting his proportions in the surgeon's hall, than he could have done in his whole life-time. If a gentleman of peculiar elegance of dress has found it inconvenient to pay his tailor, and wishes to

withdraw himself from the officious civilities of the individuals that pay particular attention to the leaders of fashion under those circumstances, he has only to spread the report that he has been captured by one of the School of Science, and no one looks for him afterwards. He may ramble from Calais to Constantinople without a fear of pursuit ; and, as long as he can contrive to beg his way, so far he may go with the other polite beggars of the world.

The French journalists further say, that the invention is so delightfully applicable to a variety of purposes, that, reluctant as they are to receive an expressly English manufacture, they are beginning to adopt it on a considerable scale. The Rue de la Paix, as being the chief resort of the English, has for some time exhibited those singular disappearances, which are rapidly losing their singularity. The neighbourhood of the Italian Boulevard is pretty much in the same condition ; and the suddenness of John Bull's retreat is fully beginning to equal the oddity of his appearance. The Frenchmen, however, are not easily to be outdone in the talent of retreat, which, as the proverb says, shews the soldier, and which certainly is practised by soldiers at present in the most exhaustless variety. A *demi-solde* is as sure to break up without beat of drum, as if his object had been to capture an enemy's patrol ; and his bill is much more likely to be left behind, than was once any fragment of the enemy's spoil. It is the science of the affair that dignifies this old manœuvre. Formerly, it was a simple flight ; the wife was inconsolable for the disgrace, and in dread of the return ; and the children starved with double appetite, through the loss of their family honour. Now, however, the honour is out of the question. If "*mon cher mari*" has fled the land, there is the comfortable hope that he has not fled, but fallen into the clutch of a tribe, to whom mankind, from the king to the beggar, must yield submission. She is at once tranquil ; for the disciples of the School of Science suffer no continuance of life's troubles in their subjects. He is serving the great curative purposes of mankind and benevolence ; he is making from sixteen to twenty pounds sterling for some brave son of surgery ; and his wife is freed from all distressing doubts as to his reappearance, is entitled to write herself down "*widow*" at the moment, and marry her "*cher petit Auguste*," her husband's aid-de-camp, before four-and-twenty hours are over.

We give these clever lines from that very vigorous, eloquent, and constitutional paper, the *Morning Journal* :—

MY FATHER ! MY FATHER !

"The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!"

Awake, ere the sceptre is wrung from thy race,

Son of the sainted and lord of the free—

Awake, ere the serpent has coiled in thy place,

And the hearts of the honest have perished with thee.

Thy name is still shrined in our heart's deepest core,

Those hearts which *thy* FATHER long loved as his own ;

And those hands which ne'er quailed to a traitor before,

Are outstretched for their worship, their God, and thy throne !

Arise, and dash from thee the spirit of lies,

That would tempt thee thy purpose and pride to forego ;

Trusting millions implore thee, their Lord, to arise,

Ere the temple their ancestors reared is laid low.

It was given to thy keeping unblemished and pure,
 From a hand that was firm to its faith and its trust ;
 And we feel that its glory is not less secure,
 Though the form of our father is laid in the dust.

Not the deep cant of Priesthood should lure thee away
 From the path which thy honour so brightly hath trod ;
 And the TRUTH which was given, with the symbol of sway,
 Should be left, *but with that*, at the call of thy God !

Though others be false, oh ! thou Lord of our love,
 Be thou true, and the serpent is spoiled of its sting ;
 And the *Temple of Truth* shall no traitor remove,
 While the God of that temple preserves us our King !

There is high exultation among the honest part of the Cambridge A.M.s, at the prospect of getting rid of Sir Nicholas Tyndall, whom they already term Old Nick. If that fine fellow, Wetherell, whom we honour for the masterly lashing which he inflicted on the soul of that most contemptible of all apostates, Peel, should give up office, then Tyndall must give Cambridge an opportunity of vindicating her character. We own that we wish, rather than expect this. Cambridge is the new-light University—a good deal in the “march of mind” way—and generally plays a republican trick when she can ; which means, that she generally loves and worships the heels of power—a Democrat being always a despot when possible ; and a Republican always a slave when he can get any thing by it. However, Oxford has set an example, which, if Cambridge be not deep in the mire of Jacobinism, she will rejoice to follow, and Sir Nick will be flung out with the utmost contempt—namely, the contempt due to a turncoat. But the honest electors must be on the alert, and not suffer themselves to be taken by surprise by stage-coach parcels of dirty fellows, sent down, at half an hour's notice, like hue and cry bills, from town.

LINES *not* ASCRIBED TO PROFESSOR PORSON.

From the Inns of Court at break of day,
 The LAWYERS are riding gone,
 To the CAMBRIDGE Senate House far away,
 To see how the CHURCH goes on.
 And hard by *the Hills*, and over the dales
 They rambled, and over the plain ;
 And backwards and forwards they switch'd their *Whig*-tails,
 Like boys smarting under a cane.

“And pray now, how did the lawyers go ?”
 By the Fly, or Star (erst Tally-ho) ?
 They went in two Paddington coaches—’tis true !!

With a seat behind fitted for two :
 They snuff'd the fresh air, as they clean escap'd
 From smoke and the Court's botheration ;
 And the lawyers they smiled, for it put them in mind

Of CATHARTIC EMANCIPATION.

They saw a *soldier* fall from his horse,
 As he rode in deep reflection ;
 And the lawyers groaned, for it put them in mind

Of SCARLETT at one election.

They stopped at the neighbouring bookseller's shop,
Said they, "We're of Trinity College,
Come down to support the Romanists' cause,
Without the Master's knowledge."

They saw the non-Regents preparing to vote,
They reckoned the hoods, black and white;
And, "Now, Mr. Dean," they whispered, "we ween,
Our own sly cause goes right."
They saw the Vice-Chancellor taking his seat,
A seat of good report;
And the lawyers grinned, for it put them in mind
Of their own sweet Chancery Court.

They saw swim down through the learned tide
A LAMB, with vast celerity;
Oh! he cut his own throat, and they thought the while
Of the POPE, whom he wished prosperity.
They stood by Sr. MARY's, and heard the sound
Of the deep and solemn bell;
And the lawyers paused, for it gave them a hint
That the soul goes to heaven or hell.

They saw the SOLICITOR-GENERAL's face
Lengthen with consternation;
So they hied them back in the PADDINGTON stage,
In fiendish exultation.
Sir NICHOLAS grinned, and twitched his brief tails,
But not with admiration,
For he thought that his seat in the Parliament
Was lost through EMANCIPATION.—[*John Bull.*]

"Parliamentary language," as it is called, is proverbially absurd. "Now that I am on my legs—I am free to confess," and that whole slipshod family, have long fallen under the lash; but what is called "Parliamentary courtesy," is to us much more detestable. We waive the nonsense of calling every one, that a man has ever talked three words to, "my honourable friend," and we are by no means sure, that "honourable member," applied to every individual who works his way into what Sir Francis Burdett was accustomed, in his patriot days, to call "that room," may not be sometimes productive of odd emotions. But our complaint is of more serious things; it is of the actual injury to the good cause, and the offence against truth, contained in the application of the words "honourable friend," and its expletives, to persons whom, in their souls, the speakers believe to be the very reverse of honourable; whom they dislike and scorn, as committing, in their idea, the very basest acts; and whom it would be their duty to exert all their means to detect and degrade for the good of the country, and the example to mankind.

We have, at the present moment, questions of the most signal importance agitated in parliament. The Opposition desire, if they are sincere, to overcome those measures by the most condign species of extinction. What can they think of the men who have proposed those measures? The answer is plain. But what is their language? One high-minded oppositionist prefaces his speech with "I beg to assure the Home Secretary that my opinion of him is of the same high order that it always was." Another merely varies the phrase, and pronounces that, "though

nothing shall ever make him think otherwise of the measure than as most "iniquitous," and so forth; yet "nothing shall ever make him think that his Right Honourable Friend, on the Treasury Bench, had any ill intention whatever in the bill," &c. Now, this is fulsome; ay, and suspicious—ay, and in nine instances out of ten, it implies neither more nor less, than that the honourable oppositionist by no means wishes to be on bad terms with the Treasury Bench. With some, however, the matter is more honest, and the whole is a mere idle adaption of an absurd phraseology. We do not object to civility on the ordinary occasions of debate. But nothing can be more misplaced than this tenderness of tongue on the vital questions of the state. The subjects now before the legislature are not party matters; not whether Lord Grey shall have the disposal of places, or Lord Holland make laws—but whether the people shall have a Constitution.—Whether the laws, liberties, nay, lives of Englishmen, shall not be in the most imminent danger;—whether we shall not introduce idolatry into the land, and provoke Heaven by desecrating Christianity?

What we desire to see is this; a dozen men boldly and firmly resolving to do their duty to the *utmost*; to abjure all compromise—to speak their disgust, their scorn, and their determination, in the most direct terms;—to leave no room for reconciliation, and do their best to crush the guilty measure, that, once passed, will not leave them a country. So long as those childish courtesies pass between them and ministers, so long it is impossible for the nation to believe its advocates sincere. A dozen bold men, whom the Home Secretary saw resolutely and systematically scorning his advances, would be an opposition more formidable to him, than all the bowing and smiling hostility that he thinks still within the reach of his lure; whose bowing and smiling he interprets into a wish to remain within the limits of treaty; and whose hostility he at once deprecates and derides.

The late frosty winds have given catarrhs to all the singers of the King's Theatre; stopped two operas, utterly d—m—d one, and made all the *premières danseuses* epileptic. At the French play in the Strand they made Perlet forget his part, Mademoiselle Stephanic Euthanasia Merveille stand gazing at two guardsmen in the stage box until every soul in the house thought her nailed to the stage; and Mademoiselle Pauline Precocé play Roxalana, for which she had no other qualification than the *petit nez retroussé*.

At Drury Lane they limited Kenny and Morton's play to six very bitter nights, and then blew it out of the world. They served Mr. Poole's farce of "Sixes and Sevens" in exactly the same way. Nor were they an atom less unrelenting to Mr. Lacy's Casket, which they treated in the same unceremonious manner; though, being of nearly the heaviest *matériel* that the stage ever suffered, the Casket must have gone to the bottom of itself.

At Covent Garden they destroyed nothing but Mr. Wood's voice and Madame Vestris's gaiety, for there was nothing else to destroy; they, however, had the advantage of making Madame wear a handkerchief on her neck; which is a protection not merely to the wearer, but, in this instance, to the spectator also; and of making her keep her mouth shut, when she had nothing to say; a practice which we recommend to her, as a valuable discovery, for the future.

In the House of Commons it carried away Mr. Peel's blushes, and all that makes a public man unfit to meet the world's eye after he has done things of which he ought to be ashamed. We will not suppose Mr. Peel about to pick pockets, or forge bank notes; but the countenance that he has now manufactured, would, we promise that worthy young person, not disgrace either of the occupations.

It also carried off Sir Thomas Lethbridge's last dozen years' harangues against the papists, and left in their place the very silliest apology for a turncoat that we ever heard in the shape of the most profound speech ever attempted by Sir Thomas. But we have to pay our compliments to him again, and shall let him down only until we have leisure for his flagellation.

The next performance of those all-pervading winds was to go down to Windsor, and stop Sir Jeffery Gimcrack Michael Angelo Palladio Wyattville, in full swing at the Royal Lodge. We grieve for the delay of that enterprising performer. In a week, no doubt, he would have had the whole job in a way to so handsome a catastrophe, that nothing short of a miracle could have given a well sized rat, or any thing short of the patience of a cabinet minister, such as they are at the present day, room to rest a foot in. But the besom of destruction was checked at once; the Royal Lodge was left to that miserable state of dilapidation in which the king has, however, contrived to eat, drink, and sleep, for years; and the formidable calamity has actually occurred, that Sir Palladio Wyattville is, at this present writing, standing without a job on hands. Only 217,000 pounds have been yet laid out on Windsor Castle. Only 70,000 pounds have been laid out on York House; which, if the Marquis of Stafford had not stepped in to take it off their hands, would have been turned into a barrack, a menagerie, or a receptacle for the Marchionesses of Westmeath and other highborn personages of the *beau sexe* who prefer living in lodgings rent free. So much for the blood of all the Salisburys; and of some dozens of other superb aristocrats, who will let any one that likes, pay for their coals and candles. The Palace! late Buckingham-House, has hitherto cost only 300,000 pounds, and is not to cost above double the sum besides, before his Majesty ever sits down in it, which we understand his Majesty never intends to do; and for which we by no means blame him, it being the vilest compilation of brick and plaster, that Mr. Nash, who is a bricklayer and plasterer, and nothing more, ever perpetrated. We profess, and vow, that the sight of this finished production makes us sick, and that our only consolation arises from the fact, that the brewery in its rear will so utterly blacken it in a month or two, that the world will not distinguish it from Westminster workhouse.

Who can call us a poor nation, when we can lay out a million in such a handsome manner; or a nation careless of the residence of our king, when we lodge him in such a style as no king in Europe beside is lodged in: or niggardly in our employment of artists, when we patronize the persons who now flourish away on our public buildings?

The next exploit of the nipping winds was to go to Rome, and extinguish the Pope; the poor old man died a great penitent, sent for St. Dominic's breeches from the Dominican convent, put them on, was anointed with the oil which St. Francis brought from Paradise two hundred and fifty years ago, and which has never lost a drop since, though it has oiled all their holinesses, and spared a regular supply for

the French kings; was wrapped in St. Vitus's cowl, and after having provided handsomely for his sons and daughters, he died innocent, as a Pope should do, in the midst of the general rejoicings of his afflicted people; who saw in his death the gaiety of a new election, and the general intrigues of the holy college of cardinals, every man of whom was instantly speculating upon the profit and loss of the next turn.

The next victim was the General of the Jesuits, who departed this life in the glorious anticipation of seeing his suffering brethren of Lancashire settling matters in their own way at Lambeth, sitting in the Cabinet, and cutting up the fat bishoprics of Rochester, Winchester, and Chester, *cum multis aliis*, as will be seen all in good time, or we are much mistaken.

"It is known that when Sontag entered into terms with the Opera Managers, she particularly agreed that her forfeit-money should not be enforced if she married a sovereign prince! We think, had such been the case, the prince could have well afforded 1,000*l.* penalty."

We think that the person who "thought" so, could know nothing about Germany and its princes. A sovereign prince with us, means something better than an Irish squire, the dominator of a thousand acres of bog, with a thousand half-naked subjects. But they settle matters in another style in the land of Sourcroust. A sovereign prince there is sovereign enough if he have a territory of a couple of miles in a ring fence, have a house that would make a tolerable kennel to an English mansion, and rule, by right divine, over from fifty to five hundred boors. Sontag was quite right in her stipulation. The idea of his having to lay down a thousand pounds for her, would overwhelm the philosophy, and exhaust the finances of many a little monarch on the right bank of the lordly Rhine. However, we are not much at a loss to judge of the class, while we have the honour and happiness of possessing the light of Prince Leopold's presence among us. There is a model of a prince for the admiration of the world! That brilliant, magnificent, and open-hearted personage, has already received no less than six hundred thousand pounds of English money!! Why does not some honest senator stand up in the House, and demand that some reason shall be assigned to the nation why this enormous expenditure should be yearly persevered in? Why, when our Weavers are marching through the streets to beg at the doors of the Treasury, this hero should be suffered to stuff his pockets with the money that would feed and clothe a province? But can any body tell where he is; or what he is doing; or where he hides himself; or where he puts his gains out to interest? Has Joseph Hume nothing to ask upon this subject? Is the dashing Sir Robert Wilson chopfallen? Is the democratic Burdett inclined to pass this plethoric pair of pockets by, and let the German march off full to Germany? We certainly do not expect much from those personages. But we offer them a piece of fair game, in pursuit of which they could not go astray. By forcing this *munificent* prince to do his duty, they might, for once, gain popularity by honest means; and they would at once save their own names, and the money of the nation.

However, as to Sontag, the affair is yet a mystery. Who is the father of her child? There is the rub. One story says that she is married to Lord Clanwilliam. Another gives the honour to one of the Pagets. We disavow all belief in the report that Rogers the poet and banker is

the happy man. As to the lordly coxcombs about the Foreign Office, we have too high an opinion of Sontag's taste, clumsy little flageolet as she is, to suppose that she would recognize their existence. Is our beloved Prince Leopold the happy husband after all? And is he laying out his money in the savings bank, to make a pretty retiring allowance for himself and his wife, when she shall sing herself off the stage, and be a *prima donna* no more?

The Kemble Family.—"We hear that this admired work of poor Harlowe is missing at the present moment; whither it has fled, nobody can tell; but it is not among the treasures left behind by Rowland Stevenson; and Mr. Walsh declares that he is inconsolable about it."

The whole affair of Rowland Stephenson's escape, property, and accomplices, is still nearly as much a mystery as ever. We give the Banker credit for, at least, his dexterity; and only regret that he did not remain in his legislative post, to place the last laurel on his brow by ratting. As it is, Sir Thomas carries it against him, and the banker must be content with mutilated honours.

In the whole career of "appropriation," no more effective example than the banker's is on record. The auctioneers have thriven on him ever since. Plate of the most *recherché* kind, as Mr. Robins says; jewels, equipages, furniture, prize pigs, marble Venuses, and Ormolu clocks, found in him a most dashing bidder; and, as he paid with other people's money, or with very handsome promises, no man could come between him and the favourite of his fancy. How much Mr. Tom Welsh lost by him, or how much he gained, has not yet come to the public eye. We think that the Banker's tears and implorations to Welsh, were merely to squeeze from his very costive friend the last sixpence that he could squeeze on this side of the Atlantic. Other people say other things. But, however the picture of the Kemble family came to leave Welsh's own wing, we should like to know what has become of it. It was the finest performance of one of the cleverest painters that England has produced since Lawrence. As a memorandum of the most extraordinary theatrical family of our time, it had a singular value, and as a work of art it was admirable. If Stephenson swindled Welsh out of this picture, he was doubly black; if Welsh let him have it for a "consideration," we should like to know of what nature. In short, we look with prodigious interest on the remaining feats of a man of genius in the art of knavery; who, though now in a land where he will find a good many clever persons, will probably not meet his match until he meets him in the finisher of the law.

Mr. Martin.—A large and handsome gold medal was presented to this celebrated painter a few days ago, on the part of the king of France, in acknowledgment of a copy of Mr. M.'s engravings, which his most christian majesty has been graciously pleased to accept. The medal has a bust of the king on the one side; and on the other (in French), 'Presented to Mr. John Martin by the King of France.' The medal is very weighty, and the intrinsic value of the gold alone cannot be less than twenty guineas."

This is an honour, no doubt; yet if the king of France were to go on with this pleasant species of interchange, he would make a fortune in a very short time. The king's medal is worth twenty guineas—a set of

Mr. Martin's proof prints would sell for fifty pounds. His majesty has thus much better the bargain. Why did not the old king send the artist a hundred pounds at once, though, to be sure, the sum put into francs, would be enough to frighten the "*grande nation*"—2,500 francs given to a foreigner! Why, a Parisian would think that it was a fair advance to the discharge of the national debt.

We hear an infinite quantity of fine and flourishing declamation on the change of mind, manners, and so forth in the papist world. Bigotry and superstition, fictitious miracles, and the other old abominations of a lying priesthood, are declared to have exploded before the touch of that civilizing and enlightening affair—the progress of the nineteenth century. But how are we to suppose that there is one word of truth in all this, when we see Prince Hohenlohe at work at this minute, giving tongues to the dumb, and teeth to the jawless? This is all very well for the prince, whose German pocket may find a very comfortable revenue in this stupidity of his fellow papists. But what are we to think of the people who believe that the German can do these things? Yet there are such people; and not merely among the morasses of the German mind—nor merely among the mob of Irish popery—but among the men who pretend to be fit to govern England, and who, unless Providence interposes to crush as dangerous a faction as ever threatened the safety of a people, will be the governors of England. It is the most notorious fact imaginable, that one of these predestined legislators—a rank papist, of course—who thinks himself measurelessly aggrieved at not having been allowed, for these last dozen years, to be a maker of laws for men of sense, a master over the Protestant religion, and a ruler of the revenues, rights, and liberties of the British people, is at this hour soliciting a MIRACLE at the hands of Prince Hohenlohe. And the miracle is—to give him an heir! We shall not suffer ourselves to repeat the burlesques to which this extraordinary request has so naturally given rise among the English at Rome, where this *patriot* continues to spend his income, and increase his claims to the gratitude of that miserable tenantry whom "he loves in his soul," and whom, however, it does not appear that he is inclined to favour with the light of his countenance, or with a sixpence of his income, which they would doubtless consider the much more valuable favour of the two.

The story is this:—The noble earl has a pretty wife, who has hitherto brought him but daughters. The noble earl, to whom his estate and title were but a windfall after all, he being only a collateral branch, is in agony at the idea that any body else may be as lucky as himself, and have a windfall of the estate and title after him—the next heir, too, being Protestant. Not content with the natural course of affairs in his family, or the will of Providence, or any other of those sources which may be supposed to regulate the sex or number of a man's children, he takes, like a true papist, the help of the miracle-monger, and demands an heir of a German quack—as thorough a mountebank as Breslaw or Katterfelto. And this is to be called piety, or common-sense, or manly feeling! Let the papists call it what they will, we hope in Heaven that we shall never be at the mercy of the minds that are capable of this nonsense; for of all tyrants, the most formidable is the compound of the bigot and the slave.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

The Present State of Van Dieman's Land, by H. Widowson; 1829.—Of a country so recently and already so extensively colonized, it is desirable to have accounts following each other pretty frequently. Though numerous descriptions of New South Wales have been published within these five or six years, nothing has appeared relative to Van Dieman's Land, since Mr. Carr's book, which though, on the testimony of Mr. Widowson, it was accurate enough at the time it was written, is now very defective, and must give an imperfect notion of the island, and can be of no use at all to emigrants. The especial object of Mr. Widowson's performance is to furnish information for such as contemplate a removal to these antipodes, and the book is, accordingly, filled with practical directions, which can be of no interest to the general reader. He will, however, find every thing relative to the history—the climate—the soil—the colonists—the natives—the convicts—the towns—the settlements, and the government, which can be demanded for the gratification of common inquiries.

Mr. W. has himself recently returned, after surveying the whole of the "located country," in his capacity of agent to the agricultural society established there. It was, to him, he says, a matter of pleasure to investigate the capabilities, peculiarities, advantages, and disadvantages of this new world, and to compare them with similar and different things at home, as regards agriculture, grazing, and other affairs of the field. The whole is delivered in a spirit of moderation and fairness. It was not his purpose, he adds—and we may safely trust the tone of the work—to tempt those who can live well at home, to go to Van Dieman, or any where else, beyond the limits of their own happy island. He speaks of things as he found them—a mixture of good and evil, such as are found, though not in the same proportion, every where. Van Dieman's Land is not a paradise, where we may eat and drink of the abundance of nature, without the sweat of the brow, or some equivalent sacrifice. The "thirsty curse" is not repealed, and the man who migrates there, expecting to live and prosper without labour, in some shape, will find himself miserably disappointed. But there is ample room, and abundant opportunity; there is a benignant sky above, and a fruitful soil beneath; there is, since the extirpation of the bush-rangers (run-away convicts) protection for life and property; and the emigrant who carries with him moderate means of beginning, habits of industry and skill, will soon acquire competence, &c.

Of the Aborigines scarcely any thing seems known—

dren of nature, and still less has been done to gain any knowledge of them, that not much can be offered as to their present numbers or condition. From what I have seen and read, the natives are unlike any other Indians, either in features, mode of living, hunting, &c. There are many hundreds of people who have lived for years in the colony, and yet have never seen a native. The stock-keepers, and those who frequent the mountains and unlocated parts of the country, now and then fall in with them; and sometimes a tame mob, as they are called, visit the distant settler, to beg bread and potatoes. An Aborigine has occasionally been seen in Hobart Town, but not of late years.

No mercy has been shewn to the bush-rangers, and, of course, none could be shewn with any regard to the safety of the colonists, and they appear now to be completely suppressed. "I am by no means," says Mr. W., "ambitious of the character of a prophet, but I will venture to predict, that bush-ranging is never likely to be carried on again in Van Dieman with the same devastation as before. The country is now more explored, the settlers are daily becoming more respectable, and the police decidedly more efficient—the plan of disseminating suspicions of each other amongst the respective gangs, is also perfectly understood."

Though not a matter relative to Van Dieman, the author has furnished some information not generally known concerning the fate of La Perouse, the French navigator, who was supposed to have been wrecked in 1788. While at Hobart's Town, in April 1827, a vessel, the *Research*, carrying 16 guns, and 78 men, commanded by a Capt. Dillon, came into harbour for provisions, which vessel had been fitted out by the government at Calcutta, for the purpose of ascertaining the fate of La Perouse. The year before, Captain Dillon had looked in at Tucopia, an island in lat. 12 S. and lon. 169 E., where thirteen years before he had left, at their own desire, a Prussian, and a Lascar and his wife, to see if they chanced to be still living. This Lascar had an old silver sword-guard, which he sold to the sailors for some fish-hooks, and which, on examination, was found to have the name of La Perouse upon it. This, it appeared on inquiry, he had obtained from the natives, who were, he said, in possession of many articles, apparently of French manufacture—all which had been obtained from one of the Malicolo islands, situated two days' sail, in their canoes, to the leeward, where, it was understood, there were many more, and also the wreck from which they were procured. This intelligence determined Capt. Dillon to go to the Malicolos, and examine the wreck; but unluckily, on nearing the land, it fell a perfect calm, and continued so for seven days. Provisions

became short, and the vessel was leaky from long continuance at sea, and Capt. Dillon was thus compelled to take advantage of a breeze, and make for his port of destination. His reports, however, induced the government at Calcutta to fit out the *Research*, for the prosecution of the discovery, and appoint Dillon to the command. He was on his way, when he called at Hobart's Town. In a note, Mr. Widowson adds, "since my arrival in England, I have received from a friend the following intelligence. The letter is dated Hobart Town, 9th January, 1828. Accounts have been received from Capt. Dillon, that he has discovered several articles belonging to *La Perouse*, and there can be no doubt of his having been lost at the *Malicolo Islands*. A French corvette, *L'Astrolabe*, has been in search of Capt. Dillon for the same object."

Capt. Dillon, we believe, has since *been* presented to the King of France, received the reward offered by that government for the discovery, and even been made a Knight of the Legion of Honour.

Wolff's Missionary Journal; 1829.—This is a third volume—the other two we have never seen—of *Wolff's Journal*—embracing a period of something more than a year-and-a-half, 1824, 5, 6, and detailing his roamings from Bushire, on the Persian Gulf, through Shiraz, Ispahan, Tabreez, Teflis, Kertish, Theodosia, Odessa, Constantinople, Adrianople, and Smyrna, when he returned to England, married a lady of the Orford family, and then, in company with his noble bride, set out again into the same regions, and on the same object. The writer, as every body knows, is the fanatic—we do not mean to use the term offensively, but we have no other half so applicable—Jew-convert, and the object to the realization of which he has devoted himself, under the auspices of Squires Drummond and Bayford, is the conversion of his brethren in foreign countries. The book is filled with details of the condition of the Jews under the tyranny of the Turkish and Persian governments. To every thing but the one purpose of his journey he is completely blind—his whole time and energies were occupied in debates, now with the Jews, now with the Mahometans—occasionally with the Guebres, and once or twice with the Nestorians, and singularly curious is frequently the style of the discussions—the perversions of the several parties—the equal perversion often of *Wolff* himself—the superiority he every where arrogates—the rough tone he assumes, or rather indulges, for it is native to the soil—the undoubting confidence in the correctness of his particular views—interpretations—applications. Silence he takes for conviction—embarrassment for wavering—civility and gentleness for a favourable leaning and thought of conversion—opposition for obstinacy—distrust for wilful and wicked disbelief, as if

there was or could, in the nature of things, be such a thing. But his vehemence and violence are sometimes quite amusing—the *voie de fait* is evidently more congenial than the *voie de raison*—he longs to break their heads to get at their brains—and teach them—not better manners, but more compliance.

The Jews appear to be in a miserable plight, particularly at Bushire. Their condition is something better at Teheran—the sovereign has them under his own eye, and finds it his interest. At Shiraz it is surely worse again.

I called on Rabbi Eliasar (the high-priest at Shiraz), whose room was cleaner than I expected to find it. He told me, I must be cautious in conversing with the Jews, in order that the Mussulman Mullahs may not become jealous, and find a reason for exacting money from them; for he himself was not long ago bastinadoed, and obliged to pay 20,000 rupees to the Shah-Zadeh of that place. He treated me (*Wolff*) very kindly; but, although he is the high-priest, he is the most ignorant man among the Jews of Shiraz. He was made high-priest on account of the merits of his deceased father. He has, however, much power, and the Shah-Zadeh, gives to him the permission of flogging the Jews, if they do not obey him; and as often as he is bastinadoed by order of the prince, in order to get money from the Jews, he, the high-priest, orders his flock to be bastinadoed, to compel them by it to assist him in satisfying the demand of the prince.

Take a specimen of the style of argumentation:—

Mullah David.—How old was Jesus when he died?

Wolff.—He walked thirty-three years upon earth.

Mullah David.—Then Jesus of Nazareth cannot have been the Messiah, for hearken to the words of Moses—The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me—like unto me; the words "like unto me," contains the number 120 (we have no Hebrew type at hand to shew this—the reader must take it for granted). The Messiah must therefore be a man of 120 years, like unto Moses.

Again—where *Wolff* shines in his own peculiar light:—

Mullah David.—You say, that the Messiah has already come, and that he will come again; but must not Gog and Magog precede him?

Wolff.—Gog and Magog, whom we call Antichrist, is already come.

Mullah David.—Have you seen him?

Wolff.—Yes, I have seen him. In short, I then—says *Wolff*—described to them the Pope, as that Gog and Magog—as that Antichrist, who is mentioned in scripture. And this, he adds, is my firm belief, with all the respect I have for the private character of Pius VII.

Mullah David.—What kind of man is the present Pope?

Wolff.—Leo XII opposeth every thing that is good, and lying wonders are done every where.

Mullah David.—He will lead us, according to

your account, after other Gods. What kind of man is he—is he a tall man?

Wolff.—Not very tall; but the most of his cardinals are very fat men, and are clothed in scarlet, according to the prediction of Jesus Christ.

Mullah David.—Send us only the gospel.

We must furnish one specimen of the *tamper* of the man. Wolff visited the Jewish College at Constantinople:—

Rabbins.—We wish to hear of you words of wisdom.

Wolff.—You are disciples of the wise men, I shall therefore ask you questions. Of whom did the prophet Isaiah speak in the 53d chapter?

Rab.—(Looking at it)—This is too mysterious for us.

Wolff.—David, king and prophet in Israel, said—*The Lord said to my Lord*—who was the Lord of David?

Rab.—Jehovah was the Lord of David.

Wolff.—David speaks here of two Lords.

Rab.—We know not.

Wolff.—That Lord was the Messiah.

Rab.—How can the Messiah have been that Lord—the Messiah being the son of David, the branch of David?

Wolff.—But that branch was the Lord our righteousness.

Rab.—But the Messiah is still to come.

Wolff.—This is another question; but I tell you that the Messiah has already come.

Rab.—(In the greatest fury)—Are you a Jew?

Wolff.—A Jew!

Rab.—You are an apostate, your name shall be blotted out from the book of life; (and to this they added blasphemies.)

Mullah.—Hold your tongue this very moment, I command you, hold your tongue; the names of all the compilers of the Talmud are cursed for ever—and you have now betrayed your ignorance, in the presence of your disciples. And then I said—All ye children of Israel hear; Jesus of Nazareth is the very Christ—Jesus of Nazareth is the son of God. Then I went to the coffee-house, &c.

His discussions with the Mahometans are equally curious:—

Mullah.—Oh, Mullah Wolff, do you believe in the existence of the devil?

Wolff.—Yes.

Mullah.—Where is he?

Wolff.—In you.—A loud fit of laughter took place, and this answer came about in the town (Shiraz).

Mullah.—The gospel you have is corrupted.

Wolff.—Prove it.

Mullah.—Our prophet—the comfort and peace of God upon him—tells it us in the Koran.

Wolff.—The words of your Koran are no proof for me.

Mullah.—According to the Taurat (law of Moses) you must believe in Mahomet, for the Jews themselves tell us that he was mentioned by Moses, and that he is called in Hebrew mad-mad.

Wolff.—There is no such word in Hebrew as mad-mad. Mad is an English word, which occurs in the English bible—which is said of Nabal.

Mullah.—What do you believe Jesus Christ to have been?

Wolff.—The son of God.

Mullah.—God has no wife.

Wolff.—Abuse not my Saviour, and blaspheme not the Lord of Hosts. God, who created Adam by the power of his word, out of a piece of clay, was able likewise to overshadow, &c.

Mullah.—In this sense we might all be called sons of God, for we are all made by God.

Here is a specimen of mystical interpretation, which might very well be paralleled among ourselves:—

Wolff.—What do you think of Mahomet's journey to heaven?

Mussulman.—I do not believe it literally; but I believe that it indicates Mahomet's approach to truth.

Wolff asks the same person which is the true prophet—the one who acts by force, or the one who works by persuasion?

Mussulman.—One General takes a city by persuading the inhabitants to deliver the town—another takes it by force—both are generals. And thus Jesus, who gained the world by persuasion, and Mahomet who applied the sword, have been prophets.

Wolff asked a dervish, how it came about that Hafiz (poets are next to prophets *still* with the Persians) so much praised the wine of Shiraz, as it is a draught forbidden among Mussulmans.

Hafiz, said he, meant the mystical wine of truth. *Mei hakeket*, adds Wolff.

Upon some occasion Wolff was railing at the Koran, as being the most sensual book that ever was written.

Mussulman.—You must understand the meaning of the Koran in a mystical sense.

Wolff.—The Koran is a code of laws—therefore Mahomet understood every thing literally; and what mystery can be in the swelling breasts of girls, which are mentioned in the Koran?

It was well for the disputant, his opponent knew nothing of the canticles. Wolff, we suppose, trusted to his ignorance—or did he really forget?

We have no space for the extracts we had marked relative to Henry Martyn, who is not yet forgotten—the Guebres and Nestorians; and must conclude with the following effusion, which is worth reading on more accounts than one:—

The British and Foreign Bible Society, which has reached the highest degree of fame, is now nigh, *very nigh to her decline*, to teach the members who compose that society more humility, and more dependence upon God, than upon human patrons. *Papery will acquire more power in the world, and then utterly sink and fall before ten years are past; and then a purified church will rise. I write this down with my own hand, but the spirit of the Lord dictated the words. I beg my friends in England not to imagine that I was warm-headed at the time I wrote it down. I never was cooler than I am at this moment; but I argue from the whole history of the Bible Society, and from their *mistu fidei et phantasia*; and I am forced at this moment to*

write down what I feel—forced, I say, by an inward impulse. It is awful to see by what spirit some missionaries are animated, who have been sent out from Protestant societies; there remains among them a spirit of jealousy—of an unholy jealousy.

A Second Judgment of Babylon the Great. 2 vols. 12mo.; 1829.—This is a second judgment of the Great Babel, London—the focus of all that is great and bad. We forbear the use of the common antithesis—more from the difficulty of defining good, or rather the impossibility of finding a scale which all can use with the same result, than from any doubt of the existence of what we might be disposed to term good. The author's subject is Men and Things in the British Metropolis, and his point to shew up the perversions of English institutions, and the corruptions of town habits—exposing, in short, what must be allowed on all sides richly to deserve exposure. His general competence for the task, so far as this can be attainable by one person, a slight survey of the book—both this and the former—will satisfactorily prove; but the whole is manifestly beyond the grasp of any one-minded mortal. It is too much for one person to strip off disguises attending, for instance, the courts, common and equity—the hells—the theatres, and the Stock Exchange; yet even these ramiferous topics are lost in the multifarious matters he attempts to clutch. He must trust to reports, and then it is hear-say evidence, and no longer admissible.

The first judgment, which appeared but a few months ago, was limited to a survey of the two houses of Parliament, and their most conspicuous members, and to the state of the periodical press. Among the Parliamentary characters, some of which were very elaborately and successfully drawn—evidently from the life—none struck us equally with that of Brougham—it was quoted in all the daily papers, and must have been noticed by most persons. In a second edition, we observe, the author alludes to this character, as to a part of his book, with which, though others have expressed some satisfaction, he could never satisfy himself. Feeling, as we did, that the sketch was at once correct and forcible, and incomparably the best that ever was made on the subject, and the best *morceau* of the book, we give no credit to this dissatisfaction, and fancy the remark was made merely as a stalking horse for the following anecdote.

The author's attention was drawn to Brougham, more than twenty years ago, by a sort of prophecy, delivered by one who, like Brougham, had no rival when alive, and to whom there is yet no appearance of a successor—John Playfair, of Edinburgh. At this period, Brougham had not begun his public career; he was known to a few friends as a young man of very extraordinary and very versatile powers; but the world

had not heard much of him. The author called on Playfair one morning, and there lay upon the breakfast-table, the Transactions of the Royal Society, which the professor had been reading. Playfair, laying his hand upon the book, said, "there is an extraordinary paper here (as far as is remembered, it was on porisms or on loci), a paper that I did not expect. It is not like the writings of the present day at all. It puts one in mind of D'Alembert, or Euler, or a man of that calibre. It is by a *callan* of the name of Brougham—I remember him—he was very inquisitive—Edinburgh will not be big enough for holding him yet. He must go to London, and turn politician, there is no room for him in any thing else. Whoever lives to see it, that *callan* will make a figure in the world."

Some misapprehension or mis-statement there must be. The paper related, it seems, to an abstract subject, and the professor is made to jump to—what conclusion? That he must go to London and turn politician. The logic of this, and of course the sagacity, which is indeed the same thing, is quite unintelligible. The conclusion does not at all bind up with the premises; and the writer, who is a sharp fellow enough, would himself, in any other case, have detected the essential absurdity of the tale. The venerable professor must have perpetrated a pun upon *loci*; and Brougham is probably now within sight of a very good one.

This second judgment is of the same style with the first, but employed generally on more important, at least more permanent subjects—more which come home to the experience and annoyance of more individuals. The first volume is occupied with the Chancery Courts—the Common Courts—Banking—the Exchange—Hells—Theatres, on all the more obvious evils of which, and some will be thought apocryphal, he touches with a light but effective pencil. The absurd and the ludicrous is his chief aim, though the mockery is occasionally bitter. Accuracy, of course, must sometimes be sacrificed to effect. The second volume finds abundant materials in the observance of a London Sunday—charities—Jews—the buildings—streets—and lastly the legal iniquities—the production, that is, of bad laws—bad administration—and bad execution, in all which the author shews a learned spirit in the dealings of infamy—too minute almost to be honestly come by. Among the subjects most effectively exposed are Chancery suits, and special pleadings, but the first we have ourselves often anatomised, and for the last, we have at present no space, or we should willingly extract. The hells and the charities, are two capital chapters.

What is Luxury?—with a Manipulus of Etymological and other Nugæ, by a Lay Observer; 1829.—For those who can at all bear themselves from the tumult of a

town life—from the seductions of gain—the contentions of ambition, and professional distinction—the emulations of finery and ostentation, and the idle pursuit of splendid acquaintance—who can bear for a moment to be alone, abstracted from all absorbing agitations, in the retreats of privacy—this is a soothing and delightful little book. It is the production of an amiable, and in these respects, we would fain believe, an enlightened person—with a mind cultivated by self-examination rather than by conflicting with others—finding enjoyment, not in topics of transient interest, but of permanent value—the aims and ends of life, and the means of attaining its best felicities—seeking in literature for the results of long and patient thinking, not the mere sparklings of conceit—calculated only to surprise and extort applause, rather than excite admiration or respect. Luxury—the question proposed—is described mainly by negatives; but so far as any thing positive is enforced, a confident dependence in a moral providence is the main spring—a conviction, that is, that evil produces evil, in one shape or other, to those who practise it; and that good produces good. Next to this principle, which at once restrains and impels—the writer insists upon moderate views, retirements, avoidance of display, and whatever the native emotions of the individual do not demand, which excludes at a sweep the artificial. The example of the Quakers is held up as the brightest object of imitation; and we must think—from some little experience of our own—very injudiciously. Surely the writer would himself think the same, if he reflected upon *Mincing-lane*—that is, if he ever heard of such a place; but, generally, Quakers are thorough money-makers, and Solomon long ago told us what sticks between buying and selling. They have good qualities, as a body—they are persevering, quiet, and abstain from gross offences—and these are good points of emulation for those who want such examples; but there is among them abundance of arrogance, under the shows of humility. They have been flattered by silly, but well-meaning people, into a belief of superiority; till they fancy it universal, and put on with the same ease as their dresses. We have observed a sort of amazement flashing across them, at the remotest hint implying a possibility that others of less seeming than themselves, may be equally virtuous and humane. A little attendance on 'charity' meetings, where the passion for distinction is remarkably apparent, might usefully dispel something of a very common delusion respecting Quakers.

Among the smaller scraps are some sound remarks upon several subjects, especially relative to the principle on which lives are written, that is, of suppressing or colouring whatever is unfavourable to the hero—upon Gibbon, and his obscurities and detestable affectations—upon vulgar errors, and particularly, that which supposes a man justified

by the acceptance of reward or recompence in assisting another to make an unjust or resist a just claim—directed mainly against the lawyers, which, if they were in any degree corrigible, they would do well, perhaps, to attend to.

The publisher announces, we observe, that he *has* paid, by desire of the author, the whole sum, agreed upon between them as the price of the copy-right of this work, to Messrs. Fry, for the use of the Guardian Society, of which they are *Treasurers*! (Treasurers, indeed! What amount of this and other charities was in their hands at the bankruptcy?) We must characterise this announcement, as it deserves—a humbug. What was the sum? We have little confidence, that a book of this kind will pay its own expences—and still less that a publisher would purchase.

The Beauties of St. Francis de Sales, selected from the Writings of John P. Camus, Bishop de Bellay; 1829.—Of the writings of either Camus, or St. Francis, we ourselves know nothing—those of Camus, a French bishop—Dr. Dibdin has probably seen the title pages—consist it seems, of theology, morals, mysteries, &c. composed, according to the translator, with wonderful facility; but with too much rapidity for elegance, and in a very metaphorical style. One piece entitled "The Monks," in which he handled the monastic fraternities with some severity—another, or others, to counteract the taste for romances prevalent in his day (1582-1652). In painting scenes of gallantry, "which is expressly forbidden by St. Paul," he employed colours which excited contempt and disgust, so that the charms of fiction led the reader to the greater charms of truth. But above all, the work which he contemplated with most delight was one in which he professed to "lay open the heart and understanding of his pious and highly-gifted friend St. Francis de Sales."

The little volume before us is, it appears, a selection from this work; and among numerous puerilities and credulities, contains some remarks of a sharp and shrewd cast, with many prompt and happy replies—enough to excite a desire to learn a little more of the saint. He has evidently—though large rebatements must be made for blind admiration on the part of his friend—a very clever fellow; and, moreover, honest, direct, and above-board, and disposed to treat with contempt very many matters which his co-religionists regarded with reverence. They must have been a little shocked now and then. Camus is a perfect worshipper, and plays to admiration the part which Boswell afterwards played to Johnson.

St. Francis himself was more distinguished for piety, activity, and zeal, than for scribbling; though some of his productions, it seems, particularly "The Introduction to a Life of Piety," called *Philoshée*, and ano-

ther on the "Love of God," called Theotime, have been admired by "clergy and laity," in all "ranks and ages." He was the founder of a religious institution, called the "Annunciation of the blessed Virgin," and for which, probably, he was mainly indebted for his canonization. This institution was destined to benefit the church, by affording a safe retreat to such as from age, infirmity, widowhood, or poverty, could not gain admittance into other convents. He proposed no hardships, or extraordinary severities, concluding, that the subjection of the will and the passions was of more importance than corporal austerities. Originally, it had been a part of his plan, which eventually he was induced to abandon, to exact very simple vows, and to enjoin on the members, after the year of noviciate, the duty of visiting and consoling rich and poor. In a wealthy lady, the grandmother of Madame de Sévigné, he found a patroness to start his favourite plan in 1610; and such is the passion for imitating matters of this kind, that, by the year 1666, one hundred and thirty of these religious houses were established in different parts of Europe.

St. Francis was the son of a Savoyard nobleman, lord of Sales, and so early distinguished for piety, that, according to a very barren sketch of his life before us, the first words he uttered were, "God and my mother love me." But without detailing any nonsense, we need only remark, that being exceedingly well connected on all sides—with a decided leaning to the ecclesiastical profession—he very early succeeded to excellent appointments. He was bishop and prince of Geneva; and residing at Annecy, diligently engaged in the discharge of his episcopal functions. Employed, moreover, on several occasions by the courts of Savoy and France, he came in contact with the most eminent individuals; and ladies of distinction, in abundance, with a sort of fashion and passion, placed themselves under his spiritual guidance. He died at Avignon, after great exertions, on the day of his death, in the 56th year of his age, in 1622.

We furnish the reader with a specimen or two from Camus's collections.

Recommending gentleness in reproof, he tells Camus—

You know that on a good salad, there should be more oil than vinegar or salt. Be always as mild as you can—a spoonful of honey attracts more flies than a barrel of vinegar. Truth, uttered with courtesy, is heaping coals of fire on the head; or throwing roses in the face. How can we resist a foe whose weapons are pearls and diamonds? Some fruits, like nuts, are by nature bitter, but rendered sweet by being candied with sugar, &c.

Speaking of *professions* of humility, he observed—

They are the very cream, the very essence of pride. Humility is timorous, and starts at her own shadow, and so delicate, that if she hears her name pronounced, it endangers her existence. He who blames himself, takes a by-road to

praise; and like a rower, turns his back to the place whither he desires to go.

Submission, he once remarked to his friend—

Submission to a superior is justice rather than humility, for reason requires that we should recognise him as such. Submission to an equal is friendship, civility, or good breeding; but submission to an inferior is genuine humility, for this makes us feel our own nothingness, and places us in our own estimation below the whole world.

This was eminently St. Francis's virtue.

He submitted himself (says Camus, with a wondering admiration) in many things to his valet, as if he had been servant instead of master; and if study or business obliged him to sit up late at night, he used to dismiss him, lest he should be fatigued. He one morning rose unusually early, and called his servant to come and dress him. The man was too fast asleep to hear the call, and St. Francis contrived to dress himself, and quietly set down to write. At his usual hour the servant rose, and finding his master dressed, inquired who had assisted him. "I dressed myself," replied the good-humoured prelate, "did you think I could not do so?" In a surly tone the man asked if he could not have taken the trouble to call him. "I do assure you, my good friend, I did call you, and then concluding you were not in the dressing-room, I went to seek you; but there you were sleeping so pleasantly, that I had not the heart to disturb you." "You are very pleasant indeed," murmured the valet, "to make game of me thus." "I assure you," meekly expostulated St. Francis, "that far from making game, I rejoiced that you were so comfortable; but set your heart at rest; I promise, in future, to call till you are awakened, and I will take care not again to dress without your assistance."

"How must I love God with all my heart?" inquired Camus—

"The best, and the easiest, and the shortest way to love God with all your heart, is—to love him with all your heart;" and when urged to be more explicit, he observed, "we learn to study by studying, to speak by speaking, to run by running, to walk by walking, and so in the same manner we learn to love God and our neighbour by loving, and those who take any other method, deceive themselves."

St. Francis was urging his friend to be more indifferent to the world's censures—

The principal of a college, he told him, by way of illustration, placed the great clock under the care of an idle man, to whom he thought the occupation would be an amusement, but having tried, he declared that he had never found any act of obedience so tiresome or difficult. "Why," said the principal, "you have only to wind it up regularly." "Oh no, not that, but I am tormented on every side." "How so?" demanded the principal. "Why," said the poor man, "when the clock loses a little, those who are labouring in the college complain; and when, to satisfy them, I advance it a little, those who are in the town come and abuse me because the clock gains. If to please them, I retard it again, complaints are renewed on the other side. I am bewildered with their murmurs, for my head is like the bell against

which the clock strikes—I am attacked on all sides." The principal consoled him with this advice, "Keep to true time—give gentle and obliging words, and all parties will be satisfied."

St. Francis's application of his little tale involves an admirable hint for reviewers.

Some ladies of rank, at Paris, came to visit St. Francis, just after he had been preaching. Every one had some difficulty. They all assailed him at once with different interrogatories. "I would willingly reply to all your questions, provided you will answer one I wish to propose—In a society where all talk and none listen, pray what is said?"

Here is a morsel for Dugald Stewart himself—

"Reason," says he, "is not deceitful, but reasoning is." After due attention to the arguments of those who were conversing with him, he would say, "These, I perceive, are your reasons, but do you perceive that all your reasons are not reasonable?" "This," said some one, "is accusing heat of not being hot." "No," says he, "reason and reasoning are things widely different—reasoning is the road that leads to reason," &c.

On some occasion something reminded him of a woman remarkable for her waywardness, and constant opposition to the wishes of her husband—

"She was drowned," said he, "in a river. On hearing of it, her husband desired the river should be dragged, in search of the body—go against the current of the stream," says he, "for we have no reason to suppose that she should have lost her spirit of contradiction."

"Nothing sh ould be done," said St. Francis, "for the paltry love of praise—and no duty left undone from the fear of applause. It is a weak head that is overcome by the perfume of roses."

Some one in the Saint's presence was ridiculing a hump-backed person—"All the works of God are perfect," observed St. Francis. "How perfect?" said the satirist; "the figure I speak of is evidently imperfect." "Well," replied he, assuming a lively tone—"may there not be perfect hump-backed people, as well as people of perfect symmetry?"

"Virtuous habits," he would say, "are not destroyed by one bad action; you cannot call a man intemperate, who, once in his life, is intoxicated."

"I do not know," said St. Francis, "how that poor virtue, prudence, has offended me, but I cannot cordially like it—I care for it by necessity, as being the salt and lamp of life. The beauty of simplicity charms me—I would give a hundred serpents for one dove."

The conversation turned one day on a person who sought the reputation of being a man of deep understanding, by the practice of great silence. "Well then," said he, "he has discovered the secret of purchasing celebrity with very little expense." After a pause, he continued—"Nothing so much resembles a man of sense, as a silent fool."

Experience, 4 vols., 12mo.; 1828.—This

comes from Mr. Newman's manufactory—the once memorable *Minerva* press—a house which supplies inferior libraries with inferior novels—sometimes, perhaps, only because a more fashionable publisher is not come-at-able—to inferior classes of readers, tradesmen's daughters, and milliners' girls, if, poor souls, the latter we mean, they can steal an hour to glance at them. In the height of our dignity we might be expected to survey them with the supercilious scorn of our contemporaries, but not being habitually governed by names and precedents, and blest, or cursed, with some little curiosity—we turned over the pages of *Experience*, and if not very profoundly struck, or very greatly instructed, or very intensely interested, we were at least well pleased to find—what is surely no unimportant improvement—indications of considerable ability, an easy command of good language, vigorous sentences, and even sentiments—no straining and wrenching—a distinct, though a complicated narrative, and more than usual facility in the conduct of conversation-scenes—many of much higher pretensions would shrink from the comparison.

Still we do not feel ourselves warranted in any attempt to elevate it to the first class of novels—to such as are written by men and women familiar with the business of life, and the manners—the habits—the tone—the sentiment—the whatever distinguishes the cultivated from the unreclaimed regions of modern society. For the truth of it is, the story and style of development has little to do with real life; and is, indeed, very obviously the production of a reader, and not of an observer—comparatively, of course we mean—of some accomplished governess, perchance, very capable of comprehending and even estimating refinement, but denied, by position, the attainment of more than a glance, to vivify occasionally her not very useful readings.

The title of *Experience* is expressive of the religious and moral benefits of adversity—the advantages of change of circumstances. The scene is almost wholly confined to one noble family. The earl is very stiff and stately and important, the countess extremely well-behaved, but even with the earl distant, and never more than courteous. They have several children—one son, merely a worthless and insignificant profligate, and not likely to live, and a daughter, a very haughty young lady, with a toadying attendant and a vulgar servant for her confidantes, and full of malignity, jealousy, and all uncharitableness. In the family, in a very equivocal position, is a young girl of seventeen, sometimes in the school-room with the governess, sometimes in the working-room under the dominion of the favoured servant, apparently, and, generally, dull and spiritless, but giving, occasionally, indications she is not what she seems. Among the visitors is a nephew, a very brilliant youth, who

detects the young lady in her rags, and concealments—is shocked at the treatment she meets with—falls desperately in love with her, and resolves to effect her rescue, and bring her forward into the scenes which she is so manifestly capable of adorning.

Approaching his uncle and aunt for this purpose, he meets with nothing but discouragement, but the young lady herself, at last, effectively co-operates, and when called upon, stoutly asserts her claims to equality with her protectors, and even a superiority of rank. By degrees it appears she is the daughter of the earl's sister, who had been married to a Spanish Hidalgo—a Catholic of course. The earl, to justify his desire of keeping her in the back-ground, assures his nephew, her birth was illegitimate, the marriage was sanctioned only by Catholic rites. Confiding in the young lady's declarations, he distrusts, and still more, when he learns that large estates are connected with the subject. These estates the earl holds, solely on the ground of her illegitimacy. Though still insisting on the prudence and propriety of his conduct relative to his niece, he is finally forced to introduce her into company, where her very brilliant accomplishments speedily outshine, and even throw into the shade every other—even the earl's eldest daughter, whom he had intended to marry to his nephew. But the Spanish beauty is irresistible, and the nephew, quickly throwing off his uncle's authority, precipitately marries Georgette, and institutes a lawsuit for the recovery of her estates. The difficulty is to substantiate the legal marriage. Her father was dead, and her mother had withdrawn to a convent, nobody knew whither, but her confessor. Inquiries are set on foot on all sides, and ruinous expence is incurred in lawyers.

In the meanwhile the young people thoughtlessly dash into display and dissipation, and are soon involved in difficulties; the lawyers too for ever want feeling; and retirement to the continent is indispensable. Disappointed, harassed, annoyed, debts on one side, lawyers on the other, excluded from the brilliant society he had so long figured in, banished, almost disgraced and disowned, he plunges into profligate courses; and she takes to the consolations of religion, and by controlling her own haughty spirit, and conciliating his wayward one, she more than once brings back her offending husband to a sense of her wrongs and her merits. On one of these returning fits of domestic repentance, they set out themselves to discover the retreat of her mother; and first go to Italy, where inflicting more trials upon his excellent wife, he again repents, and then they proceed to Spain. Here she is well received by her father's family—they even offer to restore her to splendour, if she will become Catholic, and renounce her husband. This of course she refuses—the husband resents—and by virtue of Spanish

revenge, gets thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition, from which he is finally, but with difficulty, rescued, by his wife's forcing her way into court, and actually softening the iron hearts of the inquisitors themselves. Quitting these dungeons, and hastening to escape from so detestable a country, they learn, by the oddest accident in the world, where her mother is. She is herself the abbess of a convent—an interview is accomplished—the important proofs of legitimacy are furnished, and they fly back to London; where they find the magnificent earl brought down and humbled by afflictions—the loss of court favour—the *crim. con.* of his daughter, and the death of his male children. The sobered tempers of his nephew and niece, softened the new blow to him, and reconcile him to himself. To the nephew fall a marquise, and another splendid property—and “no longer impetuous, rash, generous [?] and changeable, the chastened marquis of thirty-two is as superior to the youth of twenty-two, as religion and experience, must tend to make a man of sense and principle.”

Restalrig, or the Forfeiture, 2 vols. 12mo.; 1829.—This must of course be termed an historical novel; but it is historical, only so far as historical characters are occasionally, or rather forcibly, introduced, for they are none of them necessary to the structure and development of the story, and we should therefore undoubtedly have assigned their introduction to poverty of inventive power, had not the author assured us his object was to contribute his mite to the filling up of our knowledge relative to the first years of James's English reign. The author has before written, it seems, the story of the Gowrie conspiracy, from which the present tale is made to grow. The hero of the piece is Walter Logan, the young Laird of Restalrig, who in the previous story had rescued, by his activity, the two remaining sons of the Countess of Gowrie; and after spending six years abroad, returned to Scotland, just in time to learn that his estates had been forfeited by the trial and conviction of his *dead* father, actually brought into court three years after burial, on a charge of being implicated in the Gowrie conspiracy. To efface impressions of this matter unfavourable to James, the charge was got up by the grossest subornation. Some *unseen* person, the agent of Lord Dunvere, who was himself the agent of James, seduced the confidential man of business of old Restalrig, to forge letters in his late employer's name, and confess himself an associate, under the promise of a pardon on the scaffold. To complete the treachery of the business, the miserable tool was betrayed, and the law was suffered to take its course—to make all sure. The unseen person proves to be a Lord Algerton, a wretchedly deformed and diminutive person, whose deformities had bent and crooked his soul into still worse obliquities. He had been sup-

planted by a brother, and robbed of both title and estate; but what interest he had in Restalrig's forfeiture is no where made out. For any thing that appears, the act was perfectly gratuitous on his part;—perhaps the author considered this the best possible illustration of consummate malignity. But the fault of the whole story is want of skilful complication. It no where moves along easy; and the springs of action are continually inadequate, or over adequate.

Left thus destitute by the result of this iniquitous proceeding, Logan has but one friend, Sir Robert Carey, a favourite in James's court, and the friend of his father, and uncle and guardian to a young heiress, to whom he had been betrothed from his childhood, but whom he had scarcely seen, and had no thoughts, particularly after his father's death, of marrying. Now, too, he was a beggar, and too high spirited to be indebted for subsistence to a wife. Sir Robert, a very careful person, knew nothing of this determination of the young man, and would willingly have kept him at a distance; but, as ill luck would have it, the queen, who delighted in opposing the king, and patronizing his enemies, or those he considered such, had insisted upon his being brought up to town, and commissioned this very Sir Robert to take all possible care of him. This was a delicate business altogether, for James, of course, could not wish to hear any thing of Restalrig; and the niece—she must be kept out of sight—who, on her part, being a damsel of spirit, resolved to see the youth, whom she regarded inviolably as her husband. To London the hero comes, and was received with all due courtesy by the old courtier, and mysteriously conducted—for what purpose heaven knows, except to listen to an insignificant dialogue between Sir Walter Raleigh and the young prince Henry—through the prisons of the Tower, and safely lodged for the night. The queen, too, was as mysterious as she was perverse, and would needs see young Restalrig at a masque, to which also Sir Robert's niece was invited, and knowing all about the connection, (as what do kings and queens not know?) she contrived an interview between them, and for lack of a little previous concert, produced a very awkward result. Without knowing her person, however, Restalrig falls desperately in love with his own betrothed.

Before eclaireissement takes place, Carr, the king's near favourite, discovers the secret of Restalrig's presence, and immediately acquaints the queen he is in possession of it. Dreading the king's wrath, she finds it necessary to despatch Restalrig forthwith out of the country. He is accordingly furnished with letters of recommendation from the young prince and his mother, to Sully, the king of France's minister. Within a few miles of Paris, he encounters the king, engaged in an act of gallantry, and exposed to some danger, from which he rescues him, M.M. New Series.—VOL. VII. No. 40.

and for which he is eventually presented with a commission in his Guards, and becomes something of a favourite.

In the meanwhile, Sir Robert's niece, being now of age, and in a state almost of despair, resolves to go to Scotland, and sigh upon her own domains—taking with her as her companion, a cousin, whom she considered to be in some peril from the profligate attentions of Lord Algerton. They accordingly set out together, but before the first day's journey was completed, this Lord overtakes them, and claims the cousin as his bride, and she is thus left to finish her journey alone. That very night, by the treachery of some attendant, she is induced to accept of accommodation at a distance from the road side, where she is exposed to the most imminent peril—it being the purpose of those who betrayed her to throw down the building, and bury her and her suite in the ruins. Lord Algerton is at the bottom of this, or rather his deformed and supplanted brother; but, apparently from such change of purpose on the part of hunch-back, who falls in love with the lady, she is rescued from the impending stroke, and carried off to France. Under the ruins, however, she is supposed to be buried, and Lord Algerton, in right of his wife, who was next heir, takes possession of her estate. In France, the dwarf harasses the lady with his addresses; but, presently, without knowing why, or wherefore, we find him at his brother's—openly, at dinner, where a party were assembled, mocking and taunting, till at length, the insulted brother making a lounge at him, he is compelled, apparently, to stick his own dagger into him, and then make his escape. This he attempts—but stepping into a crazy boat, he is overtaken by a storm, and drowned—and disappointed of his full revenge. In the meanwhile, the lady and Restalrig, being both in France, of course, by some odd chance or other, come together, and of course also come to an understanding. Restalrig's forfeiture is reversed, and the lady recovers her estates—and they are of course as happy as the day is long.

The writer's acquaintance with the times, is correct and close;—but really the story is a dull piece of business, and stuffed with improbabilities; and is as heavy and laborious as a piece of grave history.—Defend us from too much of this!

Letters from the Ægean, by J. Emerson; 2 vols., 1829.—These letters do not, as any one would have expected, from the title and the author, in the least concern the Greek revolution, but are confined mainly to a description of places and scenery, and travelling incidents, with here and there something of a story made to look as like a novel as possible, interfused—one of them excepted, relative to a victim of the Scio massacre—not at all worth the telling. The letters, which are in fact nothing but the siftings

and sweepings of his warehouse, assume the form of a tour from Sunium to Smyrna—from Smyrna to Laodicia and three other of the "Seven Churches," and back again to Smyrna; thence, down the Ægean, by Scio, Patmos, Cos, to the northward of Rhodes, back again by the south of it, and then onward to Naxos, Delos, &c. till it terminates at Milo. Not that this tour was actually taken by him or any of the contributors—for the book is a sort of pic-nic concern—the information was collected at different times, and on several excursions on the shores and islands of the Ægean, partly by himself, and partly by Messrs. Scoles, Tennent and Thomson, and Co.; but then for every thing, of which he was not himself an eye-witness, he can depend on the accuracy of his friends—his own experience, besides, on numerous occasions, being so completely confirmatory, he safely undertakes to stand sponsor for the rest. A considerable part has already appeared in the *New Monthly*, and might, for any thing we can see, as well have quietly remained there: for really the book, though not on the whole disagreeable, contributes little or nothing to the information which already abounds with respect to the scenes he describes. Still we are far from adverse to the multiplying of books of travels, for it is only by the reports of numbers that any adequate conception can be gained of foreign places and manners. Two men will never see the same thing in the same aspect, and thus the receiver of the reports, by getting two distinct views, will know more than if he had only one—he may see *both* sides of the shield. It may be sometimes a puzzle to know which of them, in any conflictings, gives the most faithful account, but, luckily, the fool leaves his own ineffacable marks, and the intelligent and attentive reader will generally come to the safer conclusion—will perhaps gain a more complete conception than either of the reporters, or even than which his own eyes would have given him.

Mr. Emerson is, the reader will find, a great deal too fine for the occasion—his elaborate phrases and poetical prose only shew he is thinking more of the manner than the matter, and tempt a suspicion that he is as often giving a fancy picture, as drawing from nature. Take a specimen on his setting out from Sunium:—

I had seen nearly all the temples now remaining in Greece, but none, *not even Athens itself*, is calculated to produce such vivid emotions as that of Sunium. The greater number of these are seated in frequented spots, and surrounded by the bustle of the crowd; Sunium stands alone, its crumbling columns look but on the blue hills of Attica, or the azure billows of the Ægean: all is solitude around it, save the whirl of the sea-bird towards its summit, or the waving of the olive-groves at its base, and the only sound that wakes its silence is the sigh of the summer wind, or the murmur of the waves that roll into the time-worn caves beneath it.

This must surely have been borrowed from Mrs. Radcliffe—the reader will see the confusion between the temple and the promontory, and so would the writer, if he had not been so absorbed in smoothing his phrases. We must quote another morcean, which will, otherwise, perhaps be overlooked, to the serious annoyance of the artist. It is only the sun again:—

The dawn of morning at sea is perhaps the most sublime sight in nature: sunset on land is more reposing and lovely, but sunrise on the ocean is grandeur itself. At evening, he sinks languishing behind the distant hills, blushing in rosy tints at his declining weakness; (poor old fellow!) at morn, he rises all fresh and glowing (dripping!) from the deep, not in softened beauty but in dazzling splendour. With the weary pace of age, he glides, at eve, from peak to peak, and sinks from hill to hill; at morn, he bursts at once across the threshold (beautiful!) of the ocean with the firm and conscious step of a warrior. His decline conveys the idea of fading brightness, his rise the swelling effulgence of mounting and resistless light. *Risum teneatis?*

Now and then this love of finery precipitates him into a regular blunder. When at Smyrna:—

We went (says he) to see the site of the Temple of Homer, and the Baths of Diana, near the river Meles, which flows to the north-east of the city. *Nothing remains of either save the echo of a distant tradition*, whilst the ruins of her (Diana's) aqueduct, the mouldering and almost illegible inscriptions of her sepulchres, and the vestiges of her paved highway to Ephesus, afford but vague testimonies of the extent and importance of Smyrna.

Oh, the aqueduct and the sepulchres are Smyrna's—we took them for Diana's! He proceeds with his account of the city.

In fact, of the ancient city nothing now exists: the modern town is supposed to occupy its site, but the opinions of almost all its antiquaries are at variance. Frequent earthquakes and conflagrations, and the invasions of time and its enemies, have so often reduced the city to ruins, that eight or nine periods of its being rebuilt are on record; whilst from each successive menace of annihilation, the beauty of its situation, and its importance to commerce, have protected it.

From the effects of such vicissitudes it may naturally be concluded that the appearance of Smyrna is as incongruous as her annals. The remnants of all ages are strewn around her: a castle of the middle empire crowns a hill which looks down upon the aqueducts and amphitheatre, relics of more remote and flourishing epochs, while at its base the modern city is a mass of all architectures and all ages, built as the varying taste of every period and of every nation prompted; nothing is harmonious; antiquity and modernism are blended in every quarter, whilst its muddy, narrow streets are traversed by a population as varied as the differences of costume, language, manners, and country can render them.

In another part of the volume he gives the results of his inquiries—his personal or vicarious survey—of the seven churches:

but of these the account does not differ from Arundel's, lately noticed by us, except that it supplies an omission of Mr. Arundel's—the state of the church of Smyrna—which we shall, therefore, quote. The reader must take it mixed up with the author's own verbiage:—

To Smyrna the message of St. John conveys at once a striking instance of the theory I am illustrating, and a powerful lesson to those who would support the shrine of Omnipotence by the arm of impotency, and fancy they can soothe the erring soul by the balm of persecution, and correct its delusions by the persuasions of intolerance. To this church is foretold the approach of tribulation, and poverty, and suffering, and imprisonment; whilst the consequence of their endurance is to add permanency to their faith, and to reward their triumphs with the crown of immortality. Since the first establishment of Christianity at Smyrna, from the murder of Polycarp, down to the massacre of the Grecian Patriarch, and the persecutions of to-day, the history of Smyrna presents but one continued tale of bloodshed and religious barbarity; the sabre of the Ottoman promptly succeeding to the glaive of the Roman, in firm, but bootless attempts, to overthrow the faith of "the Nazarene;" but centuries of oppression have rolled over her in vain, and at this moment, with a Christian population of fourteen thousand inhabitants, Smyrna still exists, not only as the chief hold of Christianity in the East, but the head-quarters from whence the successors of the Apostles, in imitation of their exertions, are daily replanting in Asia those seeds of Christianity which they were the first to disseminate, but which have long since perished during the winter of oppression and barbarism.

This fact is the more remarkable, since Smyrna is the only community to which persecution has been foretold, though to others a political existence has been promised. It would seem, however, that in *their* case, ease and tranquillity had produced apathy and decay; whilst, like the humble plant which rises most luxuriantly towards heaven the more closely it is pressed and trodden on, the church of Smyrna, in common with the persecuted tribes of every age and of every clime, has gained strength from each attack of its opposers, and triumphs to-day in its rising splendour, whilst the sun of its oppressors is quickly gliding from twilight to oblivion.

Nothing in these regions is more wanted than a distinct account of the actual state of each of the more celebrated islands. Mr.

Emerson furnishes very little, though visiting several of them—except in the case of Delos, which is now a desert, though that we do not learn from him. His description of the relics in this once-renowned spot is among the most valuable parts of the book. Gyarus—*aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, et carcere dignum*—is now a complete waste.

When at Paros, he endeavoured, he says, to collect some particulars from his companions, *one of them an intelligent priest*, about that quarter of the island in which the celebrated Arundelian marbles professed to have been found (the *professors*, it may be supposed, were the finders), but none of them had ever heard of the *name*. Did the author then inquire for the *Arundelian* marbles? The ignorance, or non-intelligence of this priest seems to warrant Mr. Emerson in adopting the doubts that have been entertained of their authenticity—of which, the general terms he uses, with respect to them, shews manifestly he knows nothing.

The author occasionally ventures upon a bit of criticism, especially to illustrate the scriptures. One particularly struck us—speaking of the cisterns, or reservoirs, or tanks, so common in the neighbourhood of towns in the east, he is reminded of the Samaritan woman and Jacob's well. In the story two words are used, *πηγάς* and *πύρς*, both translated *well*. The author insists, truly enough, perhaps, that the first is a tank; and the latter a spring; but what is his conclusion?

The import of the passage therefore is, that the woman of Samaria stood by the *cistern* of Jacob, and hesitated to give Jesus to drink of the stagnant water collected within it, whilst he, had she known to ask it, could have given unto her to drink of the fresh *fountain* that springeth up into endless life.

"I may be mistaken in this interpretation"—he modestly adds—"but," &c.—

Stamboul or Constantinople, it has been often pointed out, is a corruption of "*εις την πολιν*." In like manner, Izmir, the Turkish name for Smyrna, is a corruption of "*εις την Σμυρναν*."—Negropont, "*εις την Εβρεπο*" (which the Greeks pronounce *Evrupo*), and Stanco is "*εις την Κου*."

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Real Toadstones.—The discovery of toads in secondary rocks, is often announced in public journals. A very particular account was published in the newspapers, of one found at Lockport, United States, while they were cutting the Erie canal bed in the geodiferous lime rock. Professor Amos Eaton, of New York, collected all the facts in his power, and examined the rock from which it was taken. The evidence would have been sufficient to establish, he states,

any ordinary fact. But there seemed to be so many ways for illiterate labourers to deceive themselves, that he took no further notice of the report. He has, however, since received an account of a large dark brown toad being found in a rock of mill-stone grit, near Whitesborough, "which I cannot," he says, "hesitate to believe. While laying the cellar wall of the house of one of the representatives in the legislature of this state (New York) two respectable masons,

entitled to the highest confidence, whom he examined personally, had occasion to split a large stone from the quarry which he calls the millstone grit. It was perfectly close-grained and compact. On opening it they discovered a black or dark brown spherical mass, about three inches in diameter, in a cavity which it filled. On examining it particularly, they found it to be a toad, much larger than the common species, and of a darker colour. It was perfectly stupid. It was laid upon a stone, and soon began to give signs of life. In a few hours it would hop moderately on being disturbed. They saw it in the yard moving about moderately for several days; but it was not watched by them any further, and no one observed its ulterior movements. They laid one half of the stone in the wall, so that the cavity may still be seen. The millstone grit in which this stone was found, is the oldest of the secondary rocks. It must have been formed many centuries before the deluge. Was this toad more than 4,000 years old? or was it from an egg introduced through a minute and undiscovered cleavage into this cavity, a geode made precisely to fit the size and form of a toad? I was particular in my inquiry, and learned from them, that the whole stone was perfectly compact, without any open cleavage which would admit an egg. Beside, it is well known that the millstone grit is neither porous nor geodiferous. If this rock stratum was deposited upon the toad, it must have been in aqueous, not in igneous solution, and the toad must have been full grown at the time. Toads are often found in compact hard gravely diluvial deposits, in situations which demonstrate that they must have lived from the time of the deluge. I think I am warranted in saying this," adds the Professor, "without citing authorities, as it is a common occurrence. Then why may they not have lived a few centuries longer, if we admit them a life of at least 3,000 years?"

New Picture, by David.—Two distinguished French painters, M.M. Carle and Horace Vernet, have discovered at a small village called Eza, situated two leagues from Nice, and near the great road to Genoa, a hitherto unknown picture, representing the baptism of our Saviour, by the celebrated David. Unfortunately it is in a most ruinous condition, and lying on the pavement. David and a companion were proceeding to Rome, and were surprised by a tempest at Eza during the time the church was being erected. Being detained three days in the house of the curate of this village, as an acknowledgment of the hospitality he received, the artist promised to execute a painting for the church. The promise was fulfilled, but rendered nugatory by the carelessness of those for whom it was performed.

Discovery of Coal near Leicester.—A report was made in September 1827, by Mr. Francis Forster, mineral surveyor, on the probable existence of coal in the vicinity of

Leicester, arising from the supposed extension of the Ashby coal measures, under the new red sand-stone formation, from Ibstock near Ashby, by way of Bagworth, Dorford, Kirby, Muxton, and Glenfield, towards Birstall, thus passing within about two miles of Leicester. The opinions expressed in this report have since been confirmed, in great measure, by the discovery of a seam of coal, by boring near Bagworth.

Height of the principal Buildings in Europe.—A discussion having arisen on the Continent respecting the height of the cathedral of Anvers, compared with that of St. Peter's at Rome, the following are the results of the inquiry, expressed in English feet:—

The highest pyramid of Egypt	479,27
The Cathedral of Anvers	472,66
The Cathedral of Strasburgh	466,27
The spire of St. Stephen's church, Vienna	452,95
The spire of St. Martin's church, Landshut	449,75
The cupola of St. Peter's, Rome ..	433,76
Spire of St. Michaels, Hamburg ..	428,43
Spire of St. Peter's, Rome	391,13
Cathedral of St. Paul, London	361,02
Cathedral of Ulm	359,16
Cathedral of Milan	358,09
Towers degli Asinelli at Bologna ..	351,07
Dome of the Invalides, Paris	344,66
Cathedral of Magdeburg	333,58
Cupola of the Pantheon, Paris	259,03
Balustrade of Notre Dame	216,67

Massive Crystals.—In the vicinity of Paradise River, a few miles from Bridgetown, in Nova Scotia, gigantic crystals of smoky quartz, or the cairngorm stone of Scotland, are found among the masses of sienite, or imbedded in the alluvion which forms the banks of the Annapolis River. Of those most extraordinary for size, was one found several years ago on the estate of Mr. Langley, which, from his description, weighed more than 120 pounds. Another from the same place weighs 30 pounds. It is covered externally by a thin incrustation of common quartz, and presents within the richest gradation of shades, from light topaz, or straw yellow, through clove brown into a dark almost opaque smoky colour. Clove brown is the predominating colour, or characterises the greater part of the crystal. It is rendered doubly interesting by the long and slender prismatic crystals of black schorl which traverse its surface, and even penetrate or shoot into its solid substance, to the depth of three or four inches. This crystal measures in extreme length 19 inches. It is twelve inches in diameter at the base, and its six lateral planes are nine inches in length to the acuminate planes, one of which being unduly extended, nearly obscures the two adjoining ones, and is twelve inches in length.

Safety Dress for Firemen.—The Chevalier Aldini has received a gold medal from the government of Milan, for contriving,

and he has formed an establishment for the manufacture of dresses of wire gauze and asbestos, which will allow firemen to traverse with impunity the fiercest conflagration. The ancient armour has served as a model for their dresses, and it is officially stated that the success of them is incontrovertible.

Chimneys.—Many researches have been made to ascertain if chimneys were used by the ancients. The houses discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii have none; so that it is to be presumed, when these two cities were buried, chimneys were unknown in Italy, and that open portable burners were employed at that time. The palaces appear at that epoch to have been warmed by ovens placed underneath the ground floor. The enormous quantity of combustibles which this method of heating required, is not astonishing; it was probably one of the principle elements of luxury. The epoch at which the origin of chimneys is to be placed, is not very well known; the writers of the fourteenth century appear not to know them, or at least speak of them only as a novel invention, and an object of luxury. It may be presumed, that up to this period chimneys were not known, or at least were not generally used. It appears that the fire was ordinarily placed in a hollow effected in the middle of the floor, above which an opening was made in the roof. At the time of Seneca they began to make grooves in the walls to diffuse the heat through the upper stories; it is probable, that from these was derived the idea of channels to carry off the smoke. The year 1347 is the most ancient, as well as the most certain epoch at which there is any mention of chimneys. An inscription found at Venice commemorates an earthquake which overthrew several chimneys. The first chimney-sweepers came from Germany, France, Savoy, Piedmont, and other surrounding districts. For a long time these were the only countries where the business of a chimney-sweeper was carried on; whence it may be conjectured that chimneys were invented in Italy.

Spring of Sulphuric Acid.—Sulphuric acid in large quantities is produced in a diluted and in a concentrated state in the town of Byron, Genessee county, 30 miles west of the river of that name, and ten miles south of the Erie Canal, in Nova Scotia. It has been known in that vicinity by the name of the *sour* spring, about 17 years. Here is a hillock 230 feet long, and 100 broad, elevated about 5 feet above the surrounding plain. The hillock resembles the longitudinal section of an egg, with the convex side uppermost. Its greatest extent is north and south. It consists of a kind of ash-coloured alluvion, containing immense quantities of exceedingly minute grains of iron pyrites. It is mostly covered with a coat of charred vegetable matter, four or five inches thick, and black as common charcoal. The same charred coal extends some distance from the

base of the hillock on all sides. It appears as if it had been recently burned over, though it is in a meadow where no fire had ever been, at least for several years. Its charred state is caused wholly by the action of the sulphuric acid. Several holes have been dug in the hill, which now contain turbid dilute sulphuric acid; also the depressions in meadow ground surrounding it. Should curiosity or interest induce the proprietor to dig a trench about it, or to make an artificial pond on one side, which might be occasionally drained and cleaned, a very interesting bath of dilute sulphuric acid might be constructed. The strength of the acid increases in a drought. When rain has fallen, it is proportionally diluted in most places. In some places it is strong, and appears to be perfectly concentrated, and nearly dry in its combination with the charred vegetable coat. In this state it is diffused throughout the whole piece of ground, which presents the charred appearance to the depth of 12 or 15 inches, and in some places three or four feet, but it is every where the strongest at the surface.

Chronology.—From the last volume of M. de Hammer's Ottoman History, we learn that posts by carrier pigeons were employed by the Turks in Hungary, in the year 1552. The first coffee-house was established at Constantinople in 1556, although in Egypt and Syria, and possibly in Arabia also, they had been long known. The first mention of them in Christian Europe, is at London, in 1636; but it was not till some forty years afterwards at Amsterdam that these establishments acquired any celebrity, and even a certain influence on political opinions; it may be remarked, that it was about the same time a great number of political and literary papers commenced in Holland.

Bricks.—The practice of making bricks is of no great antiquity among the English. By the common process of hand labour, one man has been known to mould eleven thousand in a day; the average quantity, however, is not more than 5000, which shows, that manufacturing bricks by machinery could never be attended with profit. It is a matter, perhaps, not generally known, that vast quantities of bricks are exported from England to different parts of the world. The modern city of Moscow has in a great measure been built with English bricks.

Coral Islands.—The subject of the coral insects has occupied the attention of two eminent French naturalists, MM. Quoy and Gaimard, who, contrary to the received opinion, suppose that those animals, which work in solid masses, and form coral reefs and islands, do not in fact operate at a lower depth than from 25 to 30 feet. From various facts, and analogical reasonings, they demonstrate, that these animals commence their operations only on the peaks of submarine mountains, working gradually to the surface; and they deny that these animals

ever can form precipitous submarine mountains rising from the depths of the ocean.

Sharks.—The first descriptions of the *Squalus Maximus*, the large basking shark, that modern naturalists have considered a doubtful species, and have accordingly described several large individuals of this genus as new species, the *S. Pelerin*, *S. Gunnerianus*, *S. Herianus*, *S. Elephas*, and *S. Rhinoceros*, as well as the *S. Peregrinus*, *pinna anali nulla*, all belong to the *S. Maximus*. The most striking peculiarity in the *S. Peregrinus* is the presence of the baleen. Each branchial opening is furnished with a fringe of baleen, four inches in length. This is composed of a great number of distinct flattened fibres, a tenth of an inch wide at their origin, and tapering gradually to minute threads at their extremities. In colour, texture, and flexibility, this resembles very much the baleen of the *Balaena Mystecete*. The laminae are extremely regular in their position; thirty of them are included within the space of an inch, and they extend the whole length of the branchial apertures. All inferences respecting the size of a shark, founded on the magnitude of the fossil teeth alone, must be erroneous, as an individual 28 feet long, had teeth only half an inch in length; by parity of reasoning, fossil sharks' teeth four inches in length, and many such exist, must have belonged to an animal 220 feet long.

German Extravagance.—Absurd and ridiculous as are many of the works which issue from the English press, we have not yet seen the equal of one written by a German of the name of Wienbrach, and published last year by Brockhaus, of Leipsig, in which the author endeavours to demonstrate that the earth is hollow—that the entrance to it is in Poland, and that within there is fire, water, air, amphibious animals, fish, insects, birds, quadrupeds, and men. He then details this subterranean life, and ends with a description of the roads which lead there, and by an address to the inhabitants of the surface of the earth.

Bread from Wheat that has germinated.—A way has been discovered in Germany, of making good bread with the flour of wheat that has germinated. The two principal precautions to be observed, are to work the corn carefully, particularly if it be also mouldy, and to dry it carefully in a stove or oven, before taking it to the mill. The grinding should be performed as quickly as possible, and the grain should not be ground at all fine. When it is converted into meal, leave it quiet for a few days to

get cool and aired. When the leaven (a yeast) is added, more than the usual quantity must be employed, and to be perfectly mixed up with the dough, which made with warm water, is to be thinner than in common; the whole to be well and quickly kneaded. Leave it to ferment from two to four hours, then knead it up carefully again, and add sufficient meal to make it of a proper consistency. When it is divided, the loaves should not weigh more than from two to four pounds.

To bronze Metals.—To give to different objects the appearance which distinguishes the ancient bronzes, mix 62 grains of muriate of ammonia, and 15.5 grains of oxalic acid in a pint of good vinegar; after having well cleaned the metal, rub it over with a brush dipped in this solution, taking only a very small quantity at a time; when it is dried by rubbing, take some more, and continue so doing till the metal has acquired the tint desired. To render the proceeding more expeditious, it may be performed in the sun, or on a heated stove.

Silk Worms.—The difficulty is well known of providing silk worms with food. Lettuce leaves have been employed as a substitute, but with these, if the silk do not deteriorate in quality, its quantity is much less than when the insect is fed upon the leaves of the mulberry. Recent experiments, however, on a large scale, have satisfactorily demonstrated that the leaves of the *Scorzonera* afford a sufficient and wholesome nutriment for these extremely tender insects, and the quantity of silk obtained is at least double what they yield when supported by lettuce. The leaves, before they are given to them, should be wiped, in order to remove the humidity and the sort of down with which they are covered; they should then be supplied in small quantities, and frequently during the day.

To destroy Weevils.—The following method of destroying these injurious insects, is much too simple and valuable not to find a place here; it has been successfully practised on the Continent, and in consequence made public a few weeks since. The agriculturist by whom it has been practised, states, that he was infested with them to an incredible extent. He moistened with urine, diluted with water, the floor and sides of the granary in which he intended to place his corn; this was frequently done, and the granary carefully swept in the interval between each watering; the success of this process was complete.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

THE Spring Exhibitions, in connection with Art, have commenced in a most auspicious manner, by the production of three groups of sculpture from the chisel of a person whose name even has hitherto been almost unknown to the general public; but who must henceforth take his rank among the very best artists of his day, in a line of art where high merit is rarer than in any other line whatever. These sculptures consist, as we have said, of three separate and distinct groups, each in a style different from the two others, and each reaching to a high degree of excellence. The largest and most important, and that probably which will be looked upon as displaying the greatest power, and producing the strongest effect on the spectator, is on the subject of Vulcan and Venus. The time chosen is when the goddess has just returned from one of her wanderings, and is trying by her blandishments to dissipate the jealous anger of her stern lord. Vulcan has flung himself in a sitting posture, upon the anvil at which he was the moment before working, and his left leg hangs dependent, while his right rests upon the ground in the rear, and one hand is supported on his huge hammer—the latter resting on his left knee. His whole figure is in advance of Venus, who is leaning towards him enticingly, and placing one hand, or rather one finger, on his shoulder. We have no hesitation in pronouncing this a noble work—no less for the mingled force and simplicity of its design, than for the truth of its various details, whether of general and particular expression, or of those which belong purely to the anatomical portion of the subject. The left leg, in particular, of the Vulcan, is extremely fine, and the whole upper portion of the Venus is most lovely. On that side of Vulcan, opposite to the Venus, a Cupid is introduced, with no very good effect, except the technical one of balancing one part of the composition against the other. Next in importance to this principal group (which is larger than the life) is a group of Arethusa and a hound—smaller than the life, but of exquisite truth, elegance, and purity. There is a something about the head of this lovely figure, which is more Greek than any thing we are acquainted with from a modern hand; and the whole group is full of that finest of all attributes, and that rarest of all, as the result of a general design—namely, expression. The nymph is listening intently to a distant sound, which has just reached her ear, and startled her, as she was in the act of dressing for the chase, after having bathed in a neighbouring stream. By her side is a dog, which is also listening, and which she holds with her left hand, while her right is raised in a hushing attitude.

The third group is on the subject of Adonis and the Boar to which he owed his

death. The boar has attacked and wounded him—having been previously wounded to death himself by the spear, the broken remnant of which the youth holds elevated in his right hand, while his left is endeavouring in vain to force down the head of the savage animal that has reared itself against him.

There is great power of expression shewn in the face of the youth; and the whole group displays a fine simplicity in its design and composition; but there are defects in the execution which we do not observe in the other works, and which shew it to have been an early work of the artist—perhaps his first. The chief of these defects is to be found in the right fore-arm of the Adonis. But the Boar is executed with great skill, and is certainly among the very best specimens of animal sculpture that we are acquainted with from a modern chisel. These fine productions were all executed for the Earl of Egremont, at whose seat, at Petworth, they have already been placed, but have just been removed thence for the purpose of public exhibition, with the view of making the artist's merits known and appreciated; and they can scarcely fail to answer this end.

The only other Exhibitions of Art that have opened since our last are, a collection of nine great pictures, representing various points in the Coronation of Charles X. of France; and a set of pictures—for so they must be called—having all the appearance, at a little distance, of live etching; but which, in fact, are cut out of the paper with scissors. Both these exhibitions are to be seen at the Royal Bazaar, in Oxford-street. The first of them is a little *passé* in point of subject; but it will long retain a very marked interest, on account of the numerous portraits it includes of all the distinguished persons who bear offices about the French Court at this time, and many, if not most of whom, have acted conspicuous parts in the affairs of Europe, for the last 20 or 30 years. The second set of objects are by no means of sufficient consequence to justify their being offered as a separate exhibition; but this will perhaps be forgiven, in consideration, not only of the extreme labour and ingenuity which they display, but of the fact that they are the production of an expatriated officer of the Spanish army. This, and their curiosity together, make them well worth a visit by those who are seeking a morning's amusement at this season of the year.

It should be added, that the department of sculpture is singularly meagre this year. The only work calling for notice is a very graceful and pleasing group, of Cupid and Psyche, by C. Smith, (542) which evinces a considerable degree of poetic feeling, without departing from that truth and simplicity, in the absence of which, even subjects of

this essentially and exclusively ideal nature, degenerate into impertinencies.

British Institution.

In the same class of art with "Newton's Dutch Girl"—mentioned in our last—is "Auld Robin Gray," (150) by T. KNIGHT; and it is scarcely inferior to them in truth of expression, though considerably so in its style and tone of colouring, and its general execution. It furnishes the most pathetic illustration we have ever seen of the most pathetic ballad in the world. The faces of the heart-broken maiden and the dying mother, are equal to, though somewhat different from, the conceptions we derive from reading the ballad itself, or hearing Miss Stephens sing it; and the contrast between these, and the old suitor and half-selish, half silly father, are perfectly effective, without being in the least degree forced or extravagant. We would point to this picture as one of rare merit, and, in its way, only second to Newton's "Letter," just described. Among numerous other meritorious works, on subjects growing out of domestic life and manners, our limits will only permit us to particularize the following,—chiefly of the humorous class:—"The Blackbird and its Tutor," (72) and "The Pump," (358) both by A. FRAZER; and finished with a mingled delicacy and spirit which it is not a little rare to find united; "The Cottage Toilet," (133) and "The Deserter," (173) by R. FARRIER—the first very pretty and engaging, and the last full of humorous matter,—but neither of them equal to many of the previous works of this pleasing artist;—"Extraordinary News," (125) by T. S. GOODE; in which the head of the old man who is reading is extremely well conceived and executed;—"The false Parcel," (139) by W. KIDD—which is very rich in colouring, neat without being finical in the finishing, and full of humour in the expressions—in which, however, there is great sameness; and, finally, a little picture by P. C. WONDER, which is very clever in some respects, and is called "Waiting for an answer" (139). The effect of light in this little scene is remarkably well managed, and makes us the more regret the rawness in the colouring, and the seeming want either of care or skill in the rest of the execution. In the landscape department we have several charming works; none of them, however, making pretensions to the highest rank in this class, unless it be two by Danby—a pair—the subjects, Moonlight, and Sunset (56 and 67). There is an ideal air communicated to both these works, which lifts them above the actual scenery with which we are familiar in our own land, but without removing them from our instant recognition and sympathy, as belonging to the domain of Nature. But we are inclined to think it will demand a more than ordinary habit of observation, to admit the exact truth of the features of nature here pre-

sented to us. The one, we imagine, will by many be pronounced rather too dark and indistinct, and the other too bright and gorgeous.—Not so with respect to two excellent productions by CONSTABLE (38 and 348)—the first a landscape, including this artist's favourite feature, of a Lock, and the other a charming cottage scene. Unlike the two scenes just noticed, the truth of these will be recognised at once by every class of observers—from the most careless to the most subtle. The cottage scene in particular is as fresh as Ruysdael, and as true as Hobbima, with a look of English nature that is purely this artist's own. But among the landscapes in this collection, there is not one that pleases us better, (if so well) than "Cottage Children going to bed," (51) by SIR W. BEECHEY. This scene of simple nature (which we perceive, on a close inspection, was painted no less than forty years ago—which accounts in some measure for the rich depth of tone that the colouring has acquired) is, to our thinking, worth any score of the portraits of the "nobility and gentry" that this so long fashionable artist has painted since. In the same delightfully simple class, though altogether different in style, is a coast scene by COLLINS (22). WITHERINGTON has also a most agreeable picture, in which he seems to have adopted (not without great advantage to his style) some of Collins's simplicity of expression, and lively tint of colouring. It is called "The Hop Garden," and represents a party of rustics engaged in hop-gathering. The group in front is less laboured, and consequently more agreeable, than most that we have seen from the pencil of this artist—who, with great merit, is open to much and striking improvements. The little boy in this group, wearing the patched and darned apron, is particularly good. EDWARD LANDSEER does not shine very conspicuously in this Exhibition; for though all that he has contributed is good, there is nothing very strikingly so: and there is great sameness in his subjects. No. 10—"Highlanders returning from Deerstalking," is by far the best; and indeed we do not know that it could easily be improved upon. But we begin to grow tired of his eternal dead deer, especially when we call to mind the infinite variety of the subject matter that is open to this cleverest artist in his own line, that we possess.

In the poetical class of the art we have scarcely any thing worthy of particular mention. The only two that have left traces upon our memory are, 232, by ETTY, and 485, by CORBOULD; the first, including about equal proportion of the good and the bad of the artist's peculiar style; and the second, blending with much of more prettiness and pretence, some delicacy of expression, and some poetical feeling. Finally, in the class of Portraiture, we have one capital production, by PICKERSGILL, "The Hookah-bearer" (78); and several

by other artists, that rise considerably above mediocrity; at the head of which may be named the "portrait of Mr. Soane the architect," by JACKSON, (254); three by BOADEN, designated in the catalogue (which does not recognise portraits) as "*Head of an Old Lady*," (95); "*Lavinia*," (221); and "*Rebecca, from Ivanhoe*," (379); and one, a little Frenchified in the style of handling, but very individual and forcible, which is called "*A Study*," (457), by Dubuffe.

The only other works to which we shall

point particular attention, are a pair of capital fruit pieces, by LANCE, (104 and 105); and all the views of foreign architectural scenery, by STANLEY, JONES, and ROBERTS, but especially the excellent productions of the latter artist, "*Town-hall of Louvain*," (30); and an interior view of a church at Caen, (355). In conclusion, we must express regret that our restricted limits have compelled us to pass by unnoticed many meritorious works, and our gratification that the same cause affords us an excuse for withholding much well-merited censure.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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The Rev. H. I. Todd is preparing a Life of Archbishop Cranmer, in one volume. 8vo.

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A volume of Parochial Letters, from a benefited Clergyman to his Curate, treating of the most interesting and important Subjects relating to the Pastoral Care, will shortly appear.

The Rev. Dr. Walker, of the Scottish Episcopal Church, has a Volume of Sermons preparing for publication.

The Rev. Dr. Cresswell will shortly publish a Volume of Sermons on the Domestic Duties. In 12mo.

Miss M. A. Browne, the Author of *Mont Blanc*, *Ada*, &c., &c., is about to publish a small Volume of Sacred Poetry. Dedicated to the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry at the University of Oxford.

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D'Erbine; or, the Cynic, a Novel of the De Vere class.

Mr. Sharpe, the proprietor of the Anniversary, will start a new periodical at Midsummer next. It will combine engravings from the finest works of British art that can be procured; with contributions from the pens of the most distinguished writers of the day.

Mr. Bucke, Author of *The Italians*, a Tragedy, towards which Mr. Kean played rather a conspicuous than creditable part, and also of *The Beauties*, *Harmonies*, and *Sublimities of Nature*, has written another Tragedy, entitled *Julio Romano*.

Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. By Robert Southey. In 2 vols. 8vo., with Engravings.

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The Rev. Dr. Wait (of Cambridge) is about to commence a Repertorium Theologicum, or Critical Record of Theological Literature, in which dissertations are Theological Antiquities, the State of the Texts, and other subjects of necessary inquiry will be contained, in which Foreign Works on Divinity, will be condensed so as to form a complete work of reference to the Biblical Scholar.

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The Author of Pelham has another work in preparation, which may be expected in the course of the summer.

The Author of the Red Rover has also another novel nearly ready.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

MR. JOHNSTONE.

The history of the early years of the late Mr. John Johnstone, the celebrated theatrical representative of Irish characters, is somewhat obscure. Dublin has generally had the credit of giving him birth; but, according to a source of more probable authenticity, he was born at Kilkenny, on the 1st of August, 1749. One account states, that his father was a quarter-master, riding-master, and paymaster to one of the regiments of horse in Ireland; another, that his mother was a dealer in second-hand wearing apparel, and well known to theatrical people; and that, in consequence, little Jack acquired an early knowledge of the sons of the sock and buskin, became attached to the histrionic profession, and enlisted under the banners of an itinerant company in Ireland. There is little doubt, we believe, that he was employed some years in an attorney's office in Dublin; and, it is an admitted fact, that he was some time in the army, but whether as a private soldier or as

a cadet, is contested. However, in due time he obtained an engagement in Smock Alley theatre, Dublin, where he made his first appearance as Lionel, in the opera of *Lionel and Clarissa*. His reception was flattering. At that time the favourite songstress of that theatre was a Miss Poitier, a young woman of unblemished reputation. Johnstone married this lady, and gradually rose in estimation as a singer, until he and his wife took the lead in that department. Macklin witnessed his performances in Ireland, and on his return to London, the veteran recommended him to Mr. Harris, of Covent-garden theatre, who engaged him and his wife for three years, at the weekly salary of fourteen, sixteen, and eighteen pounds. It was on the 3d of October, 1783, seven years after he had made his *début* on the Dublin stage, that he made his first bow to a London audience, in his favourite part of Lionel. He and Mrs. Johnstone were both received with considerable éclat. Soon afterwards, however, the scandalous chronicles of the

time made very free with the conjugal character of our hero. He is said to have been seduced by the personal charms and meretricious wiles of Mrs. Wilson, an actress, who was as much detested for her vices as a woman, as she was admired for her professional talent. The laudable emulation of Mrs. Johnstone was thus checked; her health declined, and, within a brief period, she died of a broken heart. Poetical justice speedily overtook the worthless woman, to whose artifices she had fallen a victim; and she, too, died soon afterwards, at Shrewsbury, friendless, in poverty, and in misery. Johnstone, at first, a very general lover, at length, consoled himself in the society of a lady upon whom a handsome annuity had been settled by a member of the Society of Friends. With her he lived for several years. The beautiful Miss Bolton, daughter of a wine merchant in Bond-street, took a strong fancy to the gay and dashing Irishman; and, obeying the impulse of passion, rather than the dictates of prudence, she eloped, accompanied by one of her sisters, and they both resided some time with Mr. Johnstone, in his own lodgings. The affair of course got wind, and only one measure remained open by which to save the lady's reputation. That step Johnstone honourably and generously took; he married her a few weeks after her elopement; and, by the mediation of friends, a general family reconciliation was effected. This was about the year 1791.

After remaining several seasons at Covent Garden Theatre, in the vocal line, he was induced to attempt Irish characters, of which there was, at that time, no adequate representative. In these, his rich, genuine, and characteristic humour, secured for him such eminent success, that he ever afterwards retained their sole and undisputed possession. Indeed, all who remember him, even down to the very close of his career, must allow that his place as yet remains utterly vacant. Johnstone was one of the performers who remonstrated with the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, in the year 1800, respecting certain new regulations unfavourable to the interests of the dramatic corps. Notwithstanding this, his engagement was renewed. In 1803, he quitted Covent Garden, and joined the Drury Lane Company. It was at Covent Garden, however, that he took his final leave of the stage, in the part of Dennis Brulgruddery, in 1820. The performance was for his benefit, towards which his present Majesty, who, while Prince of Wales, had been much attached to his society, contributed 100*l*. Mr. Johnstone retired upon a handsome competence, accumulated by industry, economy, and judicious appropriation of money.

Johnstone's person was manly and handsome, with the exception of his legs, which were remarkably large and clumsy. In early life he was a *bon vivant*; but we are not aware that he ever forgot his duty upon

the stage. Until within a few months of his decease (which occurred at his residence, Tavistock-row, Covent-Garden, on the 27th of December) his appearance was that of a hale hearty man, not more than sixty years of age. On the 3d of January, his remains were interred in one of the vaults, beneath the church of St. Paul, Covent-garden; the body having been deposited in a hearse, drawn by six horses, and followed by six mourning coaches, in which were Messrs. Kemble, Price, Fawcett, Bannister, Elliston, Matthews, Munden, Pope, Powell, Harley, T. Cooke, Power, Cooper, Keeley, Blanchard, &c. About ten days afterwards, his will was proved in Doctors' Commons, and probate granted under 12,000*l*. personal property. Rumour had given him credit for being worth four or five times as much. He left a gold snuff-box and ring to each of his executors, Mr. George Robins, and Mr. O'Rielly; a ring to his friend, Mr. Joblin, of the Adelphi; and a ring to Mr. Dunn, the treasurer of Drury Lane Theatre; and, as Mr. D. is one of the *angle*, Johnstone also left him all his fishing tackle. To a female servant, who had nursed him during the last eight or ten years of his life, he bequeathed an annuity of 50*l*. The remainder of his property, with the exception of a legacy of 500*l*. to Mrs. Vining, is left to the children of his favourite daughter, Mrs. Wallack, so closely tied up, however, that the interest only can be touched during that lady's life.

THE COUNT DE BARRAS.

Paul Francis John Nicholas, Count de Barras, a name of note in the French Revolution, was born in the year 1756 or 1757. He was the descendant of a family of whom it was proverbially said—"as ancient and as noble as the Barras, who are as old as the rocks of Provence."

Barras commenced his career in the army. In 1775 he served in the Isle of France with the regiment of Pondicherry. He had nearly perished on the coast of Coromandel: overtaken by a storm, the ship in which he was sailing struck on a rock; the crew abandoned her in despair; but Barras roused them from their stupor, stimulated them to exertion, constructed a raft, and succeeded in reaching an island inhabited by savages. In about a month afterwards, he and his companions found means to reach Pondicherry.

Barras returned to France with the rank of Captain; but his dissipated habits, his addiction to gaming and to women, ruined his fame and his fortune, and qualified him for any desperate enterprize that might offer. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that he embraced the cause of the revolutionists. He distinguished himself in the National Assembly of 1789. On the 14th of July he assisted in the attack on the Bastille; and, on the 10th of August, 1792, in that against the Tuileries. In September he was returned

to the National Convention a Deputy from the Department of the War. He was one of the members who voted for the death of Louis XVI. In October, 1793, he was sent to the South, in conjunction with Ricord and Freron; and, in the violence of his measures, he fell not short of his colleagues. He was at Toulon when that place was delivered to the English. With difficulty he escaped; and, after fighting his way through the party which attacked his carriage at Pignau, he embarked at St. Tropez, and arrived in the night at Nice. There, in the midst of his army, he arrested General Brunet, who was accused of having been the secret author of the surrender of Toulon. Through the precipitate abandonment of the place by the British troops, (December 9th, 1793) the Republicans again obtained possession of Toulon. The cruelties which were exercised towards those of the inhabitants who had, or were supposed to have participated in delivering the city to the British, will not soon be forgotten. In those cruelties Barras had his full share. In announcing the recovery of the city to the Convention, he thus expressed himself.—“The only *honest* men I found at Toulon were the galley slaves; and,” he added, “every foreigner is a prisoner, every Frenchman is shot.”

Robespierre found Barras a sturdy opponent; thence he attempted to have him arrested, but without effect, for Barras opposed force to force. Robespierre was, at that time, meditating a grand proscription. Barras united with the members of the Committee, who, to avoid the impending storm, made a great effort of counteraction. By these means he became one of the principal actors in the memorable scenes of the 27th of July, 1794. He was then named Commandant of the armed force, which repulsed the troops of Henriot, and seized Robespierre. On the following morning he resigned the command, and, in a few days after, was elected Secretary. On the 23d of September he denounced Moyse Bayle, and Granet, as the authors of the troubles in the South; and he farther accused them of being the enemies of Marat. Barras was inculpated in his turn, by Granet and Escudier, as a dilapidator, but was cleared by a decree of the Convention.

On the 1st of April, 1795, the Convention was besieged by the people of the suburbs, vociferating for bread, and the constitution of 1793. Paris was declared in a state of siege, and the command of the troops was given to Pichegru. Repeatedly in the course of the year Barras was again entrusted with the command of the national troops; and it was upon one of those occasions, that he invited Buonaparte, then a young artillery officer, to his aid, and entrusted him with the charge of keeping the Parisians in order. In his report, Barras ascribed all the honours of his success to Buonaparte, and obtained for him the command of the Army of the Interior. Buona-

parte, it will be remembered, afterwards married Madame Beauharnois, the mistress of Barras.

For his numerous services, Barras was named one of the Five Directors, and thus became one of the chiefs of the government. By his firmness and spirit, he maintained an ascendancy over his colleagues. On the 21st of January, 1727, as President of the Executive Power, he pronounced, in the church of Notre Dame, a discourse on the decapitation of Louis XVI. By the 18th of Fructidor, he became almost absolute master in the Directory; but, in 1799, finding that his power had become precarious, he entered into a negociation, the object of which was to restore the Bourbon dynasty. Buonaparte at that time suddenly returned from Egypt, and appeared in Paris. In that ambitious military adventure, Barras found not the steady friend he expected. Buonaparte had views of his own; those views were hostile to the interests of Barras; and, by the triumph of Buonaparte, the Director was hurled from the summit of power.

Barras soon afterwards retired to Brussels, where, for many years, he lived in a splendid mansion, and maintained a considerable retinue. In 1805 he obtained permission to remove to the South of France; but, being implicated in a plot, in conjunction with the English government, to reinstate the Bourbons, he was exiled to Rome.

In 1814, he returned to Paris; and soon afterwards he shewed his attachment to the monarchy, by imparting to the Count de Blacas some hints respecting the manœuvres of Buonaparte in the Isle of Elba. He also made a tender of his services to proceed to Naples for the purpose of inducing Murat, over whom he considered himself to possess some influence, to resign the crown. Louis XVIII. deemed it expedient to send a courier previously to the 20th of March, 1818, to Barras, to hasten his arrival in Paris, but Buonaparte made so rapid a progress in his journey, that he intercepted the despatch. Barras, however, reached Paris in the month of May following. Not accepting any office under Buonaparte, he was not rendered obnoxious to the decrees of exile issued on the final restoration of the Bourbons; and, consequently, he continued to reside in the capital until the time of his death, which occurred at the latter end of January last.

Barras' mind was active and ambitious; and he possessed a boldness of character, which, on great occasions, frequently supplies the want of talents, and a natural wit, which as frequently covers the defects of education.

MR. SHIELD.

William Shield, one of the most celebrated of English composers, was born at Swalwell, in the county of Durham, in the year 1754. His father, an eminent singing master, removed to South Shields soon after his birth; and such was his musical repete,

that his practice, even in that obscure situation, embraced the tuition of nearly a hundred pupils. William was taught by his father to modulate his voice, and practise the violin, when he was only six years old; and, within a year and a half, he had made so extraordinary a progress as to be able to perform Corelli's fifth work. This was the more remarkable, as much of his time had been occupied by the harpsichord. He could then sing at sight, and read every cliff. In his ninth year, William lost his parent and tutor, who left a widow with four children. He was desirous of making music his profession, but his desire was checked by the ridicule with which the calling of a *fiddler* was constantly treated in a sea-port town. He had the choice given him of becoming a sailor, a boat-builder, or a barber. He decided in favour of boat-building, and was bound apprentice to Edward Davison, then residing in the neighbourhood of South Shields. He was kept rather close to his employment; yet his master occasionally indulged him in the exercise of his favourite pursuit, from which, in the third year of his apprenticeship, he sometimes obtained slight pecuniary advantages. He led the Newcastle subscription concerts, where he repeatedly played the solo parts of *Gemini*'s and *Giardini*'s concerts; and having produced an admired specimen of sacred music, when the new church was to be consecrated at Sunderland, he was requested to compose the anthem, which was performed by the then excellent Durham choir, to an immense congregation. Soon after the expiration of his term, he resolved to relinquish boat-building, and to adopt the profession of music. From the celebrated theorist, *Avison*, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, he received lessons in thorough bass; and, having grounded himself in the principles, as well as practice of his art, he went upon a musical expedition to Scarborough, whither he was invited by his intimate friend, *Cunningham*, the well-known pastoral poet, several of whose songs he had set to music at South Shields. At Scarborough, his talents were much noticed; he acquired the situation of leader of the theatrical band, and of the principal concerts; and he obtained the intimacy and friendship of many respectable individuals. Soon after the death of *Mr. Avison*, the son of that gentleman engaged him as leader at the Durham theatre and at the Newcastle concerts. Returning next season to Scarborough, he was solicited by *Fischer* and *Borghi* to accept a vacant seat in the orchestra of the Italian Opera House. The offer was accepted, and *Giardini* placed him in the rank of the second violins. In the following season, *Cramer* removed him to the principal viola; at which post he remained eighteen years; in the course of which he produced upwards of twenty operas for *Colman*'s theatre, and that of *Covent Garden*.

Mr. Shield, on account of the ill health of *Mr. Bulkley*, was, one season, leader of the

band at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. At that time the *Rev. Mr. Bate* (afterwards the *Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley*) wrote the pleasant little afterpiece of the *Fitch of Bacon*, for the music of which he applied to *Mr. Shield*. *Dr. Arnold* being the regular composer for the theatre, *Shield*'s delicacy induced him to hesitate; but, as *Mr. Bate* threatened to withdraw the piece unless it were produced with *Shield*'s music, he at length complied. His success was great and decisive.

Mr. Shield's time was much occupied in assisting at the great concerts; such as *Bach*'s, *Abel*'s, and *La Motte*'s, for which first-rate performers only were qualified; when *Mr. Harris*, manager of *Covent Garden Theatre*, offered to engage him as regulator of the band, and composer to the House. This appointment he accepted, and filled with much success, until a difference between him and *Mr. Harris*, on a pecuniary point, induced him to resign. He was also appointed one of the musicians in ordinary to the King; and he was engaged in the *Ladies' Friday Concerts*, the grand *Sunday Concerts*, and the *Wednesday's Concerts of Ancient Music*. From the last of these he withdrew, as the necessary attendance at the *Monday's rehearsals*, interfered with his theatrical duty. *Lord Sandwich*, however, who was the influential friend of *Mr. Harris* and *Joah Bates*, commanded his return to a task which he always performed with pleasure, and at last relinquished with regret.

About this time, *Mr. Shield* accidentally travelled from London to *Taplow*, with the celebrated *Haydn*; and he considered himself to have gained more important information by four day's society with that great founder of a style which has given fame to numerous imitators, than ever he acquired by the best directed studies in any four years in any portion of his life.

In the month of August, 1792, after the relinquishment of his engagement at *Covent Garden Theatre*, he resolved to employ his leisure in visiting Italy, the land of the melodious art. He accordingly quitted England in company with the ingenious but eccentric *Mr. Ritson*, to whom the public are indebted for the restoration of many valuable productions of the British lyric muse. At Paris, *Mr. Shield* and *Mr. Ritson* were joined by several agreeable foreigners who also were anxious to improve their taste by witnessing the great operatical performances of the Continent. From Paris they proceeded to Lyons, to Chambery, Turin, Milan, Lodi, Piacenza, Parma, Modena, Bologna, Florence, Sienna, and Rome. At Rome *Mr. Shield* met with *Sir William Hamilton* and his lady, whose attention to him did honour to their regard for genius travelling in search of science. *Prince Augustus* also noticed him in a very flattering manner. At Rome, too, he contracted an intimate friendship with *More*, the landscape painter. After receiving lessons every

day for two months, and obtaining much particular as well as general instruction, he returned to England.

On his arrival, he renewed his engagement at Covent Garden Theatre. However, another misunderstanding soon took place between him and the manager, and he again resigned. Not long afterwards, he published his well-known "Introduction to Harmony." At the death of Sir William Parsons, his present Majesty, with whom Shield was always a great favourite, most graciously appointed him, without solicitation, Master of his Musicians in Ordinary.

Mr. Shield, as a composer, was pure, chaste, and original. His prominent characteristic was simplicity. Perhaps no composer ever wove so few notes into melodies so sweet and impressive; while the construction of the bass and harmony is at once graceful, easy, and unaffected. In *Rosina*, *Marian*, &c. his airs breathe all the freshness and purity, and beauty of rural life; though the more ornamented and difficult parts are carried far beyond the common style of bravura. His songs are strictly national. After Purcell, Shield constitutes the finest example of really English composers. It was to his compositions that the late Charles Bannister, Charles Incledon, Irish Johnstone, and Mrs. Billington, were chiefly indebted for their celebrity as English ballad singers. Of his dramatic pieces, the following is, we believe, a complete list:—*The Flitch of Bacon*; *Rosina*; *Lord Mayor's Day*; *The Poor Soldier*; *Robin Hood*; *Friar Bacon*; *Fontainebleau*; *Omai*; *The Cholerick Father*; *The Magic Cavern*; *The Noble Peasant*; *Sprigs of Laurel*; *Travellers in Switzerland*; *The Midnight Wanderer*; *Netley Abbey*; *the Highland Reel*; *the Farmer*; *Love in a Camp*; *The Crusade*; *The Woodman*; *Marian*; *The Picture of Paris*; *The Enchanted Castle*; *The Czar*; *Oscar and Malvina*; *Hartford Bridge*; *Arrived at Portsmouth*; *Lock and Key*; *Abroad and at Home*, and *the Italian Villagers*.

Mr. Shield has also published an *Introduction to Harmony*; *A Cento*; *Six Canonets*; *Two sets of Trios* for a violin, tenor, and violoncello, &c. Amongst his simple pieces, always in great estimation, we find:—*Shakspeare's Loadstars*; *The Thorn*; *The Bird of the Rose*; *O bring me Wine*; *The Wolf*; *The Heaving of the Lead*; *The Post Captain*; *Old Towler*; *The Streamlet*; *The Ploughboy*; *Let Fame sound her Trumpet*; *The Pretty Little Heart*; *How shall we Mortals*; *Village Maids*; *Ah, well-a-day my Poor Heart*; *the Battle Song*; *I've traversed Judah's Barren Land*; *'Tis no harm to know it, ye know*; *Heigho*; *Tom Moody*; *Poor Barbara*; *the Literary Fund Glee*; *Down the Bourne and Through the Mead*; *the Prince and Old England for ever*; *Our Laws, Constitution, and King*, and *Oxfordshire Nancy bewitched*. The last of these is said to have been composed

at the request of Garrick, long after he had retired from the stage.

Mr. Shield was devotedly attached to his wife, and, while she was living, to his mother. It has been said of him, that he never broke his word, or lost a friend. He died at his residence, in Berners-street, on the 25th of January; and his remains were interred in Westminster Abbey, on the 4th of February. The funeral procession comprised nearly all our great musical performers, vocal and instrumental. The King has been pleased to appoint Mr. Kramer, the master of his Majesty's private band, to succeed him as Master of the band of the King's musicians.

JOHN CHRISTIAN CURWEN, ESQ., M. P.

The late Mr. Curwen, one of the representatives in Parliament of the county of Cumberland, was brother to Edward Christian, Esq., the well known editor of Blackstone's Commentaries; Chief Justice of the Isle of Ely, &c. He was a member of the the ancient and very respectable family of M'Christen, of the Isle of Man, "who," says Lysons, "for several generations were deemsters, or judges of that island. They appear first to have written their name Christian, about the year 1600. Ewan Christian, Esq., the first of the family who settled at Unerigg, (or Ewanrigg) died in 1719."

Mr. Curwen was born in July 1756. At the age of about twenty he (then Mr. Christian) married Miss Taubman, of the Isle of Man, by whom he had issue, the present John Christian, Esq., now one of the deemsters of that island. On the death of his first wife, he married his cousin, Miss Curwen, only daughter of the late Henry Curwen, Esq., of Workington Hall, and last of the family of that name. In 1790, therefore, Mr. C. added Curwen to his name of Christian, by the King's sign manual. By his second marriage he had three sons, Henry, William, and John, and two daughters, all of whom are living, with the exception of William. Mrs. Curwen died in 1820.

Mr. Curwen was first returned, as a Member of Parliament, for Carlisle, after a warm contest, in which he was supported by the Norfolk interest. He was seven times re-chosen for the same city. He had been constantly opposed by the Lonsdale interest; and it was not until 1796 that he triumphed completely over it. He sat in two, if not three Parliaments for the county of Cumberland. He was, both from connection and principle, a steady opposition member. He took an active part in the debates on the property tax, and on the game and corn laws; and made some attempts to reform the poor laws. As an electioneering orator, he was perhaps unrivalled; he spoke to the passions and feelings, and rarely failed in making all the impression he desired. As a politician, he was shewy, but superficial. His parliamentary speeches, though delivered with fluency, and in a commanding

voice and attitude, were meagre, tautological, and exceedingly ill-arranged. He was, if we forget not, a supporter of the wretched, demoralizing, and now almost exploded system of Malthus. However, he was entitled to the merit of cleverness, consistency, and integrity.

Active and temperate from youth, and strongly attached to rural pursuits, he enjoyed an almost uninterrupted flow of robust health during his long life, till within about the last two years, when his constitution exhibited symptoms of breaking up. He was a practical agriculturist of no small note; he obtained from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, several gold medals for planting, and other improvements in agriculture; he also completed the most extensive drainage in the kingdom; and he held annually, a

grand sheep-shearing at Harrow, on the borders of the Windermere lake.

In the session of Parliament of 1826-7, Mr. Curwen began to experience the inconvenience of late hours and crowded houses. The freshness of the Cumberland breezes produced a beneficial effect upon him in the summer and autumn of 1827; but, as winter approached, his debility returned, and he found himself unable to encounter his senatorial duties during the succeeding session. The summer of 1828 failed in its restorative effect; and he gradually declined till the period of his decease, on the 11th of December. His Unerigg property goes to his eldest son, John Christian, Esq., of the Isle of Man; and the Workington Hall estate descends to Henry Curwen, Esq., who, for many years past, has lived in comparative retirement at Belle Isle, Windermere.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

REPORTS from all parts of the country, whether with respect to the weather, the state of the lands, or the forwardness of the various agricultural operations, continue highly satisfactory and pleasant. We have, indeed, had an ample share of that wonder-worker in the opinion of our three times great grandsires—MARCH DUST. The vast and general advantages, however, derived from the weather, will not be expected to exist, independently of any drawback or alloy. Upon poor soils, and in bleak, exposed situations, vegetation has suffered much from the rigour of this long course of easterly winds, and has exchanged that premature and unseasonable bloom which it possessed at Christmas, for a pale and sickly green, which strongly indicates the want of a change of temperature. Bating some few breadths of wheat which having perished, and the land has been broken up and re-sown with other crops, no material injury has hitherto been sustained; and their season approaching, the advent of genial showers and mild western breezes, may yet have the effect of exciting the full of that fertility, of which our poorest soils are susceptible. In the mean time, we hold ourselves fully compensated for any disadvantages which may have resulted, by the uncommonly fine and friable state to which the fallows have been reduced, enabling us to put in the spring crops with an uninterrupted facility and dispatch which is not an every-year occurrence, and rendering the present one of the earliest of Lenten seasons.

In the forward districts, beans and peas, and a considerable quantity of oats, were put into the ground by the end of last month; the pulse, of course, either drilled or dibbed; though, strange to say, there are too many parts of the country where the old, barbarous, and unprofitable method of broad-casting beans, even yet, prevails. The winter beans, on proper soils, have stood well, and that article is under experiment in several parts northward, where it has hitherto been a stranger. Barley sowing has proceeded expeditiously, and very considerable breadths will have the great advantage of being put into the ground early. The early sown, and the wheats on good lands, have an appearance of high promise; being well stocked and standing thick upon the soil, their roots are so well defended from the rigour of the season, that no apprehension is entertained on their account. The thin wheats, here and there, show considerable ravages from the grub and wire-worm; yet farmers, in their usual tone, are making heavy complaints against the multitude of rooks with which their lands are pestered: to these complaints the old reply, or rather demand, is at hand—if such myriads of insects can co-exist with the rooks, the natural prey of which those insects are, what would be the consequence to the land and to the farmer, were the rooks destroyed or driven away? Tillage is very forward for seeds and roots, and all the spring latter crops.

The cold and dry weather has preserved the turnips, by checking their growth and progress towards seeding. In some parts of the North, the surplus of these roots is so considerable, as to have been offered, gratis, for the consumption of cattle and sheep, in order to clearing the lands. A correspondent in the West remarks, that his English turnips, in the present season, have remained sound, whilst the Swedish (*Rutabaga*) decayed very early; and, compared with the former, were a very unprofitable crop. This is not an unusual occurrence, and the probable cause is the unfitness of the soil for the Swede, which requires stronger land than the common English turnip. The autumn continuing

so mild to the very end, and the soil so grassy, the cattle have made very moderate demands on the straw-yard; the consequence is the largest stock of hay, straw, and roots, that has ever before been accumulated in this country: a sudden and mighty contrast to the spring of last year. The fate of the *Mangold*, or cattle-beet, is amusing; it took us full twenty long years to write and preach it into fashionable use, and behold within these few years—"the stone which the builders rejected, is become the head stone of the corner!" From being deemed unworthy of notice, and useless, *Mangold Wurtzel* has been suddenly elevated into a *crack* article of general utility—wine is made from it; it fattens fowls and even bacon hogs; but it must assuredly be for those who have not much skill in the quality of pork or bacon. The chief merit of the beet resides in its vast quantity of produce, not in its quality, in which it is inferior to all the roots applicable to farming purposes, the common turnip, perhaps, excepted.

The lambing season has been generally fortunate, extending from the middle of last month to the conclusion of the present. Had the weather been of a wet or moist character and equally cold, half the fall of lambs would have been destroyed. The cold and drought have had another beneficial effect, that of checking, or happily putting an end to the progress of the *rot*. Some flock-masters whom we know, have lost a considerable number of their lambs by a flux, known by the name of the *scour*; a never-failing friend to the venders of quack medicines. Now this scour is generally caused by improper and inordinate exposure to cold, and is the probable result of suppressed perspiration, and may be prevented, but can seldom be cured. In well managed flocks and good situations, there are many very forward lambs, which will soon be at market. From the immense quantity of food, which will require no trespass on the early grass, store stock, of all kinds, is still in great request at high prices. The meat markets, of late, have given way, it being supposed that farmers are more inclined to raise money from the sale of cattle than of corn. Pigs are grammatically dear, *by custom*. Good horses, of any kind, still fetch any price that can be demanded for them. Little is said about hops, the demonstration of a sufficient stock; still less about wool, which yet continues an heir-loom in too many quarters.

Wheat seemed, some weeks since, to have reached its lowest point, the usual signal for a rise. This, from the tenor of the corn bill, necessarily produced a sudden and considerable rise on the duty. It remains to be seen whether there be any considerable stock of bread corn in the country, to take advantage of this favourable change. The quantity imported has been very great, producing, it is said, very considerable profits to the importers, and much yet remains in various exporting countries, ready for shipment. The usual declamations against the corn bill continue in full force, but what a crisis might have been induced with our superabundant population, had not every method of supply and of keeping down prices been adopted? The fallacy of our attempts at dependence upon the home supply, not only of bread corn, but of various other articles of necessity, has become fully conspicuous. The potatoe crop has proved most abundant, and of a quality far surpassing expectation: the immense benefit resulting from it, as an economizer of our stock of bread corn, exceeds all powers of description. The old cry from the country, that there is "no money"—and what is to be done when the one pound notes shall become extinct?—is as loudly cuckooed as ever: but country produce *must* be had, with the indispensable *addendum*—it *must* be paid for; hence produce will ever be synonymous with money. Farmers ought to have no need to be told that their forefathers were well contented to accept gold for their produce, and that there is a far greater stock of bullion in proportion in the country at present than in former days, and a greater facility of coinage. We are well aware of the great accommodation of country bank paper, and how it has been applied to the purpose of supporting prices, in order to enable the farmer to exist under the present enormous load of taxation; but instead of perpetually calling out for paper, he had better spend his breath and use whatever influence he may possess, in favour of a more honest system.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 4d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 10d.—Veal, 5s. 6d. to 6s. 2d.—Pork, 5s. 0d. to 6s. 6d.—Grass Lamb (scarce) 6s. to 6s. 6d.—Raw fat, 2s. 3d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 42s. to 80s.—Best Foreign White, 60s. to 85s.—Barley, 24s. to 40s.—Oats, 16s. to 32s.—Bread, the London 4lb. loaf, 11d.—Hay, 36s. to 86s.—Clover, ditto, 50s. to 106s.—Straw, 30s. to 42s.

Coals in the Pool, 26s. to 34s. 6d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, March 23d.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

SUGARS.—There was a dull sale at the sugar market last week; the estimated sales of were only about 2000 hogsheads and tierces: no alteration could be stated in the prices: the good and fine descriptions are getting very scarce, and the prevalence of easterly winds prevent any further arrivals. In the refined market the sales last week were on a very limited scale; there was no alteration whatever in the prices. Some purchasers for the Mediterranean are stated; but the buyers are again offering low prices. Some good rum sold at 75s. Molasses are little varied.—*Foreign Sugars.* There has been inquiries for yellow Havannah sugars for early shipment, but no parcels offered for sale. At public sales last week 535 chests Bahia sugars.—*East India Sugars.* There has been no sales; the crop in the Mauritius is one-third of last year, and the quality chiefly inferior.

COFFEE.—The public sales of coffee after Tuesday last week were limited. 150 casks and 40 bags British plantation. Good ordinary Jamaica 38s.; ordinary middling 55s.; good to fine ordinary Dominica 40s. @ 47s.; fine ordinary 48s. @ 50s.; the Barbice and Demerara sold high; fine ordinary to middling 63s. @ 88s.

BRANDY, RUM, AND HOLLANDS.—The government contract for 150,000 gallons. Rum was taken by the trade at 2s. 1½d. per gallon. No Jamaica rum to any extent has been sold. In brandy there is no alteration. Geneva continues neglected.

HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.—The fall of the town tallow-market, and a large sale of 3000 casks of St. Petersburg yellow candle last week, occasioned a fall of fully 1s. in all foreign descriptions. In hemp and flax there is little variation.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 3½.—Antwerp, 12. 3½.—Paris, 25. 50.—Bordeaux, 25. 80.—Berlin, 0.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 15. 1½.—Petersburgh, 10.—Vienna, 10. 5.—Madrid, 36½.—Cadiz, 36½.—Bilboa, 36½.—Barcelona, 36½.—Seville, 36½.—Gibraltar, 49½.—Leghorn, 47½.—Genoa, 25. 60.—Venice, 47½.—Malta, 48½.—Naples, 39½.—Palermo, 119.—Lisbon, 45½.—Oporto, 46.—Rio Janeiro, 26.—Bahia, 34.—Dublin 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), £0. 5s. 0d.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 295½.—Coven-try, 1,080½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 111½.—Grand Junction, 295½.—Kennet and Avon, 27½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 400½.—Oxford, 700½.—Regent's, 25½.—Trent and Mersey, (1 sh.), 790½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 255½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 87½.—West India (Stock), 195½.—East London WATER WORKS, 115½.—Grand Junction, 50½.—West Middlesex, 67½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 93½.—Globe, 151½.—Guardian, 23½.—Hope Life, 5½.—Imperial Fire, 105½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Char-tered Company, 51½.—City, 187½.—British, 17 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of February, to the 21st of March, 1829; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPER-SEDED.

J. Smith, Diorama, Regent's Park, printer
E. Scymour, Gerrard-street, dial-maker
W. Smith, Leeds, corn-dealer
Sir Charles Henry Rich, Beenharn, Berks, Bart., dealer and chapman
T. Parry, Caecrugog, Hope, Flint, drover
T. Smith, Manchester, publican
W. G. Rowley, Leeds, hatter.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 101.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.

Andrews, W. H. Judd-street, iron-monger. (Field, King's-road, Bedford-square; Field Hitchin
Brown, H. Gravesend, victualler. (Towne, St. Helen's-place
Bunn, J. Cellbarns, Herts, coal and corn-dealer. (Hilliard and Co., Gray's-inn

Howling, J. G. Fen-court, East-India broker. (Thomas, Fen-court, Fenchurch-street
Bonus, W. Ware, innkeeper. (Ad-lington and Co., Bedford-row
Brown, W. H. Newington, Surrey, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street
Burton, S. sen., Leadenhall-street, bookseller. (Ewington and Co., Walbrook
Bynner, J. Long-Acre, grocer. (Walker, Gloucester-street
Bennet, S. jun., Truro, grocer. (Berkeley, Lincoln's-inn

- Bright, R. Westbury-upon-Trym, carpenter. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Heaven, Bristol)
- Brancher, J. B. Liverpool, broker. (Chester, Staple-inn; Davenport, Liverpool)
- Bresell, E. C. Cadogan-street, Chelsea, professor of music. (Cannon, Adam-street)
- Bray, E. and W. M. Horsefall, Kirk-eaten, York, fancy cloth manufacturers. (Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Cloughs and Co., Huddersfield)
- Barret, R. Pavement, Moorfields, laceman. (Keene, Furnival's-inn)
- Buoni, P. Liverpool, livery-table-keeper. (Slade and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Foster, Liverpool)
- Baker, T. ath, innkeeper. (Jones, Crosby-square; Hellings, Bath)
- Butterfield, R. Knareborough, flax-dresser. (Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Gill, Knareborough)
- Clarke, W. B. Cheapside, silver-smiths (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane)
- Clarke, F. H. Birch-lane, provision-broker. (Blocklow, Frith-street)
- Crowther, B. Bristol, pawnbroker. (Hicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings; Hinton, Bristol)
- Dermot, G. D. Great Pulteney-street, surgeon. (Ashton, New-inn)
- Day, J. Leeds, iron-merchant. (Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Robinson, Leeds)
- Davies, T. B. Chester-street, surgeon. (Selby, Sergeant's-inn)
- Draper, B. and H. Back, Margate, grocers. (Papersen, Mincing-lane)
- Down, W. Church-passage, Guildhall, Blackwell-hall-factor. (Porradale and Co., King's-arm's-yard)
- Downing, W. Ripon, money-scrivener. (Maxon, Little Friday-street; Up-ton and Son, Leeds)
- Douc, E. Dover-road, Newington, grocer. (Patersen, Mincing-lane)
- Eckenstein, D. Billiter-street, merchant. (Venuing and Co., Copthall-court)
- Evenett, R. W. robe-place, coal-merchant. (Teague, Cannon-street)
- Edwards, C. T. Aldgate, chemist. (Taylor, Fen-court)
- Edgar, T. Nottingham-place, Commercial-road, draper. (Chester, Staple-inn)
- Evans, S. J. Wadebridge, Cornwall, tallow-chandler. (Allison and Co., Freen an's-court; Woolcombe and Co., Plymouth; Symons, Wade-bridge)
- Edwards, G. St. Albans, money-scrivener. (Lawrence, Doctor's Commons)
- Evenett, J. Harlow, cattle-jobber. (Teague, Cannon-street)
- Fitch, R. Siblie Heddingham, miller. (Taylor, John-street; Husler, Halstead)
- Frankland, A. Nottingham, lace-dealer. (Willet and Co., Essex-street; Fox, Nottingham)
- Gill, T. Winchester Wharf, South-wark, flour-factor. (Brough, Shore-ditch)
- Greaves, H. Manchester, merchant. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester)
- Grimman, W. York-street, Bryan-stone-square, builder. (Haslam and Co., Leadenhall-street)
- Gerrard, T. Stoke-upon-Trent, joiner. (Harvey and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Hubbard, Cheadle, Stafford)
- Gilson, R. York, victualler. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Seymour, York)
- Hill, J. Royston, builder. (Bolton, Austin-friars)
- Henderson, J. A. Talbot-court, wine-merchant. (Gates, Lombard-street)
- Hall, T. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Higginbotham, Macclesfield)
- Heald, T. Kent-road, merchant. (Haslam and Co., Leadenhall-street)
- Hornblower, E. High Holborn, victualer. (Williams, North-place, Gray's-inn-lane)
- Harri-son, W. Malsstone, cattle-salesman. (Heming and Co., Gray's-inn; Norwood, Charing)
- Hust, W. Stockport, cotton-manufacturer. (Tyler, Temple; Hunt or Coppock, Stockport)
- Harrison, E. Lothouse, York, spirit-merchant. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Taylor, Wakefield)
- Hamilton, G. F. Pitt-place, Camden Town, merchant. (Silk, goldsmith-row)
- Jaques, E. F. Gravesend, market-gardener. (Clare and Co., Frederick's-place)
- Jackson, S. Congleton and Manchester, silk-throwster. (Willis and Co., London; Wilson, Manchester)
- King, J. Au twice, grazier. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Edmonson, Settle)
- Kilby, T. and S. Carroll, Fenchurch-street, brokers. (Gatty and Co., Angel-court)
- Liwall, H. Threadneedle-street, grocer. (Dicas, Austin Friars)
- Lightfoot, P. T. and C. V. Copthall-court, stock-brokers (Stephenson and Co., Southampton-buildings)
- Mason, W. St. Albans, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane)
- Morris, E. Woolwich, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane)
- Morley, G. Great Yarmouth, miller. (White and Co., Great St. Helens; Wor-hip, Yarmouth)
- Manthorp, R. Southwold, timber-merchant. (Bromley's, Gray's-inn; Wood and Co., Woodbridge)
- Myall, J. Castle Heddingham, hop-merchant (Brooksbank and Co., Gray's-inn; Pattison, Witham)
- Michelson, L. Union-place, Kent-road, merchant. (Turner, Easing-lane)
- Miller, J. Pall Mall, bookseller. (Ford, Pall-Mall)
- M'Niell, W. Jun., Charles-street, Mary bone, coach-maker. (Bailey, Ber-er's-street)
- Murdoch, E. Rayleigh, Essex, scrivener. (Milne and Co., Temple; Shaw, Billericay)
- Neimes, W. Charlton Kings, timber-merchant. (Blunt and Co., Liverpool-street; Rubb, Cheltenham)
- Newman, G. Stockwell Park, Brix-ton, cow-keeper. (Sanson, Bridge-street, Southwark)
- Ormond, J. Boston, baker. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Hopkins, Boston)
- Ormond, J. St. Helens, Lancashire, linen-draper. (Chester, Staple-inn; Barnes, St. Helens)
- Pierpoint, M. M. Edward-street, milliner. (Sheriff, Salisbury-street)
- Payne, H. White Conduit-fields, builder. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court, Threanneedle-street)
- Pottinger, J. Brighton, builder. (Faithful, Brighton)
- Pearson, R. Liverpool, flour-dealer. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Moss, Liverpool)
- Pointer, T. Golden-Horse-yard, Dorset-square, job-master. (Stedman and Co., Throgmorton-street)
- Phillips, J. Bristol, builder. (Parker and Co., Bristol)
- Pope, J. C. Seble Heddingham, malt-factor. (Hall and Co., Salter's Hall, Sewell, Halstead)
- Rhodes, C. New Gosle, York, linen-draper. (Willis and Co., London; Wilson, Manchester)
- Ross, B. Hull, spirit merchant. (Ross and Son, Gray's-inn; England and Co., Hull)
- Rigg, H. Liverpool, merchant. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Bardswell and Sons, Liverpool)
- Roberts, T. Churchwell, Batley, wool-stapler. (Strageways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Robinson, Leeds)
- Raven, H. Holt, Norfolk, miller. (Bridger, Finbury-circus; Withers, Holt)
- Sewell, J. Great Yarmouth, sail-maker. (Ashurst, Newgate-street; Coaks, Norwich)
- Salmon, T. A. Leeds, stuff-manufacturer. (Ratty and Co., Chancery-lane; Lee, Leeds)
- Shepherd, W. Shoe-lane, glass-cutter. (Dashwood, Three Crows-square, Southwark)
- Sadler, J. Liverpool, victualler. (Chester, Staple-inn; Hinde, Liverpool)
- Simmons, T. and J. and W. Winch-combe, road-contractors and builders. (Dean, Paisgrave-place; Roberts, Oswestry)
- Sumnerfield, W. P. and W. T. Liverpool, merchants. (Chester, Staple-inn; Davenport, Liverpool)
- Slee, E. G. Mark-lane, flour-factor. (Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle)
- Shepley, J. Hayfield, cotton-manufacturer. (Huid and Co., Temple; Booth, Manchester)
- Thackney, George and John, Leeds, merchants. (Few and Co., Covent Garden; Hamingway and Co., Leeds)
- Tomkinson, T. Leek, tanner. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Kilminster and Co., Leek)
- Vaite, G. Maze Pond, carpenter. (Sheffield and Sons, Great Prescott-street)
- Vickers, J. C. Leeds, printer. (Atkinson and Co., Leeds)
- Walls, H. Harpur-street, engraver. (Armstrong, St. John's-square)
- Walker, J. Rochdale, miller. (Norris and Co., John-street; Wood, Rochdale)
- Waller, J. Sheepridge, Huddersfield, fancy-cloth-manufacturer. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Pearce, Huddersfield)
- Watkins, H. C. Liverpool, cotton-broker. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Deane, Liverpool)
- Wood, M. W. Fosdyke-Fen, wool-dealer. (Holland and Co., Bow Church-yard; Marshall, Boston)
- Wright, T. Mountsurrel, miller. (Holm and Co., New-inn; Bond, Leicester)
- Welsby, J. Liverpool, coal-merchant. (Chester, Staple-inn; Mallaby, Liverpool)
- Weller, S. Jun. Oxford, victualler. (Evans, Gray's-inn; Parsons, Oxford)

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. G. W. Sicklemore, to the rectory of Mil-ton, otherwise Middleton Malzar, Northampton.—Rev. M. Simpson, to the Rectory of Mickfield, Suffolk.—Rev. E. G. Kemp, to the Rectory of Whissonsett, Suffolk.—Rev. T. Evans, to the living of Longdon-upon-Tern, Salop.—Rev. R. C.

Griffith, to the Rectory of Fifield, Wilts.—Rev. E. Thackeray, to be Chaplain to the Lord Lieu-tenant of Ireland.—Rev. H. Huscum, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Sampson's, Cornwall.—Rev. M. Williams, to the Rectory of Stockleigh, Eng-lish, Devon.—Rev. J. Hindle, to the vicarage of

Higham, Kent.—Rev. J. Watherall, jun., to the Rectory of Carlton, Northampton.—Rev. C. Tripp, to the Rectory of Budleigh, Devon.—Rev. J. L'Oste, to the Rectory of Caister St. Edmund with Marketshall, Norfolk.—Rev. F. Howes, to the Rectory of Framlingham Pigott, Norfolk.—Rev. R. Hamond, to the Rectories of Harpley and Great Bitcham respectively, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Driver, to the Perpetual Curacies of Elleh and Shireshead.—Rev. C. R. Jones, to the Vicarage

of Roath, Glamorgan.—Rev. D. Felix, to the Living of Llanilar, Cardigan.—Rev. J. Husband, to the Perpetual Curacy of Allerton Mauleverer, York.—Rev. T. Sheriffe, jun., to the Rectory of Eyke, Suffolk.—Rev. G. T. Seymour, to be Chaplain to the Sheriff of Somerset.—Rev. J. Horseman, to the Rectory of Middle, Salop.—Rev. R. A. Musgrave, to the Prebendaryship of St. George's, Windsor.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

February 25.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 7 prisoners received sentence of death; 78 were transported; 61 ordered to be imprisoned for various periods; 12 whipped and discharged, and 23 discharged by proclamation.

26.—Court of Common Council at Guildhall, decided on petitioning both houses of Parliament in favour of Catholic claims, and voted the freedom of the city to be presented in a gold box, value 100 guineas, to Secretary Peel, for his conduct on Catholic emancipation.

March 3.—Royal assent given by commission to the bill for the suppression of dangerous associations in Ireland.

—A deputation headed by the Lord Mayor waited upon the Duke of Wellington, on the subject of the Thames Tunnel. After being informed that £240,000 would be sufficient to complete it, the Duke desired that an estimate of the expenses, as well as the probable profits, &c., should be made out and transmitted to him, before he could sanction a Parliamentary loan to finish this great national object.

5.—Mr. O'Connell declared, by a committee of the House of Commons, to be duly elected member of Parliament for the county of Clare.

6.—Mr. Peel's motion to take into consideration the laws affecting his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, was carried in the House of Commons, by a majority of 189—348 voting for it, and 160 against it.

18.—The Recorder made his report to his Majesty of the prisoners condemned in Newgate at the last Old Bailey sessions, when four were ordered for execution on the 24th instant.

20.—The bill for depriving the 40s. freeholders of Ireland of the right of voting, was, in the House of Commons, sent to a committee by a majority of 200 voters.

21.—A duel was fought in Battersea fields, between the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Winchelsea. The Duke fired first, without effect, and the Earl discharged his pistol in the air.

24.—Four criminals were executed at the Old Bailey; their ages were, one 23, one 22, and two 21!!!

MARRIAGES.

At St. Asaph's, Lord Willoughby de Broke, to Margaret, third daughter of Sir John Williams, Bart.—At Marylebone, J. F. W. Herschel, esq., of Slough, to Miss Margaret Brodie.—At Marylebone, A. Taylor, esq., to Lydia, widow of Col. W. Cowper.—Rev. R. Traill, son of the Archdeacon

of Connor, to Anne, daughter of Sir Samuel Hayes, Bart.—At St. Pancras, Sir James Williams, to Miss A. Goodman.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Capt. H. Bentinck, son of Major-Gen. J. Charles and Lady Jemima Bentinck, to Reciera Antoinette, daughter of Sir Admiral H. Whitshed.—Captain Byng, eldest son of Sir John Byng, to Lady Agnes Paget, fifth daughter of the Marquess of Anglesea.—J. Chitty, esq., to Miss Sarah Hardwick.—At Mitcham, W. Seymour, esq., to Sarah Lydia, eldest daughter of the late Sir Henry Oakes, Bart.—At Richmond, Don Manuel de la Torre, to Miss A. J. Harrison.—At Lincoln, Rev. W. J. C. Staunton, to Isabella, only daughter of the Dean of Lincoln.

DEATHS.

At Blithfield, the Hon. Louisa, eldest daughter of Lord Bagot.—At Brighton, Dowager Countess of Minto.—At Sherborne, Eliza, grand-daughter of Lord Sherborne.—At Bath, D. H. Dallas, esq., only son of Lieut.-Gen. Sir T. Dallas.—In Grosvenor-square, Lady Robert Manners, 92.—Rev. C. Coxwell, 89; he had been rector of Barnsley 60 years; he was the father of the justices of Gloucestershire, the clergy of that diocese, and the University of Oxford.—Colonel Sir Robert Barclay, 71.—In Curzen-street, the Dowager Countess of Stanhope.—Henrietta, Dowager Lady Rodney, 85, relict of the late Admiral Lord Rodney.—At Market Drayton, John Shuter, 104.—In Spring Gardens, Louise Henriette, wife of Sir J. Scarlett, M.P. for Peterborough.—Mary, widow of the late Lord Seaforth.—At Southampton, Mrs. Chamier, 93, sister of the late A. Chamier, esq., M.P.—In Hanover-street, Colonel Sir Robert Barclay.—At Belfast, Dr. Young, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics to the Belfast Institution; he was much respected, and the concourse of people that attended his funeral was immense; all the shops were shut in the streets through which the long procession passed, and at his grave a very pathetic and impressive address was delivered by Dr. Hanna.—At Leicester, Mr. T. Phillips, 89; he has left 14 children, 87 grand children, 96 great grand children and 11 great great grand children—total 208.—At Camberwell, Lewis de Beaune, esq.—In Sloane-street, T. Hurlstone, esq., 72, author of several dramatic pieces.—At Harnels, the Hon. M. Perceval brother to the late Earl of Egremont.—At the Isle of Wight, G. Warde, esq., father to the member for the city.—Sir Mark Wood, proprietor of the celebrated rotten borough of Gatton, situated in his park near Riegate, Surrey.—At the workhouse, Thirsk, Mary Kilvington, 100; until within a year of her death she walked regularly every

- Blight, R. Westbury-upon-Trym, carpenter. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Heaven, Bristol.)
- Brancher, J. B. Liverpool, broker. (Chester, Staple-inn; Davenport, Liverpool.)
- Bensell, E. C. Cadogan-street, Chelsea, professor of music. (Cannon, Adam-street.)
- Bray, E. and W. M. Horsefall, Kirkcaldy, York, fancy cloth manufacturers. (Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Cloughs and Co., Huddersfield.)
- Barret, R. Pavement, Moorfields, laceman. (Keene, Furnival's-inn.)
- Buoni, F. Liverpool, livery-table-keeper. (Shade and Co., John-street, Bedford-row; Foster, Liverpool.)
- Baker, T. Ath, innkeeper. (Jones, Crosby-square; Hellings, Bath.)
- Butterfield, R. Knareborough, flax-dresser. (Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Gill, Knareborough.)
- Clarke, W. B. Cheapside, silver-smiths (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane.)
- Clarke, F. H. Birch-lane, provision-broker. (Blocklow, Frith-street.)
- Crowther, B. Bristol, pawnbroker. (Hicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings; Hinton, Bristol.)
- Dermot, G. D. Great Pulteney-street, surgeon. (Ashton, New-inn.)
- Day, J. Leeds, iron-merchant. (Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Robinson, Leeds.)
- Davies, T. B. Chester-street, surgeon. (Selby, Serjeant's-inn.)
- Draper, H. and H. Eack, Margate, grocers. (Paperson, Mincing-lane.)
- Down, W. Church-passage, Guildhall, Blackwell-hall-factor. (Porraile and Co., King's-arm's-yard.)
- Downing, W. Ripon, money-scriver. (Maxon, Little Friday-street; Up-ton and Son, Leeds.)
- Douc, E. Dover-road, Newington, grocer. (Pateron, Mincing-lane.)
- Eckenstein, D. Billiter-street, merchant. (Venning and Co., Copthall-court.)
- Evennet, R. W. Rode-place, coal-merchant. (Teague, Cannon-street.)
- Edwards, C. T. Aldgate, chemist. (Taylor, Fen-court.)
- Edgar, T. Nottingham-place, Commercial-road, draper. (Chester, Staple-inn.)
- Evans, S. J. Wadebridge, Cornwall, tallow-chandler. (Allison and Co., Freen-an's-court; Woolcombe and Co., Plymouth; Symons, Wade-bridge.)
- Edwards, G. St. Albans, money-scriver. (Lawrence, Doctor's Commons.)
- Evennett, J. Harlow, cattle-jobber. (Teague, Cannon-street.)
- Fitch, R. Sibie Hedingham, miller. (Taylor, John-street; Husler, Halstead.)
- Frankland, A. Nottingham, lace-dealer. (Willet and Co., Essex-street; Fox, Nottingham.)
- Gill, T. Winchester Wharf, South-wark, flour-factor. (Brough, Shore-ditch.)
- Greaves, H. Manchester, merchant. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester.)
- Grimman, W. York-street, Bryan-stone-square, builder. (Haslam and Co., Leadenhall-street.)
- Gerrard, T. Stoke-upon-Trent, joiner. (Harvey and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Hubbard, Cheadle, Stafford.)
- Gilson, R. York, victualler. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Seymour, York.)
- Hill, J. Royston, builder. (Bolton, Austin-friars.)
- Henderson, J. A. Talbot-court, wine-merchant. (Gates, Lombard-street.)
- Hall, T. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Higginbotham, Macclesfield.)
- Heald, T. Kent-road, merchant. (Haslam and Co., Leadenhall-street.)
- Hornblower, B. High Holborn, victualer. (Williams, North-place, Gray's-inn-lane.)
- Harri-on, W. Malldstone, cattle-salesman. (Heming and Co., Gray's-inn; Norwood, Claring.)
- Hunt, W. Stockport, cotton-manufacturer. (Tyler, Temple; Hunt or Coppock, Stockport.)
- Harrison, E. Lothouse, York, spirit-merchant. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Taylor, Wakefield.)
- Hamilton, G. F. Platt-place, Camden Town, merchant. (Silk, goldsmith-row.)
- Jaques, E. F. Gravesend, market-gardener. (Clare and Co., Frederick's-place.)
- Jackson, S. Congleton and Manchester, silk-throwster. (Willis and Co., London; Wilson, Manchester.)
- King, J. Au twick, grazier. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Edmonson, Settle.)
- Kilby, T. and S. Carroll, Fenchurch-street, brokers. (Gatty and Co., Angel-court.)
- Lilwall, H. Threadneedle-street, grocer. (Dicas, Austin Friars.)
- Lightfoot, P. T. and C. V. Copthall-court, stock-brokers. (Stephenson and Co., Southampton-buildings.)
- Mason, W. St. Albans, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane.)
- Morris, E. Woolwich, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane.)
- Morley, G. Great Yarmouth, miller. (White and Co., Great St. Helens; Wor-hip, Yarmouth.)
- Manthorp, R. Southwold, timber-merchant. (Bromley, Gray's-inn; Wood and Co., Woodbridge.)
- Myall, J. Castle Hedingham, hop-merchant. (Brookbank and Co., Gray's-inn; Pattison, Witham.)
- Michelson, L. Union-place, Kent-road, merchant. (Turner, Basing-lane.)
- Miller, J. Pall Mall, bookseller. (Ford, Pall-Mall.)
- M'Niell, W. jun., Charles-street, Mary bone, coach-maker. (Bailey, Ber-er's-street.)
- Murdoch, E. Rayleigh, Essex, scri-vener. (Milne and Co., Temple; Shaw, Billericay.)
- Neimes, W. Charlton Kings, timber-merchant. (Blunt and Co., Liverpool-street; Rubb, Cheltenham.)
- Newman, G. Stockwell Park, Brix-ton, cow-keeper. (Sanson, Bridge-street, Southwark.)
- Ormond, J. Boston, baker. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Hopkins, Boston.)
- Ormond, J. St. Helens, Lancashire, linen-draper. (Chester, Staple-inn; Barnes, St. Helens.)
- Pierpol t, M. M. Edward-street, milliner. (Sheriff, Salisbury-street.)
- Payne, H. White Conduit-fields, builder. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court, Threanneedle-street.)
- Pottinger, J. Brighton, builder. (Faithful, Brighton.)
- Pearson, R. Liverpool, flour-dealer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Meas, Liverpool.)
- Painter, T. Golden-Horse-yard, Dor-set-square, job-master. (Breadman and Co., Throgmorton-street.)
- Phillips, J. Bristol, builder. (Parker and Co., Bristol.)
- Pope, J. C. Sebie Hedingham, malt-factor. (Hall and Co., Salter's Hall, Sewell, Halstead.)
- Rhodes, C. New Gosle, York, linen-draper. (Willis and Co., London; Wilson, Manchester.)
- Ross, B. Hull, spirit merchant. (Ross and Son, Gray's-inn; England and Co., Hull.)
- Rigg, H. Liverpool, merchant. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Bardswell and Sons, Liverpool.)
- Roberts, T. Churchwell, Batley, wool-stapler. (Strageways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Robinson, Leeds.)
- Raven, H. Holt, Norfolk, miller. (Bridger, Fin-bury-circus; Withers, Holt.)
- Sewell, J. Great Yarmouth, sail-maker. (Ashurst, Newgate-street; Cooks, Norwich.)
- Salmon, T. A. Leeds, stuff-manufacturer. (Patty and Co., Chancery-lane; Lee, Leeds.)
- Shepherd, W. Shoe-lane, glass-cutter. (Dashwood, Three Crown-square, Southwark.)
- Sadler, J. Liverpool, victualler. (Chester, Staple-inn; Hinde, Liverpool.)
- Simmons, T. and J. and W. Which-combe, road-contractors and builders. (Dean, Paisgrave-place; Roberts, Oswestry.)
- Sumner, W. P. and W. T. Liverpool, merchants. (Chester, Staple-inn; Davenport, Liverpool.)
- Slee, E. G. Mark-lane, flour-factor. (Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle.)
- Shepley, J. Hayfield, cotton-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Booth, Manchester.)
- Thackney, George and John, Leeds, merchants. (Few and Co., Covent Garden; Hammingway and Co., Leeds.)
- Tomkinson, T. Leek, tanner. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Kil-minster and Co., Leek.)
- Vaile, G. Maze Pond, carpenter. (Sheffield and Sons, Great Prescott-street.)
- Vickers, J. C. Leeds, printer. (At-kinson and Co., Leeds.)
- Wallis, H. Harpur-street, engraver. (Armstrong, St. John's-square.)
- Walker, J. Rochdale, miller. (Norris and Co., John-street; Wood, Rochdale.)
- Waller, J. Sheepridge, Huddersfield, fancy-cloth-manufacturer. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Pearce, Huddersfield.)
- Watkins, H. C. Liverpool, cotton-broker. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Deane, Liverpool.)
- Wood, M. W. Fosdyke-Fen, wool-dealer. (Holland and Co., Bow Church-yard; Marshall, Boston.)
- Wright, T. Mountcorrel, miller. (Holm and Co., New-inn; Bond, Leicester.)
- Welsby, J. Liverpool, coal-merchant. (Chester, Staple-inn; Mallaby, Liverpool.)
- Weiler, S. Jun. Oxford, victualler. (Evans, Gray's-inn; Parsons, Oxford.)

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. G. W. Sicklemore, to the rectory of Mil-ton, otherwise Middleton Malzar, Northampton.—Rev. M. Simpson, to the Rectory of Mickfield, Suffolk.—Rev. E. C. Kemp, to the Rectory of Whissonsett, Suffolk.—Rev. T. Evans, to the living of Longdon-upon-Tern, Salop.—Rev. R. C.

Griffith, to the Rectory of Fifield, Wilts.—Rev. E. Thackeray, to be Chaplain to the Lord Lieu-tenant of Ireland.—Rev. H. Huseham, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Sampson's, Cornwall.—Rev. M. Williams, to the Rectory of Stockleigh, Eng-lish, Devon.—Rev. J. Hindle, to the vicarage of

Higham, Kent.—Rev. J. Watherall, jun., to the Rectory of Carlton, Northampton.—Rev. C. Tripp, to the Rectory of Budleigh, Devon.—Rev. J. L'Oste, to the Rectory of Caister St. Edmund with Marketshall, Norfolk.—Rev. F. Howes, to the Rectory of Framlingham Pigott, Norfolk.—Rev. R. Hamond, to the Rectories of Harpley and Great Bitcham respectively, Norfolk.—Rev. J. Driver, to the Perpetual Curacies of Elleh and Shireshead.—Rev. C. R. Jones, to the Vicarage

of Roath, Glamorgan.—Rev. D. Felix, to the Living of Llanilar, Cardigan.—Rev. J. Husband, to the Perpetual Curacy of Allerton Mauleverer, York.—Rev. T. Sheriffe, jun., to the Rectory of Eyke, Suffolk.—Rev. G. T. Seymour, to be Chaplain to the Sheriff of Somerset.—Rev. J. Horseman, to the Rectory of Middle, Salop.—Rev. R. A. Musgrave, to the Prebendaryship of St. George's, Windsor.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

February 25.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 7 prisoners received sentence of death; 78 were transported; 61 ordered to be imprisoned for various periods; 12 whipped and discharged, and 23 discharged by proclamation.

26.—Court of Common Council at Guildhall, decided on petitioning both houses of Parliament in favour of Catholic claims, and voted the freedom of the city to be presented in a gold box, value 100 guineas, to Secretary Peel, for his conduct on Catholic emancipation.

March 3.—Royal assent given by commission to the bill for the suppression of dangerous associations in Ireland.

—A deputation headed by the Lord Mayor waited upon the Duke of Wellington, on the subject of the Thames Tunnel. After being informed that £240,000 would be sufficient to complete it, the Duke desired that an estimate of the expenses, as well as the probable profits, &c., should be made out and transmitted to him, before he could sanction a Parliamentary loan to finish this great national object.

5.—Mr. O'Connell declared, by a committee of the House of Commons, to be duly elected member of Parliament for the county of Clare.

6.—Mr. Peel's motion to take into consideration the laws affecting his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects, was carried in the House of Commons, by a majority of 189—348 voting for it, and 160 against it.

18.—The Recorder made his report to his Majesty of the prisoners condemned in Newgate at the last Old Bailey sessions, when four were ordered for execution on the 24th instant.

20.—The bill for depriving the 40s. freeholders of Ireland of the right of voting, was, in the House of Commons, sent to a committee by a majority of 200 voters.

21.—A duel was fought in Battersea fields, between the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Winchelsea. The Duke fired first, without effect, and the Earl discharged his pistol in the air.

24.—Four criminals were executed at the Old Bailey; their ages were, one 23, one 22, and two 21!!!

MARRIAGES.

At St. Asaph's, Lord Willoughby de Broke, to Margaret, third daughter of Sir John Williams, Bart.—At Marylebone, J. F. W. Herschel, esq., of Slough, to Miss Margaret Brodie.—At Marylebone, A. Taylor, esq., to Lydia, widow of Col. W. Cowper.—Rev. R. Traill, son of the Archdeacon

of Connor, to Anne, daughter of Sir Samuel Hayes, Bart.—At St. Pancras, Sir James Williams, to Miss A. Goodman.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Capt. H. Bentinck, son of Major-Gen. J. Charles and Lady Jemima Bentinck, to Reciera Antoinette, daughter of Sir Admiral H. Whitshed.—Captain Byng, eldest son of Sir John Byng, to Lady Agnes Paget, fifth daughter of the Marquess of Anglesea.—J. Chitty, esq., to Miss Sarah Hardwick.—At Mitcham, W. Seymour, esq., to Sarah Lydia, eldest daughter of the late Sir Henry Oakes, Bart.—At Richmond, Don Manuel de la Torre, to Miss A. J. Harrison.—At Lincoln, Rev. W. J. C. Staunton, to Isabella, only daughter of the Dean of Lincoln.

DEATHS.

At Blithfield, the Hon. Louisa, eldest daughter of Lord Bagot.—At Brighton, Dowager Countess of Minto.—At Sherborne, Eliza, grand-daughter of Lord Sherborne.—At Bath, D. H. Dallas, esq., only son of Lieut.-Gen. Sir T. Dallas.—In Grosvenor-square, Lady Robert Manners, 92.—Rev. C. Coxwell, 89; he had been rector of Barnsley 60 years; he was the father of the justices of Gloucestershire, the clergy of that diocese, and the University of Oxford.—Colonel Sir Robert Barclay, 71.—In Curzen-street, the Dowager Countess of Stanhope.—Henrietta, Dowager Lady Rodney, 85, relict of the late Admiral Lord Rodney.—At Market Drayton, John Shuter, 104.—In Spring Gardens, Louise Henriette, wife of Sir J. Scarlett, M.P. for Peterborough.—Mary, widow of the late Lord Seaforth.—At Southampton, Mrs. Chamier, 93, sister of the late A. Chamier, esq., M.P.—In Hanover-street, Colonel Sir Robert Barclay.—At Belfast, Dr. Young, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics to the Belfast Institution; he was much respected, and the concourse of people that attended his funeral was immense; all the shops were shut in the streets through which the long procession passed, and at his grave a very pathetic and impressive address was delivered by Dr. Hanna.—At Leicester, Mr. T. Phillips, 89; he has left 14 children, 67 grand children, 96 great grand children and 11 great great grand children—total 208.—At Camberwell, Lewis de Beaune, esq.—In Sloane-street, T. Hurlstone, esq., 72, author of several dramatic pieces.—At Harnels, the Hon. M. Perceval brother to the late Earl of Egremont.—At the Isle of Wight, G. Warde, esq., father to the member for the city.—Sir Mark Wood, proprietor of the celebrated rotten borough of Gatton, situated in his park near Riegate, Surrey.—At the workhouse, Thirsk, Mary Kilvington, 100; until within a year of her death she walked regularly every

Sunday to and from the Roman Catholic chapel at North Kilvington, four miles distant.—At Canington Convent, the Rev. Dr. Collenridge, 90, vicar apostolic of the western district.—At Hale's place, Sir E. Hales, Bart. 72.—In Harley-street, Mrs. B. E. Lloyd.—At Dummer-house, near Basingstoke, T. Terry, esq., 89.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Rome, Mrs. F. Buller, wife of Lieut.-Gen. Buller.—At Chatelaine, Geneva, Mrs. Lloyd,

sister to the late Earl Whitechurch.—At Paris, Miss Haggerston, daughter of the late Sir Carnaby Haggerstone, Bart.—At Florence, Sir Grenville Temple, Bart.—At Port Sal, South America, Colonel W. Perks, he was basely murdered by banditti.—At Antwerp, Rev. R. Heber, of Bossak Hall, York.—At Rome, Giovanni Torlonia, Duke of Bracciano, long known as a celebrated banker there.—At Rome, Viscount Harrington, 68, Prebendary of Durham, and Rector of Sedgefield.—At Rome, Lady Abby, 78.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—The trustees of the Newcastle Savings' Bank have published their account of last year up to Nov. 20, 1829, by which it appears that they have received since their establishment (and which is invested with the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt) the sum of £260,299. 13s. 6d. The number of depositors are 4,030; besides 120 friendly societies.

A grand ball was given, Feb. 6th, to the workmen and others employed at Gosforth colliery, on account of the coal having been won on the Saturday previous. The ball-room was at the depth of nearly 1,100 feet below the surface of the habitable globe, in the shape of an L, whose width was 15 feet, base 22 feet, and perpendicular 48 feet. Seats were placed round the sides of the room, the floor was flagged, and the whole place was brilliantly illuminated with lamps and candles. The company began to go down about half-past 9 o'clock, a.m.; the Coxledge band was in attendance, and dancing continued, without intermission, till 3 o'clock p.m. There were present 100 ladies, and not the slightest accident occurred.

At the assizes for this county seven prisoners received sentence of death; one of them, Jane Jamieson, for the murder of her mother, in a fit of intoxication! She was executed March 7.

The combination, or vend of coals, at Newcastle and the neighbourhood, has fallen to pieces, in consequence of the seceding of some of the principal coal-owners. Coals fell immediately 4s. per chaldron.

At Newcastle, on the 10th of March, a meeting was held to petition Parliament in favour of the removal of all civil disabilities from the Roman Catholics. In a meeting of 12,000 persons, the petition was negatived by at least three to one.

Hare, the associate of Burke, has been apprehended at Newcastle, on suspicion of murdering a young man named Margetts, whose disappearance some time since occasioned considerable emotion in that town.

DURHAM.—At the Lent assizes, Mr. Justice Bayley regretted, in his address to the grand jury, that the calendar contained a very great number of charges. Seven prisoners were recorded for death, and several transported.

At the last Durham sessions, an inquisition was taken before the magistrates, to determine what amount should be paid by the Stockton and Darlington Railway Company to the Bishop of Durham for 6 acres, 1 rood, and 26 poles of land, required by the company for their railway; the

inquiry lasted from 10 o'clock in the morning till 8 at night, when £2,000 were awarded to the Bishop!!!

A penny post has been established to run between Hartlepool and Stockton.

A main of cocks was fought in Durham, the last week of February. The owner of one of the birds gave it the name of Lord Eldon; and this bird vanquished all its opponents, including one belonging to a man named Peel, and finally won the main!

A meeting of the Committees of the Insurance Associations of the port of Sunderland was held on the 11th of March, at which it was resolved not to accept lower rates of freight than were agreed to at the meeting of the 20th of January.

A gentleman who holds office under the Duke of Wellington, lately wrote to his brother, a clergyman in this county, to this effect—"His Grace—I heard it from his own lips—purposes, when the Catholic Relief Bill has become the law of the land, to make some important and unexpected alterations in the ecclesiastical departments."

YORKSHIRE.—A meeting of the proprietors of lands interested in the drainage of the Level of Hatfield Chase, was held recently at Doncaster, to consider a plan of warping and drainage for the general benefit of the Level.—The plan, of which prospectuses have been very extensively issued, comprehends the drainage of upwards of one hundred thousand acres, and the warping of fifteen thousand acres. The immediate object of the meeting was to ascertain whether the general consent of the proprietors to the proposed terms would be given. It appears, from the prospectuses, that the estimated expense of the works is £110,000. It was resolved that the plan should be adopted; and a committee appointed, to take the proper steps for carrying it into execution.

On account of the great increase of police business at Leeds, there is some talk of a stipendiary magistrate being appointed.

A great number of the inhabitants of Sheffield having agreed to a petition against concessions to the Roman Catholics, some of the Pro-Catholics called a meeting, at which an opposition petition was got up. The former was signed by 30,000, the latter by 8,000 persons.

On the 2d of March, an Anti-Catholic meeting was held. Ten thousand persons were present. There was no opposition; and petitions to the King, and to both Houses of Parliament, were adopted unanimously. The same day, at a meet-

ing at Barnsley, the Pro-Catholics were beaten by a majority of 3 to 1. At Doncaster, on the 26th of February, a Protestant meeting was held, and petitions adopted by a large majority. On the 2d of March, a Pro-Catholic meeting was held, which was attended by the Anti-Catholics in such numbers, that the chairman (Sir W. Cooke) did not dare to put the petition to the vote.

At Beverley, on the 5th of March, a meeting was held, at which were both Anti-Catholics and Pro-Catholics, the former in great numbers. It was assembled in the East Riding Session's House: and as the Anti-Catholics could not all get in, an adjournment was moved. The Mayor and the Anti-Catholics accordingly went to the market-place, where Protestant petitions were agreed to. The Liberals remained in the Session's House, and passed resolutions of a different tendency. At Rotherham petitions on both sides the question have been adopted.

The New Junction Dock Bridge, at Hull, was opened on the 7th of March; on which occasion the mail-coach passed over; a band playing God Save the King, and Rule Britannia.

A meeting was held at Doncaster on the 10th of March, at which it was resolved to open an institution in that town for the benefit of the deaf and dumb children of the poor of the county. The amount of annual subscriptions, at present, is about £100.

A very numerous meeting was held at the Festival Concert Room, York, on the 5th of March, of noblemen and gentlemen connected with the county, at which Mr. Smirke's report as to the damage done to York Minster by the late fire, and his estimate of the sum required for its repair, were read. The former differs nothing from the details previously laid before the public in the papers: the latter was estimated at £60,000. It was resolved, that the choir should be restored as nearly as possible to its former state; the expense to be defrayed by public subscription.

A new church is about to be built at Hull; Mr. Hanson, of York, is the architect. The expense is estimated at £6,000.

Almost every village in Yorkshire have adopted petitions against the Roman Catholic claims.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—By the abstract of the accounts of the treasurer of the hundred of Elloe, it appears that the sum of £5,008, 8s. 2d. was raised for the expenses of that hundred, from Epiphany Sessions 1828, to those of 1829 inclusive.

The monthly report of the *casual* poor who have received relief in Boston during the month of January, has been published by order of the select vestry. No less than 231 names are inserted, and the sum distributed is little short of £100! This item is entirely *exclusive* of the regular paupers, who are wholly supported by the parish!!!

At Lincoln assizes, 20 prisoners were recorded for death; and a few transported, and imprisoned.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—The trustees of the Savings' Bank, established at the little town of Shenstone, have published an account of their receipts up to Nov. 20, 1828, by which it appears that the sum of £17,924. 14s. 8d. has been received since its establishment.

WARWICKSHIRE.—At a public meeting held at Warwick, March 20, it was resolved to establish a Mechanics' Institution in that town, and

the names of 200 individuals were forthwith entered as members.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—At Worcester assizes, 28 prisoners were recorded for death; 4 transported, and 13 imprisoned.

BEDFORDSHIRE.—At Bedford assizes, 17 prisoners were recorded for death, 15 were transported, and 15 imprisoned for various periods.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—At Northampton assizes, 6 prisoners were recorded for death, and 13 transported.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—At a meeting of the inhabitants of Taunton, convened by the bailiffs, March 10, it appeared by the report of the committee appointed for the relief of the distressed silk-weavers, that their distress has increased since the last public meeting for their relief in the proportion of five times its amount, they therefore resolved to call the attention of the affluent inhabitants, and particularly the ladies, to their melancholy situation, and to solicit personally from house to house, in aid of the fund.

By the annual report of the Taunton Eye Infirmary, it appears that last year 502 patients were received there, and 43 of the preceding year remained on the books; of whom 473 were cured, 32 benefited, 13 incurable, and 27 remains on the books.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—At the recent meeting of the managers, &c. of the Bristol Savings' Bank, it appeared by the statement made up to Nov. 20, last, that the whole receipts amounted to £307,278. 7s. 8d., and that the number of depositors had been 6,642.

At a very respectable meeting of principal landowners and agriculturalists lately held at Cirencester, it was resolved unanimously, that a society should be forthwith formed, to be called "The Cirencester and Gloucestershire Agricultural Association," when Lord Sherborne was appointed president.

The city of Bristol has voted its freedom to the Earl of Eldon, as a token of respect for his opposition to the ministers in their encroachment of the constitution of settlement of 1688.

The concert and ball for the Spitalfield's weavers, at Bristol, under the auspices of the Mayor, &c., produced the sum of £318. 10s., after deducting all expenses.

WILTSHIRE.—At the assizes held at Salisbury, 12 prisoners were recorded for death, 17 were transported, and several imprisoned for various periods.

The first anniversary of the committee of the Trowbridge Tradesmen's Nightly Watch, was held, March 3, when it was announced with gratification, that for the last 12 months *not a single depredation had been committed within the watchman's beat, in watch hours*—that the whole expense attending it (including watch coats, rattles, lanthorns, printing, &c., together with the use of a room for the members to assemble in, on having gone their hourly rounds), had not amounted to £40, a great part of which would not occur again; whereas to employ and pay regular watchmen would cost upwards of £200.—That the society is still in active operation, de-

terminated to persevere in their system, and express a wish that other towns and populous villages will follow their example. The advantages ensuing from it are preservation of property, *prevention* of crime, saving expense of prosecution, attendance of witnesses at sessions or assizes, and of course a very considerable diminution of the county rates.

DORSETSHIRE.—At the assizes held at Dorchester, Mr. Justice Gaslee said "he was sorry to find that the calendar was of unusual magnitude." Ten prisoners were recorded for death, and several were transported.

The new road over Crackmoor Hill, between Sherborne and Milborne Port, is now opened. The mail passed over it, March 3, upon which occasion the workmen were regaled, and Milborne bells rang a merry peal. This road has been accomplished by filling the valley for a considerable extent and great depth; and also by cutting through the rock, from 40 to 50 feet perpendicular depth; the last 20 feet through a dense blue rock, which resisted all ordinary means of lifting, and yielded only to the explosive force of gunpowder. The great object has been obtained, of rendering the hill perfectly easy trotting ground, whilst the distance is actually lessened; this, and the other improvements upon the line of road from Salisbury, through Shaftesbury, Sherborne, Yeovil, Crewkerne, and Chard, to Exeter, cannot fail to confirm the public in their choice of this line as being the nearest and best, as it is also the most populous and beautiful in scenery.—*Western Flying Post*.

HANTS.—At the assizes held at Winchester, 18 prisoners were recorded for death; 13 transported, and several imprisoned.

DEVONSHIRE.—The trustees of the Devon and Exeter Savings' Bank have published an account of their funds up to November 20, 1828, by which it appears that they have invested in government securities the sum of £699,947. 1s. 3d., and that with £696. 13s. 6d. in the hands of their treasurer, the whole sum amounts to £700,643. 14s. 9d. Of this sum there belongs to 20,794 individuals £633,556. 8s. 8d.—to charitable institutions £15,031. 15s. 6d.—to friendly societies £51,886. 8d.—This excellent establishment was begun Dec. 4, 1815; and we believe it to be the most extensive of the kind in the United Kingdom.

WALES.—A special meeting of the trustees of the Radnorshire district of roads, was recently held at Presteign, when it was resolved to make a new line of road from the village of Llanvihangel Nantmellan, to the summit of Gorells Pitch, on the road from New Radnor towards Rhayader and Aberystwith, and also a road from such new line to Llanelin Pool, in the direction of Builth; as thereby important improvements would be effected, and travelling through the district greatly facilitated.

SCOTLAND.—The exhibitions both of the Royal Institution and the Scottish Academy are now open, and we consider it a proud era in the history of Scotland, that Edinburgh possesses two such associations for the encouragement of the fine arts. The zeal and assiduity of the members of the Scottish Academy deserve every encourage-

ment, and their present collection is highly creditable to their taste and industry. The Royal Institution exhibition is upon the whole fully a better collection, though not a more prominent or striking one, than any we have yet seen at the rooms of the Royal Institution. In one or two particular departments, such as those of portrait and historical painting, it is superior to the exhibition of the Scottish Academy, but in general excellence and power, we are compelled to give the palm to the latter. In landscapes the institution is very deficient, and in domestic scenes it is altogether bare. The number and variety of portraits are the most prominent features of this year's exhibition.—*Edinburgh Evening Post*.

IRELAND.—His Grace and the Duchess of Northumberland, reached Kingston from Holyhead about three o'clock, March 6, on board the *Escape* packet; but their arrival not being expected at so early an hour, none of the government vessels in the harbour had gone out to meet them. At 7 o'clock the Viceregal party went on board the yacht, where an elegant breakfast was provided. At 9 o'clock the *Shamrock Hound*, and other vessels in the harbour, fired a salute in honour of his Grace's arrival, and shortly afterwards all the shipping in the bay hoisted their colours as a token of welcome. At 12 o'clock the Viceregal party left the yacht in a twelve-oared barge, manned from that vessel, and were landed on the spot from whence his Majesty embarked on leaving Ireland.—At this period there could not be less than 20,000 persons, of all sexes, ages, classes, and grades, on the pier, the rocks, and the shore. Their Graces were greeted with an universal burst of enthusiastic cheering on their landing, and several minutes elapsed before the effervescence of popular feeling had time to subside. Their Graces were received by the Harbour Commissioners and several persons of the highest distinction, including the Archbishop of Dublin and the Chief Justice of the King's Bench. Having been introduced, his Grace was pleased to invite them to take seats in his own carriage, and they rode with their Graces to the castle. The procession left Kingstown at a quarter past 12 o'clock, attended by such an immense crowd of persons that at one period it was impossible to advance.—The military presented arms as the procession moved along, and the bands, at equal distances, struck up the national anthem of "God save the King;" while the waving of hats and handkerchiefs from the windows and house-tops, and cheers of the throng beneath, indicated the sincerest welcome of the people. The three state equipages presented a singularly elegant appearance. Each carriage was drawn by six richly-caparisoned horses, all decked with bows of light blue ribbon. The bodies were of a bright yellow colour, the liveries blue and silver, with yellow facings, and two large silver epaulets. The upper pannels of his Grace's own carriage being glass, their Graces were enabled to see and be seen by the populace as they passed. The crowd made several desperate but ineffectual attempts to get nearer the carriage. Her Grace appeared highly delighted, and smiled repeatedly at the vigorous efforts made to obtain a more convenient proximity to the Vice-Regal equipage. She wore a velvet bonnet and feathers, and a purple silk dress, with ermine muff and tippet.